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SEA, FOREST AND PRAIRIE: BEING
STORIES OF LIFE AND ADVENTURE
IN CANADA PAST AND PRESENT, BY
BOYS AND GIRLS IN CANADA'S SCHOOLS.

Cameron, Charles J

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Bill Ewart
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INTRODUCTION.

On three succeeding years the school children of Canada wrote original stories for the Montreal "Witness", basing them on events which had happened in the country. These were judged by well known educationists, who awarded them prizes by counties and provinces, and the best in each province was submitted to a Dominion judge, who gave the palm to the best in the Dominion. The gentlemen who judged the stories in the first place were S. E. Dawson, Esq., D. Lit., Montreal, Que.; the Rev. Charles J. Cameron, A.M., F.H.S., Brockville, Ont.; Wm. Houston, M.A., Toronto, Ont.; J. M. Harper, M.A., Ph.D., F.E.I.S., Quebec, Que.; Mr. Justice Alley, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; A. A. Stockton, M.P.P., Ph.D., D.C.L., LL.D., St. John, N.B.; Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, A.M., F.R.S.C., King's College, Windsor, N.S.; W. H. Houston, M.A., Woodstock, Ont.; J. A. Nicholson, M.A., Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Dr. J. Hall, Truro, N.S. The judges who awarded the Dominion prizes were the Marquis of Lorne for the first competition and the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava for the second and third competitions. In all nearly 5,000 stories were received and carefully judged. Many of these were pub-

lished in the "Witness" and republished in local newspapers, where they were specially interesting, and not a few came back to Canada in publications from foreign countries.

The winners of the Dominion prizes were Miss May Selby Holden, of St. John's, Newfoundland, for the first competition, and Miss Maude Saunders, of Laurencetown, Nova Scotia, for the second and third competitions.

The task of editing these stories so as to form a little commemorative volume was given to the Rev. Charles J. Cameron, A.M., F.H.S., whose work, or, more correctly speaking, a portion of whose work, lies before the reader. Mr. Cameron does not claim to have selected the best stories, but rather stories representative of the different provinces. A fair proportion of these are now published for the first time. These stories are presented to the public as a fair exponent of the literary powers of young Canada.

ADELE : A TRUE STORY.

Chapter I.

Placentia stands in some respects unrivalled among the towns of Newfoundland. It was the ancient capital and the scene of many a skirmish between the English and French. The town and outworks contain many and interesting relics of former glory. Placentia is situated in a lovely bay, at the base of a high hill, and is readily suggestive of a pretty Swiss town, with cottages diversified by bright gardens and sunny spots of greenery. The aspect of things has somewhat changed since the time of which I shall speak in the following narrative. The beautiful scenery, however, remains unchanged, and the picturesque harbor is as calmly bright as of yore.

On a certain July day in the year 1692, the French town of Placentia, usually so peacefully quiet, seemed suddenly to have become the centre of confusion and excitement. The streets were thronged by crowds of men and women of many gradations of rank, a picturesque, ever-shifting crowd, seemingly bent on some important mission. The thing which has disturbed the even tenor of the townspeople may be explained in a few words, or, better still, by repeating the conversation which took place on that day between two officers who stood at the gate of the monastery. The taller and

older of the men was the commander of the garrison, Captain Devoux. He was a dark-browed, haughty man, handsome but for the sinister cast of his features and a cruel expression about the mouth. He spoke to a young French officer whose frank face was lighted up with enthusiasm, listening as his superior officer exclaimed, "Yes, Arnoud, it is quite true; while riding from the Block House I received a despatch informing me of the expected arrival of Commodore Williams to Newfoundland with a fleet sent from England with special instructions to take Placentia. "And," concluded the Captain, "as the enemy will be here in forty-eight hours, our work is to barricade the streets and get the soldiers ready." Then, in a lower tone, he continued to converse with the young officer, who was all attention until his eyes rested on the figure of a lady walking towards them, when he exclaimed, "Pardon, Captain, but here comes my wife. I suspect she is wondering what has kept me from dinner." Then, in an anxious tone, "You must tell her, but be careful. She is not strong and a little unnerves her."

The Captain nodded, and a curious light flashed in his eyes as he stepped forward, and, bowing low to Ernest Arnoud's wife, said: "Pardon me, Madame, for detaining Monsieur from his charming house, but necessity compelled me to discuss with him the important information just received." Madame Arnoud stood by her husband's side. She was young and sprightly, and very lovely did she look as she gazed inquiringly into the face of the young officer, who, in turn, glanced significantly at his superior. The Captain interpreted the glance. "Dear Madame, do not be alarmed, but we

have had news of the coming of the English, and that means we shall have to stand a siege. The chief difficulty has been to find a suitable officer to take charge of Fort Louis."

All this time the young wife's face was looking white and scared, for she dreaded danger for the husband whom she adored. But he passed his arm round her waist as the Captain proceeded, "I am sorry yet proud to tell you, Madame, that your husband has promised to take command of Fort Louis!" "Is this true, Ernest?" cried the poor girl, in an agony of entreaty. Well she knew what such an undertaking meant. Fort Louis was a strong fortification just outside the entrance to the harbor, and as this would form the first and chief point of attack it would fare ill with the gallant few who defended it. Captain Devoux, looking at the sweet face of the officer's wife, said, in a strange tone, "Well, Arnoud, it is not too late yet to withdraw from the post—" But he was interrupted by the officer, who, drawing himself up proudly, replied, "I am a soldier, sir, and as such know my duty." So saying and clasping the trembling hand of his young wife, Ernest Arnoud passed quickly down the street to his home. Captain Devoux looked after the couple with an evil expression as he muttered, "Ere two more suns have set I may be the winner."

Chapter II.

During his year of married life Ernest Arnoud had enjoyed that pure and unalloyed happiness which can only exist where there is a union of hearts as well as hands.

The evening before the important event of the arrival of the English Commodore our young officer was enjoying the evening air outside the door of his pretty home. He had had a hard day's work in preparing Fort Louis, and could well appreciate the pleasures of home comforts. He was speaking to his wife and his voice sounded very tender, as he said, "Adele, my dearest, you must bear up bravely for my sake. I have only a few hours left, and then I must take up my station at the Fort. If the enemy come before daylight I have no fear as to the result. We have stretched a boom across the harbor which will effectually bar their progress." "Ernest," replied his wife, "for your sake I am brave, but I have a morbid feeling that Captain Devoux is not the friend to you that he pretends. "Adele," gravely remarked the officer, "you must remember that the Captain is an old friend of your father, and when we all lived in sunny France how generously he behaved to us. I loved you and you returned my love, though your father wished you to marry Devoux, and I am sure that he loved you truly. How nobly he gave you to me when he found you did not care for him! However," concluded the officer, "let us dismiss this subject and forget the disagreeables." Ernest Arnoud would not have been so calm could he have overheard a conversation just then taking place at the lodgings of Captain Devoux. That gentleman was standing with his back to the window and facing him was a man, a soldier, seemingly of Esquimault origin, judging from his scanty hair and narrow forehead. The words which the Captain was saying were these: "Look here, Gilo, I have been a good friend to you,

and if you do this job well I'll not forget you." "Ay, ay, sir," was the answer he received. "Well, then, there is a certain officer taking charge of Fort Louis ; the fray will be over by daylight to-morrow, whether successful or otherwise. That officer I do not wish to return from his post alive." The man addressed exhibited not a particle of surprise at this diabolical speech, but simply nodded. The Captain proceeded : "That officer will be returning home when the affray is over. He will walk to the point, where his small boat will be awaiting him, as his custom is to row himself home. I want you to take that boat in hand and see that he never returns to this town. Watch him to-night at twelve o'clock when he goes on duty. The rest can be managed with an auger. You understand ? It is not your first job of the kind." So, roughly dismissing his attendant, the gallant Captain resigned himself to a comfortable smoke.

Chapter III.

Night drew its curtains over the little town of Placentia. A bright moon rose high in the heavens, tipping the spires of the old monastery with silver and pouring a flood of light upon the dwellings of a thousand inhabitants. There was no sleep for Arnoud that night. He held a high position of trust and no doubt entered his breast of the treacherous object of his commander in placing him there.

At two o'clock the word was passed along that the enemy was in sight, and there, sure enough, was the English fleet sailing slowly into the roadstead. They anchored noiselessly, except the foremost, which made

a dash for the entrance, but striking the boom stretched across the harbor she rebounded and stuck in the mud. Then commenced a brisk cannonade, which was returned with vigor from the three forts, but especially from Fort Louis. In about three hours Commodore Williams, finding it no joke to attack three well-armed forts with the small force he had under his command, retreated from the scene of action with the *Placentia* joy-bells ringing in his ears answered by the thundering guns from the garrison. "Well," sighed our young officer, as he descended the hill from Fort Louis, "it is over, and so peacefully that I cannot believe we have been attacked by the English and have repulsed them without the loss of even a single soldier. Thank God, thought he, I am at liberty to return and relieve the anxiety of my dear one." Thinking thus, he crossed the narrow beach to where his little boat lay on the sands. And poor Adele, what a night she spent! Only the angels in Heaven know the amount of suffering which many women silently endure, or what nights of ceaseless agony are passed over uncomplainingly. Men go forth into danger, but, perforce, they are in the midst of excitement, and time flies with them till they return to those who have waited so wearily during the lagging hours. It was wearily indeed that Adele Arnoud waited for her husband during all that day following the siege. Until the evening she had been waiting, expecting him, and thinking he was with the commander, but on sending her servant to enquire she heard that the young officer had not been seen since the morning, when one of the soldiers saw him dimly in the morning light walking down from the Fort. When this news

was brought to the poor young wife she uttered no sound but simply sat like one stunned. Her pale, despairing face and sad eyes aroused much pity from those around her, but she would take comfort from none. That some evil had come to her husband she was sure, but though the strictest search was made no tidings of him could be found. Captain Devoux called at Arnoud's cottage to offer his sympathy to the grief-stricken wife, but she refused to see him. On the third evening, as she paced the apartments with hands clasped and eyes cast down, she sighed, "Oh ! merciful heaven, deliver me from this dreadful suspense." She felt that soon she must give way if something were not done. Every nerve in her body seemed strained to its utmost tension. Each and every sound startled her. At last, unable any longer to bear the monotony, she caught up a shawl, and, opening the door, she was about to run down the lawn. Hark, a step in the gravel and in a moment a man stands before her. Is she dreaming ? No, thank God, it is a blessed reality, she is clasped in her husband's arms. She remembers no more till she opens her eyes and finds herself in her own bed, her husband bending over her. She is about to speak when the young officer stops her by saying, "My dear wife, you must not tire yourself by talking, but lie still and listen to me. You see I am still in the land of the living, but, my darling, you came near never seeing your husband again. When I left the Fort that morning, just before daylight, I made my way quickly to the place where I had left my boat. As usual, I pushed quickly off and was about in the middle of the stream when, to my surprise, I found my feet in the water.

Horror-stricken, I stood up, only to find my boat sinking rapidly. Quick as thought, I got off most off my clothing, and in about two minutes I found myself in the strong tide being carried out to sea. You know I am a good swimmer, but I soon became exhausted, and though I managed to reach the land just as I touched the shore I lost consciousness. I remained all day in an unconscious state. This I learned from an old fisherman, who took me into Freshwater and kept me all night. Yesterday, as soon as I recovered, I at once started for home, and here I am, my darling, thankful that things are not any worse." His wife made no reply, but clasped her arms around her husband's neck and hid her happy face on his breast. Thus ended what was near being a tragedy in the lives of a devoted couple. Neither Arnoud nor his wife ever had the faintest suspicion of the foul treachery of Captain Devoux. Shortly afterwards they returned to the sunny land of France, and never afterwards beheld the face of him who had so nearly destroyed the life of one and the happiness of the other.

MAY SELBY HOLDEN.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

LOSS OF THE "BLUE JACKET."

I think that one of the earliest things I can remember is hearing my father tell of the burning of a packet steamer called the "Blue Jacket," and how they saved an old lady named Mrs. Foley from the terrible death of burning. It was on a frosty night, one winter's eve, as we drew our chairs around the fireside, and said : "Now, dear father, tell us again about the time the 'Blue Jacket' was burnt."

"Why, now, my children, aren't you tired of hearing me relate that story. I really thought you had it learnt by this time off by heart. But since it appears not, and you are anxious to hear it again, I will relate it to you.

"Well, here it is :—In the year 1862, before either of you were born, your uncles, Stephen, Henry and Josiah (brothers) and an old man named Will Smith and myself, set out one September's morning for Kelley's Island. As you know, it's just twelve miles from here. We arrived there early in the morning for the purpose of cutting wood and anchored in a bight called Martin's Cove, for protection from a strong wind that was blowing from the W.N.W. After being there about two hours we saw a steamer near Brigus, which proved to be the "Blue Jacket," apparently on fire, and in a helpless condition, driving down towards the island on which we were. While looking at her we perceived a boat leaving her side and making its way towards us.

On seeing this we all hastened to the beach which she was approaching, and by the time we arrived there the boat was in. We found then, for a certainty, that the burning boat was the "Blue Jacket," which used to carry the mails and passengers between Portugal Cove and the various settlements on the north side of Conception Bay. We were in hopes that all the passengers were in the boat, but what was our dismay to hear from those who landed that an old lady belonging to Brigus and the engineer were still on board the burning steamer. We thought it was a dreadful thing for those so-called gentlemen to leave a poor old woman in the ship when there was plenty of room in the boat. Now, there were a number of fishing-boats all anchored in Martin's Cove, and all of them were larger than ours. So we were in hopes that some of the larger ones would volunteer to go to the rescue of the old lady and the engineer, for we were awfully afraid that our boat was not capable of contending with such a breeze ; but no, no one would volunteer to go to the rescue. So we consented to make a trial, though it were at our life's risk. We told the man Will to bale out the water, as it was beginning to come over our boat in showers. Henry was at the helm, and Stephen was at the sheets minding the sails. They told me to stand on the forecuddy with a rope to cast to the old woman, for, sad to relate, the poor engineer by this time had to jump overboard because of the intense heat, and was drowned. We didn't care to go too near the burning steamer, as our sails were newly tarred, and we knew that just one spark would set us on fire. We tried our best to reach her before she would drive on the rocks where the sea

was raging. When we approached near we saw the poor old woman as far out on the jib-boom as she could get, to save herself from being burned. I shall never forget that sight. Her bonnet was hanging down her back, and her white hair was being blown about her shoulders. She had on, happily, a large cloak, which shielded her from being scorched. She was screaming and clapping her hands in a despairing mood. When we were near enough I threw the rope to the old lady, and it went around her several times. I then sang out to her to let go, which she did, and came down and caught in the bob stay. We were now running before the wind, so I slacked out, thirty fathoms of line being the length of it, and held on to the end of it, and down went the poor old lady into the water. We immediately hauled away on the line to get her on board, and during this time we fell under the bow of the steamer. There was no time to be lost; so when we got her on board we gave her in charge of Will, and had to hoist the sails for dear life, as we were falling in on the rocks and breakers. Just as we had the old lady on board, the steamer struck on the rocks, her head fell away by the wind, and the flames wreathed all parts of her. The poor old lady lay on the deck of the boat quite unconscious of what followed after. After we reached the Cove and had made a fire on the beach, and after using every means we could think of, she at last rallied and came to. It was then that she told us how the engineer had jumped overboard with a life-buoy, and had also given her one, telling her it was best for her to jump after him. She told him that a boat was coming, but he replied that he could not stand the heat

any longer ; so the poor fellow jumped and was drowned. When we arrived at the Cove we learnt that the captain of the steamer had given twenty dollars to a boat's crew to take him to Portugal Cove on the other side, so as to enable him to reach St. John's. On hearing of the engineer having jumped overboard we instantly went out again, thinking to find him on the life buoy, but no sign of him could be seen. When we came back the second time we took the old lady to a house a mile from W., where we landed, and when she was able to talk she told us that she was a Mrs. Foley belonging to Brigus. The wind kept us on the island three days, and when the storm abated we took her on our boat again and landed her at Brigus. Strange to relate a boat from Brigus was on the island, but she refused to go with anyone but us, and said she would not leave the island if we did not take her. So we had to take her to her home. It was just like the dead raised, for the captain who went to St. John's telegraphed to Brigus that Mrs. Foley was lost in the "Blue Jacket." This is a true story ; the old lady is still living, and often tells of the catastrophe, and the narrow escape she had from so melancholy a fate. She is now over 90 years of age, but, sad to say, is blind. As a recompense for our heroic deed we received from Government the sum of one hundred dollars. The names of the rescuers are respectively Messrs. Stephen Gosse (teacher), Josiah Gosse, Henry Gosse (Harbor Grace), and William Smith (Bishop's Cove).

ALBERTA GOSSE.

Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland.

A SHIPWRECK.

On Christmas Day, 1850, the "Niobe," with a crew of eight persons, under the command of Captain Robinson, set sail from Leghorn, with a gentle breeze, bound for Cadiz. Arriving there, we took in our cargo, which consisted chiefly of salt, and on January 14th received orders to go to Newfoundland. Accordingly, the next morning we set sail, with a fair wind and every prospect of making a quick trip.

We sighted land on the evening of February 29th, after having encountered a very severe storm in crossing the Atlantic. The next morning I ascended the maintop, and the first thing that met my view was a light. I instantly called the captain, who said that it was the light on Cape Spear (Newfoundland).

He then ordered our sails to be set, the vessel to be steered north by east, and entertained us with the bright hope that we should, ere long, be at Catalina.

About sunset, as we passed Bacalieu, things began to assume a different aspect. The wind, instantly changing, began to blow violently. In the meantime the snow was falling so thickly that we could scarcely see the jib-boom.

We then received orders to close-reef, clear the decks—as everything gave evidence that a storm was fast approaching. In a short time the wind had risen to a perfect gale.

As soon as we had the sails reefed I was walking forward when I met the captain, who told me to go and take the helm, as he had altered the course for Catalina and was now going to Trinity.

The vessel being now close-reefed every man was on the watch, looking out for land. We were scudding at a rapid rate when I happened to glance toward the head of the vessel, where everything appeared to look dark. I called out to the captain and asked him if that was land ahead. At the same moment "Starboard the helm and bring her to" rang from the lips of the half-frantic captain. "I see land all around us. We are lost! We are lost!" he again shouted. Each one in a moment realized his fate. I was at the helm. I held it till she struck, which carried away all the foremost part. I then let it go, and threw off both my coats. The vessel by this time had receded a little with the sea, but only to be precipitated with greater force against the cliff, carrying away the taffrail with the shock.

Now a very pathetic scene presented itself. Men who, but a few hours before, were even cursing God and their existence, could now be seen crying to God for mercy.

Meanwhile, the undercurrent had swept the vessel out into the middle of the cove. While she was staying in that condition I managed to cut the ropes which bound the jolly-boat to the ship's side. The mate and three others went below to die. The captain, Billy, George and myself stood out for life. About the hardest thing that ever I endured was to hear poor little Billy screaming, and asking me to save him.

George and I then went aft to get a block ready to hoist the jolly-boat on the outer side. Just as we had

it ready, and were almost down, the vessel came in with such a crash as broke the foremast off, and both of us fell to the deck, having narrowly escaped being killed. At this moment a tremendous sea broke over us, causing them that were under to rush on deck. Just as we had the boat ready and all were on board except myself, who was holding the painter, another sea came, which swept the jolly-boat across the ship, turning her bottom up, and throwing all of us into the water.

As I was being tossed about on the waves I felt my back touch something. I seized it, turned over, and got my head above water. In a moment, although almost unconscious, I realized my situation. I climbed to the top of the mast, and when the vessel touched the cliff again I jumped and caught hold of a shiver with my fingers. In that manner I remained hanging, till I found a place to rest my feet.

Imagine my position, gentle reader, if you can : In the middle of the night, dripping with wet and half-benumbed with the cold, holding on to a shiver of a perpendicular cliff several hundred feet in height with my fingers, and a narrow ledge about four inches wide to rest my feet on. Below me were the warring waves, dashing with united fury against the cliff, and at times would run so high as almost to wash me away.

While I was holding on in this manner I heard the vessel coming in again, and by inclining my body a little to the left I saved my life, which would have been lost by a stroke from the masthead. A tremendous sea then came and broke with such fury over me that I almost fell a victim to it. As I was trying to wipe the water from my eyes I heard the vessel coming in again;

and while I was thinking whether I would be killed this time or not I heard somebody coming up the rigging. In a few moments I found it was my friend George. As soon as the vessel touched again he jumped, and, as happened, a little way beyond me. I soon made myself known to him. He then told me that all the crew were lost. I told him that I would soon be gone too, as I could not hold out much longer. He then told me that I must try and get up where he was, as he did not need to hold on at all, but had a large shelf to rest on.

As we were speaking, we heard another person coming up the rigging. I told George to keep a good lookout for him, and take his cravat, if he had one, and throw to him. George tried to cheer him, and kept swinging his cravat to him. At last he caught the cravat and jumped, but, alas! owing to his clothes being wet he was so heavy that he could not jump far enough, but remained hanging, George not being strong enough to pull him up. Oh, how I wished I was there to help him. At length the cravat began to stretch till the last thread gave way, and the poor fellow fell into the surging waters below.

All that we then heard was the howling of the winds, the roaring of the waves, and the vessel beating against the cliff. It seemed to me the longest night I ever spent on earth. In the morning I could scarcely hold on. My friend then told me that he had a ball of spun-yarn in his pocket. He got it ready, threw it to me, holding one end in his hand. Then, thinking that I would be too heavy, I managed to slip off my boots and pants, and, by God's help and my own, I got up all right.

We felt thankful to be together again, although the

worst had not then come. The night was piercing cold, and I had hardly any clothing on. The next two days and nights we managed to keep in good spirits, but, as we saw no way of deliverance, things began to look gloomy, and my comrade, getting so discouraged, laid himself down to die. It was a hard time with me. I held him on my arm for the next three days and nights, blowing my breath to his heart. He talked much of his friends having plenty, and he without anything. Once in the night I heard him exclaim, "Cook, give me something to eat, or I'll tell the captain on you." I shook him, and when I got him a little sensible I tried to impress the idea on him that the captain and cook were lost, that we were in the cliff, and that I had no food to give him. He was deathly pale, and told me that he was going to die. "George," said I, "if you die I'll eat you." "O John," he exclaimed, "for God's sake don't eat me." With that thought stamped on his mind he kept alive till daybreak, and, thank God, it was the last daybreak we saw in that miserable abode. All that night I was trying to think of some way of escape. When the sun had risen I lifted him from my arm, and told him that I was going to leave him. "O John," said he, "don't leave; don't leave me." I took a last look, as I thought, at him, and then left him.

When I had got a little way beyond him my hands began to fail me. I looked at them and found that they were frozen. I felt as if I could hold on no longer. So I got my chin to rest on a shiver, and in that manner bore the weight of my body for some minutes. On my right, a few feet from me, I saw a place that, if I got there, I could rest as long as I chose. I asked God to

help me, and, after a great difficulty, I succeeded. Then I sat down and began to think. I knew I would not be able to climb any more, for my hands were severely frost-bitten. I put them in my armpits and began to squeeze them, meaning bitterly.

While I was busy watching my eye was directed to a dark object, which appeared to move. In a very short time I found that it was a boat. It had been on the search for seals, and through a suggestion from one of the crew, determined to row around the shore on their way home.

Fearing that we should be passed unobserved I began shouting at the top of my voice. Being attracted by the sound the little boy on board began to look in all directions. It was not long before he saw me, and told his father that up in the cliff he could see an owl and hear it screeching.

To satisfy the boy's curiosity the boat's head was turned directly towards the spot. In a short time all their doubts had disappeared, for they could see, and hear me shouting. After explaining the matter to them, they left us to get assistance. They soon returned, however, and in a comparatively short time we were taken down and carried to comfortable quarters, where, under careful nursing, we remained for some time.

Space would not permit me to enter into the details of the story. Suffice to say, that, after three weeks, with my hands partly well, I left for home, leaving my friend with both legs amputated. From our parting then we have never seen nor heard from each other since.

W. PERCIVAL WAY.

Bonavista, Nfld.

"BY FIRE."

Chapter I.

The golden rays of the setting sun are casting their brightness over the beautiful sheet of water known as Annapolis basin, leaving a mass of crimson clouds in the west. A great deal of history is connected with these waters in the pioneer days of Nova Scotia. How much of carnage and bloodshed have been enacted on their now peaceful bosom ! The ancient capital, Annapolis Royal, named in honor of the good Queen Anne, looks every inch a bustling seaport town. The old fort stands untenanted, a reminder of rebellious scenes in the early settlement of this fair "land of the Mayflower." Not yet has the shriek of the iron horse been heard in the picturesque Annapolis Valley, rousing the inhabitants to greater energy and enterprise ; but in this year, 1846, it was whispered about that these things were to be that have since taken place.

On the south or Granville side of the blue basin the trees bend down to the water's edge, and on a fair situation stands a handsome cottage house, gleaming white through the foliage. Surrounding it is a well-kept lawn, and an air of comfort pervades the whole.

Just now, a child of about ten summers, the brightness of the western sky shining on her golden curls, stands motionless among the flowers that line the front

walk, gazing silently and half sadly out upon the basin, and wondering, as some white-sailed ships drop anchor for the night, when her absent parents and dear little sister Tiny will return. Not very long now, surely, and then—oh, how full of happiness the days will be. But if the child's eyes could look beyond the glittering sunset and the treacherous waters, they would see a noble vessel wrapped in flame, and among the white faces in a little boat, far distant, they would recognize father, mother, and sister.

Chapter II.

A delightful August morning. The "Annie Laurie," a trading barque of largest size, had finished loading, and lay in the harbor of New Orleans, awaiting the hour of sailing. The scene was **grand**. The deep blue sky contrasted finely with the deeper blue of the Mississippi river, covered at that moment with various kinds of craft, from the little row-boat to the vast iron-clad. The air was clear and fine, even in that smoky city of the South. The "Annie Laurie," laden with cotton for the markets of New York, was preparing to start on her long voyage. The crew were hoisting her sails, and on the deck stood Captain McArthur. By him stood his wife, a short, well-made young woman with a quiet air of reserve. Claspèd by the hand she led a little girl about four years of age, her child you could tell at a glance, by the same quiet, reserved expression, and wonderfully bright grey eyes. The little one's eyes travelled now from the bright scene before them up to her mother's face and rested there.

"Shall we start soon, mamma?" she asked.

"Very soon, I believe. See ! They're hoisting the anchor now. We're off !" (as the vessel began to glide slowly out of the harbor.) "How glad are you, Tiny ?"

"Oh ! lots, mamma," cried Tiny, dancing up and down on the deck : "and how long before I shall see Grace ?"

"In about two weeks," replied Mrs. McArthur, smiling at the child's eagerness. "Are we going to have a prosperous voyage, do you think ?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"If this weather holds out," was the prompt reply, "and there are no signs of a storm yet."

Mrs. McArthur did not answer, but gazed with absent eyes upon the mighty "parent of waters," its placid surface disturbed by scarcely a ripple, and reflecting the blue and silver of the flecked sky above.

And the good ship glided down the widening river, homeward bound.

* * * * *

A week passed away, and the "Annie Laurie" far, far out at sea, was rushing along through the Atlantic Ocean, towards New York, under a cloud of canvas.

The sun had just risen, when the captain's wife, Mrs. McArthur, came on deck. She had not been there long before her husband joined her. "If this weather holds out," he said, we shall reach New York in a little less than a week, leave our cargo there, and then for home."

A smile lit up his wife's face, and murmuring some exclamation of pleasure, she left him and went into the cabin without speaking again. An hour later, Captain McArthur saw with dread the unmistakable signs of an approaching storm. The sun was veiled with a hazy vapor, and masses of heavy black clouds were rushing

along from the windward. The captain ordered the sails to be furled. The active sailors darted up the rigging to obey the command, and while all hands were aloft the gale came shrieking, roaring and howling on the ship.

With her lee-rail scooping up the white waters, her shrouds whistling and bending to the gale, her masts swaying and creaking, her timbers groaning and humming, away she went, driving through the mad waters, veiled in a cloud of spray from stem to stern.

Amidships, holding on to a pin on the main-fife rail, stood Captain McArthur, watching the men who were furling the jib. Suddenly the ship made a mad plunge. A great torrent of water came sweeping like a huge moving wall over the weather-rail. Before the captain could avoid it by running aft, it struck his form, washing him overboard like a chip. There was a slender half-rotten rope hanging from the deck attached to the rail. Captain McArthur seized this as he went, twisting it round his waist. The wild mass of water swept over and past him. There he was, hanging by the end of the rope, about ten yards from the ship's side. His wife, who had come on deck just as her husband was swept over the rail, now ran amidships, with pale cheeks and wild eyes, calling on the crew to save their commander. It would be worse than useless to lower boats in such a gale. The sailors ran to the rail, however, and commenced hauling on to the rope to which the captain was still clinging. As they pulled an ominous snapping sound was heard. The strands of the rotten rope were giving way.

"He must go !" cried a gruff old sailor, despairingly.

"No earthly power can save him now. The rope will part long before we can get him alongside." Nearer—nearer, to the ship was the captain drawn. When he was within five yards of it, the rope held him only by one of its strands. This, going round and round, must part in a few seconds.

With clasped hands, and eyes gleaming large and bright, Mrs. McArthur watched her husband, her lips compressed, as if by the power of her will alone she would prevent the rope giving way. The strain upon that one strand was tremendous. It cracked and snapped, but it still held. The first mate stood reaching far out over the rail to be ready to seize the captain the moment he would be drawn within reach. The men at the rope pulled him cautiously nearer to the side of the vessel. A little nearer and he could be reached.

The mate made a grasp at the captain's hair, missed it, and seized him by the collar of his rough pea-jacket.

"Thank God ! he is saved," cried the man hoarsely, as a dozen sailors rushed to his assistance, and Captain McArthur stood safe on deck once more. A marvelous escape from a watery grave.

Chapter III.

The gale had subsided and the angry waters were resuming their wonted calm, the heavy clouds parting and showing the smiling blue beneath. The storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun. In half an hour there was no trace of a cloud on the blue canopy above. The rays of the sun poured down with a fierce heat on the deck of the "Annie Laurie." The crew rejoiced at the change, all but a few of the oldest seamen, who

shook their heads ominously and declared that the sudden change boded no good. These were ridiculed by the sailors who lounged about on deck enjoying the fierce heat, that, as the day wore on, grew unbearable. Great heavy masses of clouds were, for the second time that day, seen advancing. In a short time the sky was completely covered with a canopy of darkness. It seemed as though the predictions of the old seamen were about to be verified. The air was stifling.

Suddenly a strange calm seemed to fall over the ship. Even the sea hushed its restless moaning and crept up the sides of the becalmed vessel in silence. Then the air grew dark as night, and a lurid sheet of light broke from the dark clouds, followed by a terrible crash of thunder, as the dreadful tempest closed round the doomed "Annie Laurie."

The din of sea and sky was frightful. The waves rose mountains high, their terrible looks mingling with the very lightning of the sky, every pale brilliant flash of which lit up the scared faces of the crew, the inky sea, and the storm-tossed vessel with unearthly distinctness. Then one broad glare, accompanied by a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the heavens, and a ball of livid fire ran down the ship's foremast, splintering it like a reed, and setting fire to the deck. When the men had recovered from the stupor into which the fearful shock had plunged them, it was too late. The flames, spreading faster than they had deemed possible, were creeping up the main-mast, licking up the boards of the deck, stealing above and below.

Captain McArthur, who had been amongst his men, made a frantic rush for the cabin. He was met at the

door by his wife, their little girl in her arms. Without words, for none were needed, he took her hand, and together they passed up the cabin stairs and gained the deck. Through the forehatch a huge volume of flame and smoke was pouring. The glare of the flames shone for many miles across the dark raging sea. "The cargo! It's afire! The cotton's caught!" cried a sailor, rushing up to the captain, pale with fright. A glance around told the captain that it would be useless to attempt to subdue the flames. No human effort could arrest their progress, and so dreadful was the noise of sea and sky that the minute gun, after being discharged three times, was abandoned. "For," said the captain, "in any case assistance could not reach us in such an awful tempest."

At this there was a fearful cry raised for the boats, and, useless as it was, they endeavored to launch them. As they touched the water one after another was dashed into a hundred fragments, and, while they were trying to launch the last, the mainmast fell over the side with a terrible crash. An immense column of flame and sparks shot up toward the dark, lowering sky.

The captain's wife stood by the weather rail holding her frightened child clasped close in her arms. The flames darted toward her, licking her very garments with their scorching tongues ; but she seemed unconscious of peril. Her eyes were fixed on the tossing sea, lit up by the glare of the flames whose dull roar she heard as they raged in the narrow walls below.

Captain McArthur hastened to her side and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Must we die?" she asked, turning her eyes to meet his gaze quite calmly.

"I hope not," he answered, turning his face away that she might not see the anxiety written on it; "The sea has abated a little. The boat may, perhaps, live on it. Come!"

He took the child from her arms, and strode toward the one remaining boat, in which the crew, frightened out of their wits, were fighting for places. The struggle ceased for a moment, however, at the captain's authoritative command, and Mrs. McArthur and her little girl were allowed to take their seats quietly. Then the sailors, and last of all the captain, threw themselves into their places, and a huge wave swept them away from the side of the doomed ship, and just in time, for an instant later the vessel was completely wrapped in flame.

The thunder tempest was followed by such a down-pouring of rain as can hardly be imagined. How eagerly the shipwrecked voyagers watched for the dawn need not here be told. The torrents of rain beat down the sea, the wind gradually abated, and towards morning the stars shone through broken masses of cloud. Lighter and lighter grew the sky in the east, over the horizon.

The captain stood erect, and, shading his eyes with his hands, peered long and anxiously across the still heaving waste of waters. "Sail ho!" rang out in his stentorian tones, and the light of hope sprang to pallid faces, and glad eyes gazed across the sea at the approaching vessel, which proved to be a French brigantine bound for New York.

In half an hour the shipwrecked mariners were stand-

ing safe on her deck and meeting with all possible attention from the officers, who were deeply sympathetic for the misfortune they had encountered, and—

Well ! to tell a long story in a few words, the next week saw them safely landed in New York, and, a little later, blue waters and smiling sky witnessed a joyous reunion on the shores of Annapolis basin.

MAUDE SAUNDERS.

Lawrencetown, Annapolis County, N.S.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

In France, in 1712, Louis, the eldest son of the Marquis of Montcalm, was born, and three years later a little sister, Marie, entered the household. Afterwards there were other brothers and sisters, but this sketch has to do only with Louis and Marie.

In childhood's days they were constantly together at play, in the ground surrounding the noble old house, and though, like other children, they had their little quarrels, they were very fond of each other. One great trial to Marie as she grew older was her brother's contempt for dolls ; neither did she take as much interest in military play as he desired. But Louis grew to be a large lad and was sent away to school, while Marie, robbed of her playmate, devoted more time to her studies and less to play, that Louis might not surpass her altogether.

The Montcalms were Catholics, and when John Payzant, a man of integrity and some wealth, fell in love with Marie, she knew that she could never marry him with her parents' consent. To do so without their consent meant to leave the old home so dear to her, never to return ; but she concluded that life without him would be miserable even though surrounded by all that before had made her so happy. So they fled together, dwelt for some time on the Isle of Jersey and finally sailed across the sea to make a home for themselves

in the great Western world, where Catholic or Huguenot worshipped as his conscience dictated.

They settled on an island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, where they were very happy. Four children were born to them, John, Louis, Philip, and a little girl. The parents instructed the children in the usual branches of learning, nor did they neglect religious training.

They felt more secure in their island home than though the water about them had been the great walls of a fort, and the trees soldiers on guard.

In the spring of 1756, soldiers from the fort at Lunenburg helped Mr. Payzant break up the soil. On Saturday afternoon they retired to the fort to spend Sunday. In the evening, when all was still, the family heard the report of a musket, followed by the scream of terror, and soon they saw a band of Indians approaching the house.

The scream was from a man, captured by the Indians, who led them thither, hoping that the plunder they would find would induce them to release him. As soon as they reached the island the Indians shot him. Poor wretch ! he little thought they were directed by a higher mind than his.

As he saw the Indians coming John Payzant fastened the heavy oak door and stood behind it. Finding that the door would not yield the Indians pointed their muskets at it in different directions, and fired. A bullet entered the father's heart, and he fell backwards into his wife's arms, simply saying, "My heart is growing cold, Mary," and his life on this earth was ended.

Heretofore, their life had been as peace and sunshine which they had enjoyed together—now his heart had

grown cold, and she was left in the gathering gloom with her terrified children at her side. Impossible it would be to protect the little ones she loved from the savages now breaking down the door. In agony she awaited her fate. The screams of a servant's child annoyed the Indians, and they seized the innocent babe and dashed out its brains against a rock. Then, because the distressed mother gave vent to her grief, she was put to death by the tomahawk.

Mary Payzant and her family were led to the canoes, and after the Indians had plundered the house, they fired it and paddled away. Silently, mournfully, the mother left her home where, but last evening, they had been so happy as they heard the children recite their lessons. As she looked back, she shuddered to think of her dead husband lying in the midst of the flames ; his ashes mingling with the ashes of their home.

And these, her children, what tortures were they to endure ? Must she stand dumb and silent and see them put to death in some cruel manner, as were the servant and her child ? Horrible thought !

Leaving the bay, they passed through a river and several lakes, the Indians bearing the canoes on their shoulders as they tramped across portages.

Long years afterwards, Mary Payzant told her grandchildren how, passing down the Avon River, Hants County, in the silent moonlight, they came in sight of Fort Piziquid, now the town of Windsor. The Indians, fearing their captives would be seen by the men at the fort, forced them to lie in the bottom of the canoes.

Many days passed and still they were on the march, sometimes tramping through gloomy forests, and often

moving over lake or stream in the canoes. Wearisome it was, but as the days went by and they suffered no violence from the Indians, the great terror that at first had seized the children, wore away. The redskins became friendly and taught the boys the use of the bow and arrow.

The mother felt it was better for the children not to be alarmed, but deep in her heart was a nameless dread—a horror of the fate awaiting them at their journey's end; for oft had she heard of the treachery of the Indians. On, on, they went. At last, leaving the forest, they paddled up a large river until they came to a city, built partly on low ground and partly on a high bluff. They landed and were led through the lower to the upper town. And here a surprise awaited the weary, anxious woman. Lo, she was met by her brother Louis, General Montcalm, commander of the French forces at Quebec.

Then, like a great flood, surged back the recollections of a fond husband, now dead; a happy home, now laid in ruins; the long weary journey and the sickening anxiety that had filled her heart;—and here was the author of all her misery, her brother.

Bitterly, scornfully, she accused him of destroying her home and of murdering her husband. She would hear no explanation—she could never forgive him.

Montcalm placed John and Louis in the Jesuit College, where they were educated for Catholic priests, and he made his sister as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Ample time had she then to brood over her wrongs, and, as time passed, her heart did not soften toward her brother, who would fain have beheld in his sister the loving comrade of his early days.

Weeks, months, years went by, until in 1750, the city was besieged. For months Wolfe lingered before the city, seeking some feasible point of attack, and still the French felt secure in their high fortress. But when the sun rose beautifully, on Sept. 13, Wolfe and his men were revealed drawn up in line of battle on the Plains of Abraham.

Montcalm heard as in a dream that the British had gained the heights, but resolved not to surrender without a struggle, and at once made an impetuous attack ; the result you all know.

Borne from the battle-field mortally wounded, being told he could live but a few hours, he sent at once for his sister. As she entered the apartment he said, "Marie, I am dying. For the sake of the old days in France, hear me. I heard of your arrival in Nova Scotia, and wishing to shield you from the perils of this war, and the attacks of Indians, I sent some friendly Indians with an order to bring you here unharmed, that I might see you again and act the part of a brother. But unfortunately, your husband was killed, and you hate me. In this, my dying hour, I ask you to forgive me for the misery I have brought to you ; though, indeed, I meant but kindness. Will you forgive me, Marie ?"

"Louis," she said, and her face became less stern, "you are dying—far, far away from the dear old home in France, and you ask my forgiveness. I can forgive the loss of my quiet, happy home ; the anxiety for the safety of my children ; the long, weary march, and the trials that may come ere I again have a home ; I can forgive all these ; I cannot forgive the death of my husband." So Montcalm died without his sister's pardon.

After the death of her brother Mary Payzant and her children wandered back to Nova Scotia, where in Falmouth, Hants County, she took up a grant of land. There she spent the remainder of her life, and there some of her descendants live at the present time. The two boys, educated for priests, became Protestant preachers, one preaching for many years in Liverpool,

Many were the adventures they told to their grandchildren (often with tears in their eyes) of that terrible journey with the Indians.

LUCILLA PAYZANT.

Windsor Forks, Hants County, N.S.

AN ICY ADVENTURE.

The island of Port Hood is situated on the western coast of Cape Breton, about one and a-half miles from the village of Port Hood, in the County of Inverness. It is about three miles long and one mile broad, and was formerly connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of land. But in the year 1812, during one of the most violent gales that ever occurred in Cape Breton, the water was drawn over this neck of land, and the soil, being of a sandy nature, was unable to withstand the action of the waves and forthwith began to wash away. This wearing process has gone on ever since and the result is that the island is now about a mile and a-half from the mainland. There are at present on the island about seventeen families, all of whom are well-to-do. They have erected a nice church and a schoolhouse. In the year 1787 David Smith, whose family came from Massachusetts, settled on Port Hood Island. He was a seafaring man, having gone to sea at the age of nine years, and before he was eighteen years old was commander of a vessel. For two years after he came to Port Hood he farmed and fished, and from these two sources obtained a good living. In the year 1789, just a hundred years ago, his family consisted of himself and wife and three sons, Louis, David and Isaac, aged respectively eighteen, fourteen and ten years. These boys, like their father, were noted for their enterprise

and manly daring. One incident will illustrate these characteristics. When about seventeen years old, Louis, the eldest, encountered a bear. Fortunately, the boy had with him a gun loaded with shot. It was the first time he had ever a chance of killing a bear, and he had all a boy's ardor for the sport. Watching his opportunity, he sent the charge of shot into the bear. This so enraged the animal that it attacked the boy, who, with the stock of his gun, succeeded in killing it. The place where this occurred, in commemoration of the event, is called "Bear Cove."

In February, 1789, David Smith, senior, with his three sons, David, Louis and Isaac, accompanied by two dogs, started out on the ice to hunt seals. They had gone quite a distance from the shore when one of them looked back and uttered an exclamation of dismay. All turned towards the shore and to their terror saw that, on account of easterly winds, the ice between them and the shore had passed, leaving a wide stretch of dark water between.

Had they at once attempted to jump across to the shore they might have saved themselves, but they tried to find a narrow place to cross, unheeding the fact that every moment increased their peril, as the ice was constantly shifting out to sea. At last the father, taking off his coat, said: "Boys, I will swim to the shore and get a boat; you remain on the ice; I shall return for you;" and, suiting the action to the word, the brave man sprang into the icy waters and swam towards shore. He succeeded in reaching the ice near the shore and the boys said that they saw him get upon it, but it is supposed that he was in some way carried under, as he was never seen afterwards.

This happened in the morning.

Meanwhile, the boys were floating out to sea. The wind was very cold, and they were without provisions. How long they could stand it they did not know. Even if they kept from freezing they had nothing with which to satisfy their hunger. . The two elder boys were more able to stand it, but Isaac was a boy of tender years, with a child's impatience at the unsatisfied desire for food. The day passed; night came on, and with it the cold increased. Before the ice parted they had killed one seal, and during the night they managed to kill another, and with the skins of these and the coat left by the father, they kept themselves from freezing. Imagine the agony and terror of those poor children. They were quite certain that their father was drowned, and saw nothing but a like fate for themselves. Nay; there was, perhaps, in store for them a worse fate—that of being frozen or starved to death.

They thought of their widowed mother and how she would feel when she discovered her loss. However, they did not lose courage. Committing themselves to the care of Him who rules the elements, they began to plan some way of escape. But all appeared hopeless; there seemed no way out of their horrible position.

The second day dawned. The children were not absolutely freezing, but their horror of their position was every moment increasing. For over twenty-four hours not a morsel of food had passed their lips, and even if they were able to withstand the cold much longer, which did not seem probable, death by starvation stared them in the face. To add to their misery, the dogs set up a pitiful howl as if imploring the Unseen to spare them.

All the time the ice was floating in a northerly direction. The boys could still see the shore, from which they were distant about three miles, but their chances of escape seemed very faint. With two stout poles, which they had brought on the ice for the purpose of killing seals, they broke off a small cake of ice, on which, with their dogs, they embarked, and thus, in Nature's boat, they headed for shore. Their progress necessarily was very slow; they were almost exhausted with cold and hunger, and were sometimes tempted to give up the effort, which seemed nearly hopeless. But life was sweet to them, so with the desperate energy of despair they kept to their task. The exertion helped to keep up circulation and the hope of reaching land was stronger than their sense of exhaustion and hunger. It was in the early part of the forenoon of the second day that the boys, with their dogs, embarked on the cake of ice. Late in the afternoon of the same day they found themselves within a short distance of shore. Would they reach it? It was uncertain whether or not their strength would hold out, and now, to their dismay, they became aware that the ice on which they were floating was gradually sinking. It had become thoroughly water-soaked. Had all their toil been in vain? Should they indeed be drowned when land was so near? Apparently there was little ground for hope, for the water was washing over the ice and their legs were wet to the knees.

The poor dogs stood looking, now at their master and again at the shore, and all the while howling dismally. Poor brave boys! It was enough to have moved sterner hearts than theirs. Summoning all the energy of despair they moved their paddles desperately

for a few moments. At last they touched the shore ice and, by leaping from cake to cake, they succeeded in reaching mother earth safely. Their feelings can be better imagined than described when they found themselves again on firm footing.

At once they looked around to ascertain their whereabouts. They found that they had landed at Little Mabou, which they knew to be about seven miles from their home. So now they were almost as badly off as ever, for in their present exhausted state they could not think of walking so far. But to their joy they perceived a house only a short distance off. Whistling to their dogs to follow they started for it. But they were destined to another disappointment,—the door was locked; the occupants were away. However, they knew that at any rate they must have food and shelter, so, breaking a pane of glass, they succeeded in gaining an entrance. At once they built a fire, and, having found something to eat, they all lay down by the fire and fell asleep. Early the next morning they set out for home. In the meantime news had spread abroad that Davie Smith and his sons had been drowned. Much sympathy was felt for the widowed mother, and people came from far and near to comfort her. In fact the occupants of the house in which the boys had spent the night had gone to Port Hood to comfort, and, if necessary, to relieve the wants of the poor widow. Great was their surprise, on returning home, to meet the three boys and their dogs. The mother was overjoyed at again meeting her three sons, but her joy was, of course, terribly marred by the fact that her husband had found a watery grave.

The three lads grew to manhood, and were always noted for their courage and enterprise. Louis and David afterwards removed to Mabou, and were the first settlers on that place. Some idea of the fertility of the land on which they established themselves can be got from the fact that for seven consecutive years the average of forty-five bushels of wheat was taken from one acre of land. Louis was killed by a bull when he was seventy-five years old. He had a family of ten children, the eldest of whom died this winter in her ninety-third year.

JENNIE SMITH.

Hillsborough, N.S.

TALES OF ACADIE.

The year 1775 is marked by "the expulsion of the Acadians." In that year, shortly before this event, a party of settlers came to Grand Pre from Martha's Vineyard, an island off the coast of Massachusetts. Among them were my great-grandparents, Charles Y—— and Elizabeth W——, aged respectively fourteen and eight.

When, on their arrival in Acadia, they heard of a terrible massacre, which had happened some months before, they were much frightened and wished themselves back in their old home. A party of immigrants, wishing to cross the Cornwallis valley, hired French guides, camped for the night in a hollow, now called "moccasin hollow," a beautiful place surrounded by hills and "the forest primeval," while through the centre a silvery stream wound its way. Here, as the sun sank to rest, the weary people fell asleep. Suddenly, at midnight, the terrible war-whoop of the Indian was heard. The terrified people rushed in all directions, only to be beaten and hacked to pieces by their dark and terrible foes. The sun rose. The band of immigrants slept their long last sleep. The Indians sitting by their camp fires told with hideous grins of the night's amusement.

Now comes that event known as the expulsion of the Acadians; but history tells us that, and it is my aim only to write things of which the world does not know.

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Shortly after the expulsion of the French a treaty of peace was made with the Indians, and the gun and tomahawk were buried, the tomahawk lowest as a sign that the Indians would be the last to break the peace. Our friends at Grand Pre, however, knew nothing of the treaty, and so, when they heard that fifteen canoe loads of Indians were coming down the river, the news spread like wildfire, and soon all were assembled in the fort. In the fort there was no ammunition, and no provisions. Therefore, it was seen by all that resistance was useless. At last they decided what to do. One of their number, the father of Charles Y——, could speak French. He, with two others, volunteered to go down to the river and have a parley with the Indians, and, if possible, to arrange terms of peace. When the canoes came within hearing, "Can you speak French," Mr. Y—— demanded in French. "Yes, and English too," cried the chief in English. On they came: and as the chief leapt ashore he turned the muzzle of his gun to the ground, and extended his right hand, saying: "We are all one, brother," and as each dusky warrior leapt ashore he turned the muzzle of his gun to the ground, extended his hand and said, "We are all one, brother." All can imagine the delight of the three men, when they heard of the relationship.

Years have passed. The treaty has never been broken. A new and beautiful village has sprung up in place of the old one destroyed by the English, while Blomidon still keeps watch over the valley.

"Still stands the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and, in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of
the forest."

MINNIE A. LOOMER.

Brooklyn Corner's, King's Co., N.S.

A TRAGEDY OF THE AVON.

If you will take a good look at a map of Eastern Canada, you will notice, protruding out into the Atlantic Ocean, a curiously shaped peninsula, enclosed by two great arms of the sea. That to the north is the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which the French called the Great Bay; the smaller indentation on the south is the water to which De Monts gave the high-sounding name *Le Grande Baie Francoise*. *Baie Francoise*, we now call Bay of Fundy; why, I could never find out. The peninsula between these two coast waters is Nova Scotia, the old Acadie.

Now, if you follow French Bay up to its head waters, you will find that it here stretches out two arms to the east,—Cumberland Basin and Minas Basin. The latter, which, of course, appears quite small on a large map is a beautiful sheet of water, more than twenty miles wide. Many rivers flow to it; and these, too, look small—like small brooks—on the map. They are, in reality, very insignificant and nasty-looking when the tide goes out; for, of each of them, nothing is to be seen but a great muddy ditch, at the bottom of which only a few inches of water are flowing. One of these rivers emptying into Minas Basin is the Avon, which the Indians called *Piziquid*, the muddy river; and this is the scene of my story, which I am sorry is not a pleasant one. A celebrated American, Mr. Dudley Warner,

laughed at our river when he was taken to see it at low tide; but, if he had seen the Avon in its full strength,—nearly two miles wide at its mouth, over sixty feet deep, and filled with a tremendous mass of water rushing along with the speed of a mountain torrent,—he could not have helped admiring its greatness.

While I am describing this river, I may as well explain why it is that its waters behave so strangely, for the Avon is one of the chief actors in my story. Well, if you have been looking at your map carefully, you must have seen that the Bay of Fundy and Minas Basin are of a singular shape—like a thick wedge. This accounts for the remarkable tidal disturbance. The ocean tide, flowing westerly, pushes a great volume of water up the Bay of Fundy with such force, that, for a few hours the rivers are very full, and high banks, called dykes, are necessary to keep out the sea. Just when the tide is at its deepest the waters begin to turn; and, a few hours later, the rivers are dry again.

Our deep rivers and our splendid growth of timber have made us, in Nova Scotia, shipbuilders as well as seafarers. Sailing up Minas Basin into the Avon, one sees, dotting the shores, numerous pretty villages, at each of which a large vessel is on the stocks, being made ready for sea. Summerville, Burlington, Huntsport and Avondale are passed in turn, until you reach Windsor, my home, an incorporated town of considerable importance.

At Avondale, in the spring of 1889, the keel was laid for a ship of two thousand tons burden. A great deal of timber is needed for the construction of so large a vessel, and the raftsmen were busy for a long time,

bringing material down the Avon to the shipyard. The spring had opened early, and there were good prospects for a prosperous season. On the twenty-eighth day of March a load of chain for binding rafts was got ready to be carried up the river in a boat. In the evening the little craft, with its weighty cargo, set out to work its way up the tide, to the mills, where the timber-raft was waiting to be secured. In charge of her were five men, the stoutest and strongest that could be got. Just how long the trip ought to take was not known. The boat was heavily laden, but her crew had the current in their favor at starting, and there would be very little difficulty in making the whole distance in a couple of tides at most.

From its mouth, where it is about two miles wide, the Avon narrows very rapidly. At its junction with the St. Croix the decrease is not noticeable. Two miles further up, however, the river is little over half a mile in width; and at the Windsor bridges it has narrowed to about a quarter of a mile. This constant diminishing of the river area increases the turbulence of the tide, and gives rise to cross-currents and treacherous eddies. One of the worst is where the St. Croix, a tidal river half a mile wide, discharges its waters into the Avon. At the railway bridge, above Windsor, the current runs very strong at slack tide; and in other places further up stream caution is needed in navigating a raft, or even a row-boat. The Indians had always avoided canoeing in the Avon. The Piziquid, they said, was treacherous. To persons acquainted with the river, however, the thought of danger never occurred.

The boatmen with their heavy load set out in the best

of cheer; and their heartiness, as they strained at the oars, found a response in the hoarse current which bore them onward. There was a long pull before them, and the sooner over the better.

"Steady and strong" was the word. The work of the river men is, at the best, of a cheerless nature. But the honest hearts in the little boat wished for nothing greater than the satisfaction of knowing that their work was well done. They had families and friends at home, who were waiting for them when the week's toil was over. On swept the current, and darkness lowered fast. The over-weighted craft passed safely through the piers of the two bridges; down the rapids at the Ferry Hill Ford; on, past the limestone cliffs and the dyke of the Falmouth shore; round the bend, and away with the tide; on into the gloom and the gathering night. Singing at their dangerous task, strong and fearless, they were true-hearted men; heroes untrained in war, but straining their sinews at the oar, and roughing it in the cold and darkness for wife and children.

The boat would not likely reach its destination by the first tide. It would be better to wait a tide, and make the latter half of the trip with the fresh current. The returning river sometimes rushes in with violence, in depth sufficient to swamp a boat. But the men at the oars were acquainted with all the queer pranks of the Avon, and would take every precaution.

The people of the mill were unaware of the departure of the boat. The arrival of a crew would not be unexpected, however, for a large quantity of ship timber was ready, waiting to be fastened together into rafts and sent down to the yards. There was no occasion for

anxiety. A trip up stream was an everyday occurrence. But the families of the men who were facing the dangers of the tide knew that always there was more or less risk to run; and timid wives and mothers prayed for the safe journey of the little boat. It was a sleepless night for these fond hearts. Morning dawned clear, however, and with the day all fears passed off. The men must, ere this, have reached the end of their voyage. In a couple of days more they would be down again with the raft.

Work was going on rapidly at the Avondale yards, and the opening of the river so early for navigation made brisk times along the bank. At full tide the basin was crowded with craft of all kinds: American schooners and brigs to load gypsum up the St. Croix; lighters, bringing building stone from the Horton cliffs; ferry-boats from down the bay, and scows and tugs innumerable. The busy carpenters at the shipyard had almost forgotten the boat lately sent up to the mills. Its crew had not returned with the raft, and no word had come as to when they might expect it.

Five days after the departure of the men from Avondale, the foreman at the yards received a message from the mills saying that the craft was ready to be sent down, and was only waiting till a crew would come up and get it. Then it flashed upon his mind that something was wrong. The little boat had come to harm. Like wild-fire the word spread that a boat's crew of five men had been lost, going up the Avon. For a while people were dazed. The search parties were organized. From every village men set out to look for the unfortunate crew, who had certainly met with some accident. Up

and down the river was searched without any trace of the lost ones. Then the worst began to be feared. Hopeful ones still clung to theories as to the safety of the missing men, but, finally, the stoutest lost hope. A day passed, and no news came. Another day went by. Then one of the searchers brought ashore a hat which was thought to have belonged to one of the missing party. Later on an upturned boat was picked up, which was recognized as the one which had left Avondale a week before. The worst fears were realized now. There was sorrow in desolate homes, and everybody was sad.

The retreating and returning tide told the tragic tale. The bodies of the unfortunate men were cast ashore by the remorseless current. This was all that the river would reveal. Truly did an old Micmac say of it: "Piziquid,—bad river; treacherous river."

FRANK W. DE SOLOAN.

Windsor, N.S.

"THE WOODS AND THE SEA HAVE
RUINED ME."

The summer of 1827 was fast drawing to a close. Already the rich green verdure, which is so characteristic of our island home, was giving place to the more sombre hues of autumn, when, on a fine evening towards the end of September, a vessel might have been seen sailing majestically into one of our ports. She had on board a goodly number of passengers, among them being an Irishman named David Power, who, tired of the hardships which he had undergone in his native land, had resolved to emigrate with his family to America, if, happily, he might improve his fortune; and it is his lowly but eventful life in an obscure part of this island that forms the theme of this narrative.

At the time our story opens Davie, as he was familiarly called, was in the full vigor of manhood, with a strong, sturdy constitution, apparently well adapted to battle with the difficulties of pioneer life; but though of rough exterior he possessed a kind heart and a happy disposition, and in his dealings with his fellow-men he was honest and upright, thus gaining the respect of all who knew him. On his arrival he at once made his way to the home of his brother-in-law, Michael Long, who had come out from Ireland a few years before, and had settled on a little farm in Lot 16 in this county. After considering the matter Davie decided to make

his home in the same locality, and he at once took possession of the old cookhouse as a provisional shelter for his family, hoping, as soon as circumstances would permit, to replace it with a better one. He was very industrious, and having rented one hundred acres of land in the adjoining district, he soon cleared away sufficient space to enable him to erect a log cabin, into which he moved his family, and where he lived comfortably for many years. Naturally sociable and friendly, it afforded him great pleasure to see the boys of the settlement visiting his cabin in the long winter evenings, when he would gather them round his cheery fire, and keep them convulsed with laughter over the amusing stories he would tell them of "ould Ireland." His children were quiet and well-behaved, and soon became great favorites in the neighborhood. Thus time passed on, crowning the honest industry of our hero with success, until, in a few years, he was making a comfortable living for his family, and was comparatively independent.

After some time his eldest son who had remained in Ireland, came out to the new home of his parents. He stayed but a short time, however, when he again left them and went on to New Brunswick, and within a year the sad intelligence was received that he had been drowned in one of the rivers of that province. With the exception of this sad accident things ran on pretty smoothly with the family until the beginning of the year 1837, at which time the sad event I am now going to relate took place.

On a clear, frosty morning in the month of January of that year, Davie and his son Jim, a boy about twelve or thirteen, were sitting by the fire, when young Long,

whose family I have already alluded to, rushed into the cabin, exclaiming that he had just seen a fox in a field near by. Upon hearing this, they all three started in pursuit, Davie taking his gun, a little carbine, as he called it, which he had brought with him from Ireland. No sooner had they approached the field than the fox, taking the hint, made for the woods, quickly followed by his pursuers. The animal seemed to be endowed with a double share of the proverbial vulpine cunning, for he decoyed the men on by keeping himself constantly in view but not near enough to get a shot. Davie, when speaking of it afterward, would positively declare that it was not a fox at all, but "the very Divil himself." At length, after following him all day without any success, toward evening they began to think of returning home, when, to their dismay, they found they had lost their way. On becoming fully aroused to their danger, instead of retracing their steps, as they could easily have done, there being plenty of snow, they travelled round and round on a small plot of ground, making no headway, until at last they were quite bewildered; and they soon perceived that, whatever might be the consequence, they must prepare to spend the night in the woods. Tired and hungry, they were by this time pretty well exhausted.

It was bitterly cold, and as it was before the days of lucifer matches, they had no fireworks with them except the gun; by burning powder in this they thought to succeed in getting a fire started, but the attempt proved a failure. However, endeavoring to make the best of their pitiable condition, Davie cleared away the snow and made a bed of some spruce boughs, on which he

laid the boys, and then lay down on top of them to keep them warm, nobly sacrificing his own comfort in order to keep them from freezing. All through the solitary hours of that bleak winter night he bravely withstood the cold, while his anxiety was increased by the thought of the loved ones at home, who would, doubtless, be much concerned about their long absence. But "longest nights will have an ending," and as soon as the first grey streaks of dawn were visible through the trees, Davie endeavored to rouse his companions. His nephew was still alive notwithstanding the cold, but his own son was quite unconscious and speechless, so much so, indeed, that every effort they could make for his restoration was in vain, and he died soon after daylight. With a sorrowful heart the old man prepared to work his way out, but insisted that his nephew should remain beside the corpse of his son. The poor boy reluctantly obeyed, and what he endured during the long hours of that day may be better imagined than described. Alone in the stillness of that dense forest with his lifeless companion how sad and lonely would he feel; how eagerly would he listen for the sound of footsteps coming to his aid; and now, as the darkness of night once more gathered round him, and no help came, he would feel that, unless speedily relieved, he must, ere long, share the fate of his companion.

His uncle, after travelling all day, reached home about dusk. The neighbors, who had been out hunting for them, upon hearing the sad tale, volunteered to go and rescue the other boy, who, it was thought, might still be alive. Provided with lanterns and fireworks, they started, travelling in single file, and taking turn

about to break the track. About midnight they found the body of young Power, but his cousin was nowhere to be seen. It commenced snowing, and the men, tired and worn by their long tramp, supposing he had followed Davie's track out, gave up the search, and turned their steps homeward, arriving there about four o'clock in the morning. Immediately after daylight another party started in, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in finding the body of the missing boy, who, sad to relate, had been alive when the first party were in, as he had moved after the snow had fallen.

The poor fellow, wearied out with the long waiting for the help that never reached him, had moved on a little; but courage and hope at last failed him, and on coming to a little thicket he took off his Scotch bonnet, and using that for his pillow, laid himself down to die alone, in the gloom of the night, with no mother's hand to cheer and bless, only the tall, cold firs and pine-trees around him, but above him the eternal heavens and the infinite God's pity looking down.

This sad affair cast a gloom over the whole settlement, while the wail of lamentation that went up from the bereaved households was heartrending, and even yet, after the lapse of forty-three years, remains vivid and fresh in the memory of those who witnessed it. What sad hearts there would be in the old log cabin, and what an affecting scene, as the poor old mother stood over the corpse of her son, wringing her hands with the piteous moan—"The woods and the sea have ruined me." But the hand of time, in a measure, healed their sorrow, and for fifteen years after this the old couple lived happily together.

Once again, in February, 1851, the old man and his youngest son were lumbering in the same fatal woods, when, by the fall of a tree, he was suddenly killed.

"The little woman," as he was wont to call his wife, survived him but a few years, when she, too, sank down to her final rest beside him, plaintively sighing out her life amid the sad refrain "the woods and the sea have ruined me." And so, in a quiet nook in the vicinity of their adopted home, far away from the land of their nativity, the old couple sleep side by side.

ELIZA D. RAMSAY.

Summerside, P. E. Island.

THE REV. DONALD MACDONALD.

My story is not one of adventure, or struggle for wealth or power. It is one of the true heroism of a man who did not think of his own wealth or greatness, but went through all kinds of hardships to preach to men who had not heard the Word of God for years. Many a night he slept in a log hut, through which the wind had easy entrance. His bed on these occasions was of straw, or even the boughs of trees. In his lifelong battle with the indifference and carelessness of those whom he was trying to save from worse than death, he exhibited rarer qualities, both of mind and heart, than is shown by the soldier on the battle-field, or by the man, who, on the impulse of the moment, leaps into the sea to rescue a drowning companion.

The Reverend Donald Macdonald, one of the greatest preachers, and, perhaps, the most wonderful man who was ever on Prince Edward Island, was the founder of the sect of Macdonaldites, the most peculiar and original of religious bodies. He was born on the first of January, 1785, in Perthshire, Scotland. He chose the calling of a minister, and was educated at St. Andrew's University. He was ordained to the ministry of the Church of Scotland in the year 1816. For the first eight years of his ministry he preached among his native hills. He then crossed the Atlantic and preached for two years in Cape Breton. He came to Prince

Edward Island in 1826. At first he had no church, but was obliged to preach in barns, houses, schools, and even in the open air. His clear, strong voice could be heard for a great distance, and people came in crowds to listen to him.

The peculiarity of the Macdonaldites was, that while Mr. Macdonald was preaching they gently swayed to and fro, or clapped their hands. As he waxed more eloquent their motions became more animated. At first they pleaded aloud for mercy; after a time they became joyful, and cried out, "Glory ! Glory !" and that they had been taken out of the miry pit and their feet were set upon a rock. The women's bonnets came off, and their hair broke loose from all bounds and fell in wild profusion over their faces. Their movements were so violent that when they threw their heads back their hair snapped like a whip-cord. People said that it was the mesmeric power that Mr. Macdonald possessed that caused this strange behavior on the part of his flock. A gentleman told Mr. Macdonald that this was the case. He replied: "You blasphemous scoundrel ! Would you call the Holy Spirit of the Lord Donald Macdonald ?" It was not only good people who were influenced in this strange manner. It has been known that, on several occasions, people who went to laugh and scoff, were, by the preacher's eloquence and their sympathy with the people, themselves affected in the same way.

Before the sermon Mr. Macdonald always gave a discourse on the national, political and religious questions of the day, and in this way taught his people what was going on in the world, for in those days newspapers

were not so plentiful as they are now; besides, many of his parishioners were very ignorant. He was always displeased when people came late to church. One time when a great number were assembled, and waiting for him to begin, he remained silent. The people wondered, but never a word he said. After a time one of his chief elders came in. "Well, James," he said, "did you pass anyone on the road?" "No;" answered the astonished elder. "Did you see anyone behind you?" "No." "Well, then, we may begin." This is only one instance of the way he had of making his people punctual. Great was the respect and love his congregations had for him; but they also feared him. He disliked to see gay bonnets or dresses in church. It was no uncommon thing for him to command a woman to take off the gaudy bonnet she wore, and give it to him that he might hold it up to ridicule, saying: "What do you think of the like of that for a child of God to wear?"

He was very generous, and, although never married, had a great love for children. He always carried pennies in his pockets to give to any little one he might chance to meet. Like the apostles of old, "when he came to a village he went to the house of some worthy man, and there abode till he went thence." He did not receive a salary, but the people gave him all he needed. In living, first with one and then another of his flock, he became personally acquainted with them all. He was of the opinion that to rock babies was bad for them. He, therefore, told their parents to take the rockers off the cradles. Many a poor mother spent hours over a cross baby who was used to being rocked asleep; but

still they had to obey—for the minister had spoken, and his word was law.

Mr. Macdonald had a keen sense of the ridiculous. There was at one time a man in Charlottetown by the name of Sabine Knight. He was giving a religious lecture, and had some strange ideas about heaven. After his lecture he said: "I defy anyone to contradict what I have been saying;" and, looking over the audience, he saw Mr. Macdonald; "yes, and I even defy the Reverend Donald Macdonald." Mr. Macdonald, when thus challenged, rose quietly and said: "Mr. Knight need not concern himself so much about heaven; for does it not say in the Bible, 'There shall be no night there?'"

In his appearance he was stout, rather below the medium height, and powerfully built. He had a fine, piercing blue eye, which looked one through and through. His manners were those of a gentleman; and, if at a wedding or any social gathering, he could make himself pleasant and agreeable to all. He never took a fee for performing a marriage ceremony.

His parish extended from Bedeque to Murray Harbor and from Rustico to Bell Creek. He had five thousand followers, and they were of "all sorts and conditions of men." There was one great difficulty in getting from one part of the country to another, for in those days the roads were not like they are now; but no obstacle could keep him from preaching the Gospel, or going to see anyone who was in trouble. He was very kind to the poor, even to those who were not in his own congregation. His principal stations were at De Salaberry and Murray Harbor Road. Here he held the Sa-

ment. Every house in the village at Sacrament time was crowded; and, as the people generally remained over night, the floors of the houses and barns had to serve as beds. Long tables were placed in the aisles of the church, at which the communicants sat. Often he preached the whole day, first in Gaelic, then in English. The people stayed to both, for they did not like to go out and disturb the meeting. To outsiders who came to Sacrament from other congregations he would say: "Did you come to mock?" If they said "No," he would tell them to sit down.

Parents bringing children to him to be christened were never made to take vows upon themselves, as is the custom in most of the Presbyterian churches. And I suppose people thought this peculiar, and spoke to him about it; for on one occasion, when a couple brought their child to him, he said: "Do you think I would put vows on two black rebels like you?" During his ministry he registered the baptism of two thousand two hundred children, and christened many more not registered.

Mr. Macdonald thought it sinful to eat pork; so he ordered the people to kill their pigs, and immediately his devout followers slaughtered them, fat or lean. Some, however, who did not believe in this, but fearing Mr. Macdonald's wrath, concealed their pigs in the woods till they should be fit to kill. Once, when invited to dine with a brother clergyman, a roast of pork was placed on the table. Mr. Macdonald was asked to pronounce a blessing. "No," he replied; "no blessing will I ask till you take that piece of pork out of my sight."

Mr. Macdonald was a good singer. He wrote

hymns and set them to the lively or plaintive tunes of his native country, such as "The Campbells are Coming," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doone," or Burns' "Highland Mary." He wrote three books, called respectively, "The Millenium," "Baptism," and "The plan of Salvation."

When he was an old white-haired man of seventy-eight he fell sick, and it was thought he would not recover. He then wrote epistles to his congregations, commending them to God. But his health was restored, and he worked six years longer. While paying a visit to a Mr. Lacroed, of Southport, he was again taken sick. Many came from far and near to see him. He died on Friday, the twenty-second of February, 1867, and was buried at Uigg, Murray Harbor Road. A handsome granite monument was raised to his memory, on which was engraved a short account of his life in Latin, Greek, English and Gaelic; also the following text: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Mr. Macdonald was a man of great intellect and sterling honesty. His power as an orator was of no mean quality. Some of his followers even went so far as to say he could perform miracles. Be that as it may, he had a great faith in the Master whom he served. True, he had his faults, as other men have, but they were far outweighed by his virtues. He knew the exact circumstances of all, and was ever ready with sympathy, consolation, reproof, or substantial aid, as the case demanded. He was a man of warm feelings, and loved his people, and they, in return, were devotedly attached

to him. His memory is reverently cherished by the children's children of those who are called by his name. Truly he might have said with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

FANNIE LAWSON.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

THE SEAL HUNT.

One fine morning, in the winter of 1865, the inhabitants of a small country village heard the barking of numerous seals in the Northumberland Strait. As far as the eye could reach the ice was black with them. It was determined to secure some of these animals, as their pelts were very valuable. Several ardent seal hunters set out with sticks and knives, and were successful in killing a large number. At that time, as at present, there was an Old Country gentleman and his adopted son living in the place. This man promised his boy if he would work well during the day, they would go down and watch the sealers killing their game toward night.

Down they accordingly went, going far out on the ice. While they were watching attentively, suddenly, to their horror, the ice parted. Fortunately the most of them got upon the bord-ice, that is, the ice that remains attached to the shore. Five or six, however, were not so fortunate, among them the old gentleman mentioned above and his foster son. These two were together on a small cake of ice. The man told the lad to lie down flat on his stomach and he would try and paddle ashore. While so engaged, however, the cake parted with their arm and leg on each piece of ice, and then managed to hold them together. By this time the news was spreading rapidly respecting the danger to which some of the people were exposed, and two men, named McVean, offered to go to the rescue. By great exertion they saved

the boy and his foster father, but not until the next morning.

Several men, on another cake of ice, were also out all night. When they first saw their danger, one of them grabbed a slaughtered seal, hoping to live upon its flesh if carried out to sea. One poor fellow took off his cap and threw it on the ice, exclaiming, "My wife is a widow to-night." But his fears were not realized, for they were picked up the next day, some miles to the eastward. Thus all were rescued, finally, from their perilous situation.

The seals that were killed, being on the bord-ice, were dragged ashore, and from that day to this the barking of seals, with very few exceptions, has never been heard in these parts.

HARRY C. BISHOP.

Kingsborough, Lot 47, P.E.I.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT ON THE ICE.

A little more than thirty years ago, when the now flourishing town of Summerside had grown only to the size of a small village, a very sad and tragic event happened on the ice, in this harbor, which, for the time, cast a deep gloom over the neighborhood.

The winter had just fairly set in, and the first ice had completely closed up the navigation. It was about the time of the Christmas festivities, so much enjoyed by the young people in those days in the social and innocent pastime of sleigh-driving and visiting friends. At this time our railway was not thought of, nor yet our telegraph and telephone systems, now a seeming necessity of our every-day life; hence the utility of so much sleigh-driving in those days. In the narrative we are about to relate we shall aim at giving nothing but the simple facts in every detail, as there are many persons still living who recollect this unfortunate occurrence, and, therefore, it is the more necessary to be particular in this respect, only the names of the parties being withheld.

A party of four young persons, all unmarried, consisting of two ladies, their brother and a lady friend, left their home in Bedeque to visit some friends residing in Summerside, intending to return home the same evening. Being early in the season, the ice had not yet been "bushed" or marked for the travellers, but this

they did not mind, as the day was fine, the ice fairly good, and the travelling light and enjoyable. Arriving early at their friend's house, they spent a pleasant evening in social chat and rustic merriment, and it was not till some time after nine o'clock that they thought of returning home.

The night was not so fine as the day had been, for a north-easterly wind had sprung up and was increasing with some snow falling ; but no danger was apprehended, as less than an hour's drive would put them over the dangers of the harbor's ice. But such good fortune was not in store for them. After getting fairly on the ice they found that their former track was completely obliterated, and very soon every object was lost to their view, not even a solitary star could be seen to guide those lonely travellers over that icy waste.

For some time they drove on and on in the hope of seeing some object, but in vain. At length one of the ladies, growing restless and fearing that they were going astray, observed that either the wind had changed, or they were going in the wrong direction. The young man then left the sleigh and tried to find where they were, but could discover nothing, and now fully realized that they had lost their way. He walked on cautiously, leading the horse. The night, in the meantime, grew bitterly cold and stormy, while their uncomfortable condition from cold and exposure made the situation each moment more perilous, and the time painfully weary.

In this bewildered condition they slowly wandered about in the hope of finding a landing and some shelter for the night, but in what direction they went, or over

what dangers they may have passed, can only be conjectured.

At last, without the least warning, they were all thrown headlong into the freezing water; horse, sleigh, driver, and the three women were all plunged into deep water, without any hope of help. The young man, being in the prime of life, by sheer strength soon succeeded in getting out on firm ice, and just then observed the glimmer of a distant light; but to his dismay he found that there was an sheet of open water between him and where he saw the light.

There appeared no other way of escape than to swim across the opening to the inner side, and this he succeeded in doing, though with much difficulty, owing to snow and thin ice obstructing his way. He had now reached the spot where his two sisters were struggling in the water, and one of them for a time clung to him with that tenacity so common to drowning people; but the brother told her to make an effort to hold to the ice until he could get out, and then he would save them both. This she did, and with a great effort he succeeded in getting both of his sisters out of the cold, deep water, but, unfortunately, the lady friend who was with them could not be reached, for she seemed to have got entangled in the sleigh or harness and soon perished. The brother and sister then made towards the light, struggling on in their half-perishing condition, in the face of a blinding snow-storm. This light was about a mile or more distant, and in their benumbed condition they made but slow progress, which became still slower as the elder of the two sisters momentarily grew fainter, and, after bearing up bravely for nearly half a mile,

she sank down, never to rise again in this life, urging her brother and sister to go and save themselves, if possible. Nothing could be done but for the two remaining ones to push on towards the light, and this they did most bravely, although by this time there were two or three inches of snow on the ice, and the clothes they had on were frozen solid ; but every moment brought them nearer relief, and, after what seemed to them many long hours, they finally saw the shore, and found they had at last got to land. Here, again, was another difficulty ; no house was near enough for its inmates to hear their cries for help, and the sister could not get up the bank even with her brother's help ; so there was nothing left to be done but for the brother to leave his sister and seek help, or else die there with her. With her advice, however, he climbed the bank, and found to his surprise that he was again in Summerside, though how it happened he could not understand. After a short time he got to a house, the alarm was soon given, and the perishing woman was found in the snow and was promptly cared for.

At this time there were shipyards close by and all the men there employed turned out in search of the two persons who had perished. It was not yet daylight when the search began, and as it was impossible to learn from the bewildered young man the direction in which they had met their misfortune, the party of searchers burnt tar barrels to aid them in their search, and parties travelled in different directions, but all to no purpose. Soon after daylight, however, some articles of clothing were found, a glove in one place, and a victorine further on in another, and so, by following up this clue, the body

of the sister who had perished on the ice was found. She had sunk down on her knees, and had fallen forward on her face, in her dying moments. A temporary bier was made with sticks and her remains were carried to the hotel, where her brother and sister were already being cared for. After this one had been found a party of men, following on in the direction indicated by the bits of clothing, soon found the remaining body, and also the horse and sleigh, all of which were floating on the surface of the water, the woman and the horse being cold in death.

It seemed that some time after leaving Summerside, on their way home, the driver became confused, and, turning his horse toward the harbor's mouth, had made a right angle to the course he should have followed, and drove directly out towards the open sea, into an opening in the ice, quite across the harbor. At their home the parents had been very uneasy, and the father, in the morning, took a horse and drove with haste to Summerside, arriving shortly after the recovery of his dead child and her companion. The surviving daughter being young, strong and healthy, soon rallied and regained her former strength, and in due time married and reared a family, some of whom are still living near by, the mother having passed away some years ago. The brother is still living, seeming little the worse of his terrible night's adventure on the ice.

BENJAMIN HOWARD.

Summerside, P.E.I.

A STORY OF THE LOYALIST TIMES.

"Well," said James Stoneham, "I think Stuart and his family are very foolish to live over there on the mainland, as there is a wigwam of Indians three miles to the north of them, and I fancy they don't like the intrusion on their hunting grounds. I would like him to come over and build a cabin beside ours ; but, as he appears to think he is in the best place obtainable around here, all that can be done is to warn him of the possible danger he may be in ; and we ourselves should keep our eyes open, for they may regard both families as trespassers, and no one knows what they may do to us."

"I'm not afraid of them," said Harry Stoneham ; "anyway, I think your suspicions are groundless ; but, if they should attack us, I'm pretty sure they would meet with a strong resistance."

The above words were spoken between James Stoneham and his son. The elder man appeared to be about forty years of age, while Harry was just entering his twenty-first year. Mr. Stoneham had lived in Castine, Maine, and was a descendant of the early colonists. At the close of the Revolutionary War in 1783, wishing to remain true to King George and British institutions, he had sailed with his family from Castine, in a small craft of ten tons. Entering Passamaquoddy Bay they had come up as far as Navy Island, and on its eastern side built a log cabin, living on what provisions they

had brought with them, and on fish, which were plentiful in the bay. The Stuart family, to whom Mr. Stoneham referred, consisted of Mr. Stuart, his wife, and their two children—Charles, who was eighteen years old, and Jean, one year his junior. They had been neighbors to the Stonehams, in Castine, and, being Loyalists also, had accompanied them East ; but, instead of choosing the island as their home, preferred to settle on the mainland, near the shore, and almost opposite the Stoneham dwelling, which was a mile across the water ; although at low tide a reef connected the mainland and the island, so that a person might walk from one to the other.

The day following his talk with his father, Harry Stoneham, with his brother George, who was several years younger than himself, and Charlie Stuart, went partridge hunting on the mainland. They had bagged considerable game, when Charlie saw a crow on a small bush, some distance from where he stood. "Look there," he whispered to his companion, "watch me knock him over." Then he fired and the bird fell, but what startled all was a loud scream immediately after the report of the gun, and about a stone's throw from behind the bush, where the crow had been sitting.

Hurrying to the spot they found, sitting on a rock, a young squaw, holding one hand over her right ear, which was bleeding profusely. "Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed Charlie, "I didn't know you were here when I fired. Take my handkerchief and try to stop the blood." But, apparently not understanding him, she gave a grunt and then disappeared in the woods.

"That is a bad piece of business," said Harry ; "we had better hunt up their wigwam, and make an apology

of some kind, for, if they get it into their heads that you did it purposely, Charlie, they will be down on us, that is certain. We don't want that to occur, although I am not of the opinion they would molest us in any way."

They all agreed it was the best thing to be done, and accordingly, started off to find the wigwam ; but, when they arrived at the place they supposed it to be no trace of it could be found, except the marks of a camp fire and a few bones here and there. As it was growing dark they thought it would be better to put off the search till the next day.

That night, in the two cabins, the parents of the boys were told by them what had occurred, and seemed to take the matter very gravely indeed, knowing well the Indian instinct of revenge; but, as the boys declared they would try to conciliate the Indians as soon as possible, they thought everything would be well; but in this, as we shall see, they were mistaken.

At about five o'clock the next morning the inmates of the Stoneham cabin were aroused by loud knocking at the door. Opening it, they found Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, with Charlie and Jean. Mr. Stuart hurriedly exclaimed, "Get your guns ready, and put the place in a state of defence in as short a time as you can. You may expect Indians here pretty soon." Quickly the great oaken bar was put across the door, and against that they piled up the short full logs, which lay beside the fireplace. An old chest was split apart, and, with the boards the four windows, one on each side of the cabin, were covered, except a small crevice in each, through which to shoot.

While these preparations were going on Charlie told the Stonehams the reason for their receiving such an early visit. He had mink traps set throughout the woods and this morning had gone to attend to them early, since he wanted to get through before breakfast time. When he had reached the one farthest away from home he saw a bright light gleaming through the frost, about a quarter of a mile ahead. Advancing cautiously he peered through the trees, and saw, gathered around a large brush fire, some twenty or thirty Indians, with their papposes and squaws, among whom was the one he had accidentally shot. All the company were talking excitedly, and several times one of them pointed to the wounded squaw, and then, with an angry look, first to the Stuart home, and next, to that of the Stonehams. Each buck had a tomahawk in his belt, and a large spot of red paint on his right cheek. Charlie knew that the Indians of that locality dubbed their face, instead of their entire body, when bent on any hostile expedition; so the thought flashed through his mind that harm was intended to both white families. Hurrying home, he roused his father, and told him what he had seen.

From his son's story Mr. Stuart was certain that the Indians were going to attack the cabins. Awaking his wife and Jean, he told them of the danger; and, knowing that if the two families were together they would be better able to hold out, he and Charlie got their guns and ammunition, and the "strong box," containing what small funds the family possessed, and, taking Mrs. Stuart and Jean, rowed over in their dingey to the Stoneham cabin. What occurred there we have already seen.

And now they waited for whatever course events would take. Nor was that long. The time of the year was November, and it was an hour and a half before sunrise. Looking across the harbor, through the early dusk, from a device in the window, they saw flames suddenly leap from the Stuart house, and soon all of it was enveloped.

"Ah," said Mr. Stuart, as he stood watching the conflagration, "the villains, not finding us there, have set fire to the place, as part of their revenge for the wounding of that squaw. It is low tide, and, as the reef is bare, we may expect them across here in a short time."

Gradually the fire of the burning cabin died away. A few minutes later, Mr. Stuart saw several forms, holding firebrands, creeping up to the cabin. He took aim and fired at them, and a loud yell was the response, followed by a series of whoops, showing the settlers that their fears were realized. Mr. Stoneham and Mr. Stuart and the boys, each with a gun, took places at the different windows, and whenever any figure could be seen approaching the cabin they opened fire, although a sure aim was difficult, because of the darkness.

At length the stock of ammunition, after continued firing, became low; till, at last, only one charge remained; then this too was gone. The besiegers were not long in perceiving this fact, and accordingly drew nearer the dwelling. The firebrands had now smouldered away, and, as the tide was turned, and overflowed the reef, there were no means of returning to their camp to procure any more for a number of hours yet, when it would be low tide again. The windows of the log cabin were very small, and placed near the eaves;

therefore, they tried to gain an entrance by taking a small log lying outside, and using it as a battering-ram against the door.

Meanwhile the boys and their fathers, each with an axe in his hands, were waiting for the door to be broken in, when, they were resolved, they would sell their lives as dearly as possible. Jean, her mother and Mrs. Stoneham were silently praying that, in some way, they might be rescued from the cruel death that seemed to be awaiting them.

Suddenly, "Bang, bang, bang !" is heard; the Indians leave off trying to force the doors and run to the woods. Those in the cabin look out through the crack in the window, and see, marching up from the shore, firing as they come at the retreating Indians, a company of marines. The logs are removed from the cabin doors; it is thrown open, and hearty are the thanks given to the rescuers. Off in the harbor, lying at anchor, is His Majesty's ship "Defender," Captain Spencer, and in the light of the sunrise St. George's Ensign is flying proudly from the mast.

Captain Spencer had been ordered from Halifax to distribute farming implements and a year's provisions to all Loyalist settlers along the northern coast of the Bay of Fundy. Sailing up the Passamaquoddy in the night, he had arrived in the harbor, which Navy Island makes with the mainland, in time to see what was taking place on the island, and to send the aid, which came none too early. As soon as the captain had learned the events that occurred before his arrival he placed a guard on the reef, so that the escape of the Indians would be cut off when the tide again ebbed; with the remainder

of his crew he scoured the island for them. One by one the redskins were captured, till at length the entire band were secured and taken on board the man-of-war; however, two died from wounds, caused by shots fired from the cabin.

The families received their farming utensils and provisions, both being very acceptable. This was the last attack Indians ever made on the settlers in that part of New Brunswick. The captives were taken by Captain Spencer to Halifax, where, according to law, they were executed. In a short time the Stuarts, with the help of the Stoneham family, rebuilt their home; and the following spring a number of Loyalists came from Hartford, Connecticut, taking up land near Mr. Stuart; the small settlement thus formed was the beginning of the present town of Saint Andrew. Among those who came from Hartford was the Reverend Samuel Andrews, who, some years later, had the pleasure of tying the matrimonial knot that fastened Harry Stoneham and Jean Stuart. Many descendants of them are living at the present time, and, if you come to Saint Andrews, they may show you the sites of the log cabins, whose inmates were the chief figures in this "Story of the Loyalist Times."

GEO. H. WISELEY.

St. Andrew's, N.B.

INDIAN REMINISCENCES.

In our recollection of the past perhaps nothing interests us more than the vivid and touching Indian stories which are not yet dead, and their very age and strangeness clothes them with new life and curiosity. And prominent among the stories which have come to us on the wings of song we might name the immortal "Open Hand," which has won more than local admiration, the material for which is an old Indian legend in connection with Maductic Fort, situated ten miles below the town of Woodstock on the right bank of our beloved, lovely and romantic River St. John.

"We recall the trio story,
Of the ancient days of yore;
Played by Indian, French and Britain
On its thus romantic shore."

The bitter hatred existing between the French and English during the time of early settlement rendered colonization and the progress of civilization almost impossible. Both England and France claimed possession, and each tried to win the Indians to their side, and their aid when gained for a time was most uncertain and slippery. It gave neither side any decided advantage. The savages in this middle condition kept up an almost continual repetition of destructive raids and merciless massacres, first on one party and then on the

other. For the least trifle, and many times without the slightest cause, an exterminating raid was brought about. In short, the most degraded form of "guerilla warfare" was instigated and encouraged by both English and French against each other's interests, and in most cases it was the poor and innocent settler who would be surprised by a sudden and fiendish war-whoop. He might be allowed to retain life, to see his loved one dispatched with the tomahawk and his beloved home given over to the flames—prolonged torture to amuse the curious brutality of the degraded and accursed red-skin was his doom. Mercy in his savage breast is dead, ever since "ages primeval"—as Longfellow would express it. Therefore, tears and words are vain.

The genius of Wolfe brought to a sudden close this state of affairs, on a brilliant, indeed, immortal field.

Let me go back to the story of Open Hand, and let me relate the chief facts that are still bright in memory's casket; although it is now some few years since I had the pleasure of reading that well-written poem. The hero in said story was George Milbourne, called "Open Hand" because of his generosity to all who knew him. He was born and spent his youthful days at or near Casco, on Penobscot, which there winds its way through rocky steeps and flowery vales until it reaches the bay of the same name. He developed into a sturdy warrior, and on reaching manhood joined the noble and gallant rangers, a kind of society whose object it was to protect the villages from the ravages and indignities of the Indians. His skill and daring soon elevated him to the position of Captain. While on duty in a skirmish with his foes he was unfortunately struck by a cruel

ball and wounded, but fortunately not fatally. He was carried from where he fell to a cottage near and there had the fortune in his hours of suffering to be loved by a young English lady of noble character and culture. Our gallant Open Hand, being English in blood and taste, a happy marriage was the result; and, having made a little, yet comfortable home, the loving couple lived in peace and quietude for some years.

But the final war between France and England put the Indians on the warpath, and our hero was again to be a leader. Having been attacked by one of the most daring of the Indian warriors, Open Hand knew that they were no longer friendly. He called a meeting of villagers, and decided on going immediately to some place better suited for the repulsion of their foes. They were to start next morning. An Indian whom Open Hand had befriended appeared suddenly in the settlement and warned them to prepare for an instant attack, as their enemies were already within a short distance. Our hero with his friends tried to reach the church, but the savages were too near, and a terrible battle ensued, in which all were killed but five men who escaped; and Open Hand and his wife and two children and a young woman were taken prisoners. The five fell upon the savages in the night after the fight and rescued Open Hand, while the rest were taken by the savages under the direction of Hartel the Frenchman, away to Maductic Fort. Open Hand and his comrades began to march directly to Maductic to rescue his loved ones; but meeting a party of Indians they were forced to fight and two of his soldiers were killed, and the march was abandoned for a time.

Three times during the autumn he asked Commander Murray of Quebec to let him have a few soldiers, and was refused. He next went to General Amherst at Sorel and made the same request, but, as peace had been declared, Amherst could not send men to make war upon the French settlements. As Open Hand was a favorite with all who knew him, a Captain Rogers resigned his office, and volunteered to help the hero in the rescue. Two hundred men followed suit and marched to Maductic. The Indians having attended the marriage of one of the chief's daughters, were all celebrating the event with a drunken spree when the soldiers entered the fort. Indeed the entire garrison was in somewhat the same condition as Cyrus found Great Babylon of old when he entered. Truly history repeats itself and the woes of intoxication are repeated with the same, present and eternal, effect too soon. The rescuing band did their work up quickly and most completely. Open Hand's trusty sword—one which his father had used in the British Army—now made wholesale havoc, to the satisfaction of one exasperated to despair. Commandant Roberts and wife are the only ones who escape in the darkness to bring the tale of wholesale slaughter to light. O the joy of meeting between a husband that has been as though dead and the wife who suffered such indignities at the hands of the red-skins, and who had experienced the horror of seeing her baby slaughtered by her worst foe, Black-snake.

You see that Carleton County was the arena of one of the most romantic stories in, perhaps, the complete annals of Canadian history. Maductic being the most

central of the chain of forts which the French built from the Bay of Fundy to St. Lawrence waters, was by far the strongest and most important. And even now tourists and pleasure-seekers come from all parts to look at the old mounds and enjoy the delightful scenery. Maductic flat is about 400 acres in extent, and very level. A small grove of hazel and cherry trees are to be seen in the middle: beneath are the mounds and the remains of the old Indian burying-ground. Near by is the exact site of the once famed fort now desolate and decayed as Babylon the Great. A short distance below we can see a small mountain of iron pyrites, and not far above is the celebrated Maductic Falls, and on a small tributary within a few furlongs we can visit what is known as Hay's Falls. Messrs. Brown, Hay and Johnston are the owners of farms on this flat, and each has in his possession a large and varied collection of old relics which have been ploughed and dug up at different times—old pistols and parts of firearms of curious patterns, hatchets, French muskets, arrow-heads by the bushel, coins of old date, giant human bones and skulls, broken spears and a host of other curiosities, worthy of a place in the chief museums and antiquarian collections of the world.

Perhaps, if I continue, the limits of my paper will be exceeded. I will close, claiming for Carleton County, at least, a place in the past history of our country, because the far-famed Maductic was within the limits. And, as a student of one of the best schools in said County, I candidly affirm that such thrilling and romantic facts have a burning interest in the mind of every one worthy the name of a Canadian. And, fur-

ther, they have a greater charm to my mind than any form of fiction, or the combined grandeur of Roman story or Grecian lore.

LELAND L. CLARK.

Centreville P.O., Carleton Co., N.B.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ICE.

On January 27, 1885, three ice-boats, containing twenty-two persons in all, fifteen boatmen and seven passengers, left Cape Traverse, P.E.I., with Her Majesty's mails, bound for Cape Tormentine, N.B. The sufferings of these men were, perhaps, as severe as any ever experienced by the hardy adventurers to the frozen North, and those in command of the party displayed as much bravery, hardihood and patience, as has ever been displayed by the honored heroes in search of the North Pole.

When the boats, under the command of Capts. Muncy Irving, Newton Muttart, and Hanford Allen, left the board ice at 9.15 a.m., everything betokened a fine day. After travelling for about two hours, a stiff north-east breeze sprang up, which increased in violence until it became one of the most terrific gales ever experienced on the strait. The terrible tempest was accompanied by a blinding snow-storm, so dense that it was impossible to discern an object even at a short distance. The thermometer fell to 21 deg. below zero, and then their sufferings began.

The storm increased so rapidly that before they had travelled many hours they became so completely bewildered that they did not know where they were going. They, however, pushed steadily in the direction which their compass indicated ; but, not considering the rapid-

ity with which the tide and ice were running, they were carried considerably out of their course.

The men toiled on, drawing their boats over hummocks and sheets of ice, rowing them through fields of water and "lolly," until exertion began at length to tell upon the strongest arm, and the stoutest heart grew faint. Already it was growing dark, and the fearful thought that they would not reach land before night-fall, and that, perhaps, they had missed their way and had been wandering in the wrong direction, passed through their minds. If such were the case, and it seemed to be, they would have to spend the night on the ice, and perish they certainly would in such a night as that with so little to keep them warm. They hoped, however, that after darkness came on their friends would light the lamps in the lighthouse on Cape Tormentine side, and if this were done they felt sure that they would be able to see it ; but, although the lights were lit, and the strongest reflectors put on, which, in clear weather would enable the light to be seen fifty miles, yet so dense was the storm that even at the short distance at which they were from the land they failed to see it. So in the darkness they wandered on until six o'clock.

Having no lantern they could not see their compass, and therefore further progress that night seemed useless. They, therefore, went to work to make themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Drawing their boats up on a large field of ice they turned them up on their sides and huddled around them on the lee side, using the more empty of the mail bags and such baggage as would serve for coverings to

keep them warm. But what were these against such a night as that. They soon found that unless they could get some other means of warmth they would all in a short time perish. Accordingly they opened the bags, took out the letters, and used the papers and bags for fuel. But these could not last long, and having proved by what little heat they gave that life could be sustained they resolved to have something more. Capt. Hansford Allen volunteered his boat, and soon she was broken up and burning with the papers. The poor men now supposed they could keep alive until morning. The night dragged wearily along until about two a.m., when the wind changed to the north-west.

Shortly after this one of the men who had wandered away from the fire returned and announced that the ice was breaking up all around them. Gathering up their pieces of burning boat, and whatever else they had, they turned down their boats, and drew them about one-quarter of a mile nearer the centre of the field of ice ; then, turning them up again, they rekindled their fire. Happily, they had plenty of food, consisting of bread and meat, and so long as it and the boat lasted they hoped for life. The storm and the cold continued, so they stayed in this place until three o'clock in the afternoon. Their stock of fuel was now running low, and if land were not sighted soon they must all die. All day long they had kept a sharp lookout for land, but nothing could be seen. At last one of the men exclaimed, "Land ahoy !" and, turning towards the east, all hands saw the steeple of De Sable church when the next cloud of snow had passed by.

Soon the straps were once more over their able

shoulders, and the men were bending again to their work. But with what difficulty they travelled ! Their clothes were frozen solid ; their feet, hands and faces were frozen, and some of the passengers were so stiff they had to be drawn into the boat. The difficulty of travelling was great. The "lolly" was so thick and the ice running so fast that little headway could be made.

At 4.35 p.m. they reached the board ice off Argyle shore, and then Capt. Allen and one of the boatmen started for the land. The snow had drifted on the ice to the depth of about two feet, so that progress was but slow. After three hours the two men reached the shore. They went up from the ice to the land, but were so bewildered and blind that they passed several houses without knowing it. They were about to pass another, when they smelt smoke, but failing to see any house they shouted for help. The occupant of the house, upon hearing their cries, hastened to their relief. They were soon ushered into the warmth of a hospitable kitchen, where they recovered sufficiently to explain the condition of the men on the ice. The good old farmer soon spread the news, and a body of men were not long in preparing for the expedition. After a time they reached the boats, but found that all the men had left except those who were unable to walk. The boats were as speedily as possible drawn to the land and the perishing men cared for.

Some of those who wandered away from the boats found their way to houses, others into barns, and some into the woods. One poor fellow who wandered into the woods caught hold of a branch to keep himself from falling into the snow, and in this condition they found

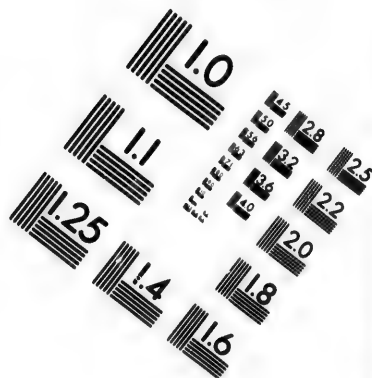
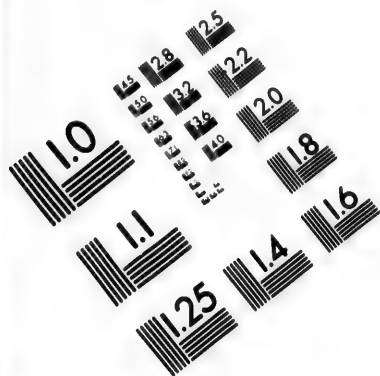
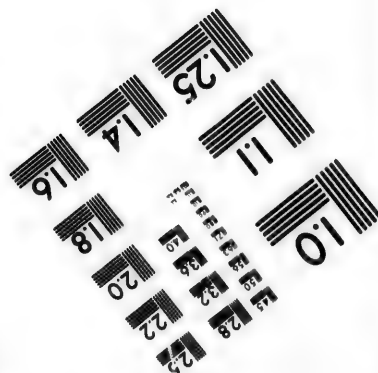
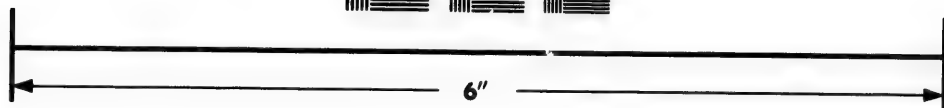
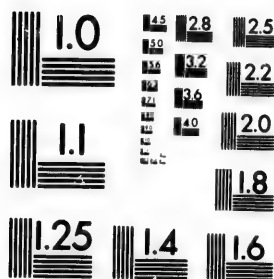


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nim in an unconscious state. He had such a firm hold that his grasp could not be loosened, so that they had to break off the branch and take it along with him.

As may well be supposed, the anxiety of their friends and relations was great. At Cape Tormentine an ice-boat had been fitted up with provisions and clothing, and a crew of the ablest and bravest men were in waiting for the train to take them and their boat down to Pictou, where they intended to set out in search of those who, it was supposed, had perished, when a despatch was received that they had safely landed on the other side.

But their sufferings lasted for a good while after they landed. Their limbs had to be thawed out, and in some cases amputated. With some their health was so completely broken that it was not long before they were laid beneath the sod in their own country churchyard, instead of under the snow and ice on Northumberland Strait. The majority are still living, and doubtless they will never forget their terrible adventure on the ice.

EDWARD J. DOBSON.

Cape Tormentine, N.B.

*NOTE.—The writer says in regard to the word “lolly:”—“You will please excuse me if I say a word or two about my story. Doubtless that word “lolly” is one which you are not familiar with. When I wrote my story I could not find it in any dictionary, so I came to the conclusion that it must be a local word ; how it originated I do not know, unless it is from the way in which the boats loll around or roll about in it. It means ice which has been broken into very small pieces

by the jamming together of the ice-fields, moved quite rapidly by the tide and wind. This powdered ice often extends miles in length and breadth, and is sometimes several feet deep. Being so much more stiff and heavy than slush, it is dreaded and shunned by the boatmen very much, for often after several hours of the most arduous toil only a few hundred yards of headway is made. The story is perfectly true and original, as it happened within my own recollection, and some of my friends were with the crew.

E. J. D.

SIEGE OF THE FORT OF ST. JOHNS.

St. Johns is a picturesque town situated on the beautiful river Richelieu. It is peopled by about six thousand inhabitants, who dwell within its boundaries in perfect security, seldom thinking of and never fully realizing the scenes of strife and bloodshed which took place here one hundred and fifteen years ago.

The first fortification erected on the present site of the town of St. Johns was built by the order of M. De Tracy in the year 1748, but this fort was destroyed by M. De Roquemauri soon after the battle of the Plains, and during the fifteen years of peace which followed its ashes were not disturbed. In 1775, however, Sir Guy Carleton caused it to be rebuilt in order to stop the destructive raids of the Green Mountain boys, and it was during the same year that the most exciting events in the history of the present town took place.

On September 16, 1775, General Schuyler landed at the mouth of the Montgomery Creek, about a mile and a-half from St. Johns; but his force of one thousand four hundred men were defeated by a few Canadians and Indians. On the following day General Montgomery landed at the mouth of the same stream; the main body of his army was barricaded at this place, a battalion under Major Brown was encamped on the north side of the fort, and a battery was placed on the east side. Thus the fort was entirely surrounded, and its

only way of communication between Chambly and Montreal was by the river. The garrison consisted of the Royal Fusiliers, the 26th Regiment, and about one hundred and twenty French-Canadian volunteers, headed by M. De Longueuil. The whole was commanded by Major Preston.

On the 18th the latter sent out a party of soldiers to bring in some cattle that were in a bush near St. Johns, and on their return they informed him that two or three hundred Americans were on the other side of a bridge about half a league from the town ; that they were fortifying their position, and that they had captured four cart-loads of provisions which were being carried to St. Johns, as well as the cattle sent for ; they had also destroyed the bridge, so that communication was cut off between St. Johns and Laprairie. A force under Captain Strong was despatched at once to beat back the invaders. This they succeeded in doing, taking four prisoners.

On the 22nd a deserter came from the enemy's camp, and informed our defenders that they were building a battery on Big Point, and that their entire force consisted of three hundred men in camp, five hundred blockading the fort and two hundred spread over the country.

On October 20, General Montgomery sent a messenger to Major Preston to inform him that the fort of Chambly had surrendered after a siege of thirty-six hours.

On November 1 the enemy kept up a fire on the fort for seven hours after which General Montgomery sent a letter demanding him to surrender. The letter gave

account of General Carleton's defeat, which assured him that he need not expect any help from that quarter. So on the following day, November 2, 1775, Major Preston surrendered the fort of St. Johns to General Montgomery of the United States army, after having gallantly defended it for over two months.

MAITLAND ST. G. DAVIES.

St. Johns, P.Q.

A RAID ON THE ST. FRANCIS INDIANS.

When Wolfe captured Quebec, in 1759, a division of the French forces was stationed in a strong position at Isle-aux-Noix, on Lake Champlain, and for some time prevented the English from entering Canada by that their opponent, General Amherst, who had command of the British at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, did not think it advisable to attempt dislodging them till he had a better naval force.

While he was bringing this about he resolved that he would put a stop to the incursions of the St. Francis Indians (Abenquins), who had been making raids on the frontier colonists and carrying away their wives and children. This tribe had their headquarters at the mouth of the St. Francis River, where there was quite a village, called St. Francis.

Major Rogers, an officer of the Colonial force, was a sufferer from these incursions, his wife and children having been murdered during his absence from home. He was so enraged at this that he immediately proceeded to Amherst and desired to be given command of the expedition, which, it was hoped, would put an end to the cruelties of the Indians.

His wish was complied with, and, with a body of two hundred provincials, thoroughly accustomed to Indian warfare, he embarked on Lake Champlain, Oct. 1st, and proceeded down the lake to Missisquoi Bay. He

concealed his boats among the bushes and advanced into the wilderness.

While encamped on the east shore of the lake a barrel of gunpowder exploded, injuring a number of his men. These had to be sent home, thus reducing his force to one hundred and forty-two. The boats which he had concealed were found by a party of French and Indians, who at once started in pursuit.

Rogers reached St. Francis on the fourth, at dusk. Disguising himself in an Indian costume, which he brought for that purpose, he proceeded to reconnoitre the village. He found the Indians engaged in a grand dance, which was continued till four o'clock, when they retired to rest, completely worn out.

Then Rogers, whose wrath had been boiling for months, having stationed his men in the most favorable positions, made the attack. The Indians were taken completely by surprise; and, as most of the braves were away hunting and fishing, not much resistance was made. The Colonials adopted the Indian mode of warfare, and scalped and butchered without mercy. Their rage rose still higher when they beheld the scalps of several hundred of their countrymen dangling from poles. Out of the three hundred inhabitants, two hundred were killed on the spot. A considerable quantity of plunder was taken from the little church. Some golden candlesticks are mentioned as being among the booty.

Having been informed that the French and Indians who had taken their boats were near, Rogers at once began to retreat by way of the St. Francis River.

In the meantime, a number of the warriors had re-

turned, and, a council having been held, they decided that part of them should follow Rogers at once, and as many as could be called in should come and join them the following day. This was done, and with their combined forces they came up with him at Kingsey. A skirmish took place, in which the Indians were driven back, losing several men. This so disheartened some of the braves that they wished to abandon the pursuit at once; but they were persuaded to continue on to the "Little Forks" (now Lennoxville), the junction of the Massawippi and St. Francis rivers, and there to give battle once more.

Rogers rushed on as rapidly as possible, and on the tenth reached an elevated point near the "Big Forks" (Sherbrooke), the meeting of the Magog and St. Francis. The residence of Colonel Bowen, Melbourne street, is near this point.

From this spot the flats below Sherbrooke can be seen for nearly two miles, and a fairly good view of the river obtained. Rogers, being tired of being pursued, saw that was a favorable place for an ambush, and he hoped to be able to give the enemy such a chastisement as would put an end to any further annoyance.

He sent a few of his men on to the "Little Forks" to build fires, as if the whole party were intending to camp there for the night. Then he posted the remainder of his men along the south shore in the most advantageous spots, with orders for each to cover a single Indian as they came past in their canoes, but in no case to fire until ordered.

The Indian scouts, following on the Ascot or north side of the river, had seen the fires at "Little Forks,"

and hastened back to inform the main body, which at once came on. Rogers allowed about half of them to pass, when he gave the signal to fire, and so carefully did each man take aim that almost every savage on the river was killed or mortally wounded.

Those on the north bank had got on in advance of the party on the river, and on hearing the firing they at once came back to aid their comrades. An irregular skirmish took place, in which the Colonials had the advantage, for, being sheltered by the thick forest on the upland, they could pour their fire with deadly effect on the Indians in the open glade below. There were then, as now, not many trees on the flat. The banks of the river were covered with undergrowth which did not afford much shelter. Finally, the Indians drew off, after losing nearly the whole of their party. Rogers gave orders to go on to the "Little Forks." Here he addressed the men, thanking them for their assistance in ridding the country of their foes, and, having resigned his command, advised them to form small parties, as they would thus get more game, and to proceed to the rendezvous on the Connecticut. The sufferings which some of the parties endured before reaching Crown Point were very severe.

The plunder which they had taken was entrusted to one of these parties. At one time, hearing firing, and, thinking it was the enemy, they buried it in what they considered a safe place, and continued their march unencumbered. Tradition has assigned many places as the spot where the treasure was buried; but, up to the present, no trace has been found of it, or, if there has been, it has been kept secret.

A rumor was lately circulated that some of this plunder was concealed in the Magog River, just above the mouth. This river falls one hundred and fourteen feet in the short distance of half a mile from its junction with the St. Francis. All along the bed are holes or pockets, worn in the solid rock, probably by stones being whirled round by the force of the rapids. It was in those "pockets" that the buried treasure was supposed to be. The pond above was drained and a search instituted, which, however, met with no success.

Some of the men took a course up the St. Francis, on to the Eaton river. A bayonet was recently found, supposed to have been dropped by that party, which may now be seen in the museum of the Morey Art Building, Sherbrooke.

In 1852, when the St. L. and A. RR. Company were cutting the bank south of Colonel Bowen's house, a number of flintlocks, skulls and Indian weapons were found. A gentleman, while preparing a tennis court near the same place, also found traces of this engagement.

It is with horror and disgust that we read of such bloody massacres, but it must be remembered that, at that time, with an Indian, pity was unknown, and anything like mercy was considered a mark of cowardice.

The scene of this engagement is a little north of the centre of Sherbrooke city.

A. L. PARKER.

Sherbrooke, P.Q.

AN EVERY DAY HERO.

My story will be a short and simple one,—only an incident in the life of a Chateauguay boy. I say a boy, for he died before he reached his twentieth year. The title might seem worthy of a better sketch, but I think often that a seemingly simple action, one that might remain unknown but to a few who were immediately connected with the actors, is often prompted by stronger and higher motives than those that have gained the praise of nations. A man who will lead thousands of his countrymen out to be slain, only to prove the stubbornness of a fraction, is more often made a hero than a man who in some crisis will give his life for a friend. Yet we are told “greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend,” and love must be the highest and purest motive of action.

To begin my story I will give a short sketch of the lives of the parents of my hero. On the river Chateauguay that runs through the beautiful valley, of which we natives are so proud, there lived in the first half of the present century a farmer who had emigrated from the south of Scotland, bringing with him his wife and family, consisting of three boys and two girls. On arriving at Montreal the boys all died of ship fever, and the dauntless man, leaving his sons in an unmarked grave in a strange country, with the remainder of his family pushed towards the West, travelling on foot

and carrying with them their few possessions. Coming to the Chateauguay river this was followed till they came upon a little settlement of Scotch people. Here the weary and disheartened travellers were received with the usual warmth and kind-heartedness of Scotchmen when they meet in a new country with people from their own land. Here the farmer finally settled.

Burying his sorrow under his native quietness he set to work to make himself and family a home, and some years after, when, by dint of carefulness and thrift, they had overcome most of the hardships of the new country, another son was born, who, in the father's and mother's fond imaginations and pictures of the future, was to be the comfort of their old age.

The lad grew quickly to be a bright, active boy, who, in summer time, helped his father on the farm, and in winter went to the district school. His teacher was a man who had spent the earlier years of his life at sea, and still carried an old sailor's liking for all that related to ocean life. The farmer's son, who we shall call Sandy, and another boy named Neil, a near neighbor and intimate friend of Sandy, soon became their teacher's chief favorites. The man, having neither family nor relatives, lived a lonely life, and, enjoying the companionship of his two boy friends, encouraged them to spend their spare hours and evenings in his little log cottage. Here the boys were entertained with long stories of sea life, wonderful sights and adventures, and shown many relics or mementoes of past voyages in the way of shells, woods from foreign countries and rocks; but the great delight of all was a full-rigged ship in miniature, which the boys were allowed to ex-

amine, while their old schoolmaster explained the different parts and their uses, and the meaning of the nautical terms.

All this was interesting and amusing, but it was gradually awakening in them a desire for something beyond what their simple life held out for them. To reach the sea, to sail over it to countries that they had only heard of, became to them the height of their ambition. Their teacher had no intention of beguiling the thoughts of these boys away from their home and disappointing their parents in the plans they had laid for their future when they would grow up steady and well-doing farmers, taking their place amongst the prosperous and influential of their community. This, however, was not to be. As summer and winter passed by, these lads clung quietly and steadily to their purpose, and would meet each other in an old log barn on a vacant lot, and there in the summer evenings would talk over the future and its possibilities. Neither shunning nor avoiding other boys of their own age, but being drawn together in their mutual hopes, there sprang up a friendship between the two which was soon to be put to a severe test.

As a step toward the goal of their ambition, and because the sea seemed at first almost beyond their reach, the two lads in the spring of their eighteenth year crossed over to the American side, where the larger rivers and lakes were then navigated, and soon they both got employment on a steamboat running between some of the lake ports. One summer passed away quickly to them, and they went back to their homes for the winter months. Here they were received by their

youthful companions, and even by the older people, as heroes almost, or as young men who had seen not a little of the outside world, with its wonders and adventures. Their old schoolmaster regarded them with great admiration and pride, encouraging them to work toward a higher position. On the return of spring they again left their homes to return to their work. This time their parents felt more pride than regret at their going, and many of their young friends felt that these two were stepping beyond them. Going to work again, all went well for a time; both the young men were advanced in their work. The boat's crew noticed the attachment between the two, and the pride they each took in the other's success, and often made fun of them for it, but one would champion the other, and it seemed only to draw them closer together.

One evening in August, as their boat was going from Saginaw Bay, on Lake Huron, to some port further west, Neil, the older of the two friends, was watch for the night on deck. After all hands had gone down to their bunks he noticed flame suddenly burst from below the deck right behind the engine-room, shutting off the latter half of the ship from where he was. He gave the alarm, aroused the crew, then went quickly below to find his friend, whose cabin was close to the engine. While he was making his way down the fire had reached the machinery, and it stopped working. On reaching his friend's cabin, either from the bursting of boilers, or from escaping steam, he found that he was terribly scalded about the body, and had both of his legs off or broken; yet he was still alive. His brave friend raised him in his arms and carried him on deck. Here, they

found that the boats had pushed off, and they were left with two or three other unfortunates, who were preparing to swim to the shore. Sandy begged of Neil to leave him and swim to the shore with the others. His friend firmly but steadily refused to take the means of safety that others were offering him if his friend could not be saved as well. Neil said he could never go home and tell how he had left his friend to such a horrible death. Meanwhile, the fire was rapidly reaching them, and his companions had already sprung into the lake ; so, seizing his companion, he followed them into the darkness. On the following morning the survivors were gathered together on the shore, and the dead bodies that had been washed up by the waves were identified. The bodies of the two friends were found close together, and those who were on the deck with the two told how they clung to each other to the last. News was sent home to the Chateauguay valley of the sad death of the two young lads, who were buried on the shores of the lake where they met their death.

This incident was told me by the niece of one of the young men, and, though it serves to prove no point in the history of our country, it may show that heroes may be found in out-of-the-way places and amidst commonplace surroundings.

LIZZIE A. BAIRD.

Ormstown, P.Q. -

THE EXTINCTION OF A NATION.

When the solitude of the primeval forest was invaded, and European voices first re-echoed in the hitherto undisturbed wilds of the New World, the Huron or Wyandot Indians were almost as numerous and powerful as their hereditary and implacable enemies, the Iroquois.

Where is their ancient glory now? They have dwindled and disappeared, and their descendants, half-breeds, scarcely know or care for the ancient legends of the by-gone pow-wow or scalping raid, which, for years, were handed down from father to son by tradition.

Harassed by repeated wars and incursions into their territory, and terrified by the cruelties practised on all unhappy captives by the vindictive Iroquois, the remnants of the poor Hurons at last determined to seek refuge near some military station of the French, where they might hope for protection. In charge of a missionary, Pierre Ragueneau, they fled to Quebec on the 30th July, 1650, and were given land on the island of Orleans, at a part since called L'Anse du Fort. At the time of their arrival they were about four hundred, but their number was augmented by refugees of the tribe.

But, even so close to the French fort, they were not allowed to dwell in peace. On the night of the 19th of May, 1656, under cover of darkness, the light birch canoes of the Iroquois glided noiselessly, swiftly, steadily down the broad river, and, when morning dawned,

the French heard that another horrible outrage had been perpetrated, that the Iroquois had discovered the asylum of their foes, massacred six, and carried off eighty-six to torture and death. And as they paddled triumphantly up past the town they mocked the French upon the heights, for their inability to preserve the Hurons from the attacks of their adversaries.

Let us suppose that on a fine autumn day we stand upon Durham Terrace, overlooking the St. Lawrence. From the highest point in the Glacis we can see all the points to which the Indians successively removed. At the entrance of the harbor lies the beautiful Island of Orleans, dividing the St. Lawrence into the north and south channels, where the Hurons remained for some years previous to the midnight descent of the Iroquois upon the settlement. Then the persecuted tribe begged for leave to form a village directly under the walls of the French fort, built on the edge of the cliff. Receiving permission, they came into the town, and erected their dwellings a few yards from the spot where we stand, and which is now one of the squares of Quebec, known as the Place d'Armes.

The picturesque parish of Beauport was their next place of refuge, but in a short time they were placed at St. Foye, about eight miles from Quebec.

In 1676, driven by the terror which had haunted all their wanderings, they sought an asylum in a retired spot nearer the mountains—Ancienne Lorette.

After twenty-five years of comparative prosperity, they finally settled at Indian or Jeune Lorette, and formed a pretty village, nestling at the base of the Laurentian Mountains, close to the Falls of St. Ambroise.

Here it was that the Hurons, as a nation, became extinct. The scenes which witnessed the proudest days of the race, saw also its degradation, its ruin, and finally became its deathbed. Autumn spread its darkening mantle over the scene, a fit emblem, with its sombre vestments, of a dead people.

In the picturesque village of Lorette the remnants of the once great Huron nation now dwell, having passed from under French to English rule after the conquest of 1759. The settlement numbers about three hundred odd souls. The village is much visited by tourists from all parts of Canada and the United States. The houses are arranged in rows, as in an encampment, and in front of the little Indian church stands a cannon, which on great occasions is fired with pride. The boys are always eager to earn pennies by firing at them with a bow and arrow, in the use of which weapon they are very expert. The inhabitants of the village gain a livelihood by making moccasins, snow-shoes, bark, bead, and other ornaments, and their skill is remarkable. They also act as guides to huntsmen.

About three years ago died Zacharee The-lari-o-lin, a figure well-known around Quebec, and who was the last pure-blooded Indian of the band. He was known as "The last of the Hurons." All who remain are half-breeds, and speak the French language.

Zacharee's parents were true Indians, and he came to be a chief of the tribe. He excelled in carving, was skilled in basket and moccasin making, etc., and sold a large amount of his work in the city. He also possessed a remarkable aptitude for drawing, and, had it not been for his failing—his fondness for the "fire water," the

bane alike of the Indian and the white man—would have been sent to Rome to study his art by the priests of the Roman Catholic Church. We have his portrait, done in oils by himself, in the dress of his tribe, paints, feathers, and all the ornaments which possess such a fascination for the heart of an Indian.

Incredible as it may seem, this wholly untaught native sat before a mirror, and painted his own picture. Unfortunately, he was too fond of the "fire-water," and this taste kept him poor in his old age.

He died at the Marine Hospital in Quebec, aged about seventy-five years, and with him the great Huron nation may be said to have passed away.

MABEL CLINT.

Quebec.

TALES OF PIONEER LIFE.

The sixteenth day of a weary pilgrimage through desolate forests, over trackless snow, in cold and wintry weather, was near its close, as Johnson Taplin crossed the ice-bound Tomifobia and with weary feet accomplished the difficult ascent of the hill now crowned—after the lapse of ninety years—by Stanstead Wesleyan College. He drew his little children on a hand-sled, and was accompanied by his wife carrying a bundle of clothing. Resting at the top of the hill, and taking in with his eagle glance the possibilities and beauties of the landscape, glistening in the last rays of the setting sun, he exclaimed, "We shan't find a better place than this, Miriam, if we travel all winter." Clearing away the snow, and collecting some hemlock boughs, they founded, upon the seventh day of March, 1796, the rude beginnings of a home and of the village of Stanstead Plain.

Not long did they enjoy alone this primeval solitude. Soon after Samuel and Selah Pomeroy, with others, left the old Puritan towns of New England, followed the needle of the compass which pointed northward, and founded a name and fame on Canadian soil. With strong, swift axes these brave men battled with the monarchs of the forests. The hemlock lodges were soon replaced by log cabins covered with rough shingles, pinned on with wooden pins, nails being then an unknown luxury.

But, rude as were all the cabins, a hearty welcome was extended to each new arrival, and the most friendly intercourse was kept up between these strangely isolated families. The house of Samuel Pomeroy became a "rendezvous" and general news depot for the whole county.

It was supposed to be built upon the exact boundary between the United States and Canada, and for the convenience of debtors and other fugitives from justice a broad chalk mark across the hewn log floor clearly defined the line of separation.

About the time that the eighteenth century glided into the nineteenth, a severe and unexpected snow-storm completely blocked the forest trails, and many of the sturdy settlers who were endeavoring to collect their winter stores, found themselves unable to return to their waiting families. As night drew on many of them gathered, as in a haven of refuge, around the blazing wood fire in Mr. Pomeroy's house, where they whiled away the tedious hours with reminiscences of pioneer life.

Squire Hood told of the painful march of his boyhood, when, accompanied by his mother, leaving his home in ashes and the dead body of his father lying unburied beside it, he was carried away captive by the Indians to the Canadian wilderness. When this story was ended the listeners viewed with horror the cruel scars caused by the blows of his savage captors.

Mr. Johnson, another settler, reached across the hearth-stone to give a sympathetic hand-clasp to the last speaker, for he, too, had been held in captivity by the same bloodthirsty tribe, and had experienced hor-

rible sufferings from them. His companions and himself were obliged to gather the fuel needed for their roasting. Bound hand and foot to the stakes, the flames were kindled around them; but, as the fire leaped up upon their bare and quivering flesh one of their number gave the Masonic sign of distress. Strange to say, the leader of the savage band was a renegade from the Masonic order, and the vows of that mystic brotherhood, still strong upon him, was sufficient to cause him to save their lives, though not to protect them from horrible tortures. Having arrived at the lodges of the tribe on the St. Lawrence River they were made to "run the gauntlet." In this operation the unhappy captives were driven naked between two rows of Indians, squaws and papposes, who beat them unmercifully. This was often repeated for the gratification of their fiendish tormentors. At one time they marched nearly forty miles, the Indians allowing them no food save the wild berries and roots which they gathered on the way. Mr. Johnson exhibited the ends of his fingers, scarred and nailless, which had been burnt to the bone by being held in red-hot pipe bowls. Ransomed at last by the British authorities, they were permitted to return home.

A hush of sadness seemed to settle over the little company after this recital. Indians were still to be found in the vicinity, and even those brave men could hardly fail to tremble at the thought of what might befall their unprotected families in their lonely and distant cabins.

Joseph Kilborn, deputy surveyor of Quebec, was the son of one of the neighbors, and had happened in to

pass an idle hour. He broke the spell of silence by telling a story which effectually banished the serious thoughts of his hearers. He was at one time surveying with Col. George Fitch, near the bay which bears that gentleman's name. The Colonel proposed to Kilborn a trial of eye-sight for a wager of five gallons of rum for the party. The challenge was accepted, the compass set and sighted. Col. Fitch made the first trial and pointed out a large tree as being the farthest object he could discern.

Kilborn made his trial and admitted that he could see as far but no farther than the tree in question. As the loss of the wager would make a large hole in his slender salary, Kilborn's quick wit devised a way out of the difficulty. He insisted that there should be made an accurate measurement of the length of their noses and the distance of their eyes from the compass sight. This was done, and Kilborn, having a very long nose, won the wager by more than half an inch.

After the laugh occasioned by this episode had subsided, the Yankee curiosity, which was the inalienable birthright of these men, impelled them to question a quiet young fellow who had taken no part in the conversation. So pertinent and searching were the inquiries that they were soon in possession of the following facts. His name was Joseph Bartlett. His father had set out to make a settlement in Barnston in the spring of 1797, before the accumulated snows of that severe winter had melted. His father, an elder sister, and a younger brother, with himself, comprised the party. Wearing snow-shoes, and carrying packs of clothing and furniture, they slowly made their way twelve miles from

Stanstead Plain due east into the unbroken forest. Having cleared a piece of land and planted a small crop, the father was obliged to return to Vermont, where the remainder of his family lived. Before he left he promised his children that he would send them provisions for their sustenance during the summer. He purchased provisions and paid a man in Derby to take them to his cabin, but in this man's heart dishonesty was stronger than mercy and honor. The provisions were never delivered, and roots, berries, birch bark, and a few brook trout formed the only sustenance of those three poor children for several months till their father arrived with a supply of food. Almost famished as they had been, the brave children had succeeded in making several hundred weight of "salts of lye" which was the principal commodity of the country, and worth four dollars per hundred weight. In the ensuing winter Mr. Bartlett moved, on hand-sleds, the remainder of his family and household goods. Two journeys from Stanstead were necessary to complete the removal. The father was assisted by the narrator, then but a boy. The first trip was made in comparative comfort ; but on the second the weather became intensely cold, and a pitiless wind obliterating all traces of the path made progress exceedingly slow and painful. Then the poor boy, whose courage had not failed through all the lonely, famishing hours of the previous summer, gave up, and, sinking down in the cold and drifting snow, begged of his father to go on and leave him. But the father, knowing that such a course would lead to certain death, deposited the boy's load in a safe place in the woods, and, cutting a beech switch, drove his son before him till

they reached home. The unfortunate lad fainted on the very threshold of the hut, and many days elapsed before he recovered from the effects of that terrible tramp. The speaker went on to tell of the grim relics found all about their farm, and of the ill-fated expedition of Rogers. That band of brave men started with high hopes of victory from Crown Point, N.Y., in 1758, to vanquish the St. Francis tribe of Indians. But they were themselves defeated on the spot where the city of Sherbrooke now stands. The shattered remnant escaped from the cruel tomahawk and from the raging waters of the Magog into the strange and unfriendly wilderness, where, wounded, weary, starving and homesick, they sank down to die, leaving their fleshless skeletons beside their rusty muskets to tell their sad tale to the awe-stricken settlers coming after them.

Just at this point in the conversation a knock upon the outer door was heard. When it was opened a man stepped into the room. He was of commanding stature, but gaunt with weariness and hunger ; his clothes, burnt, torn, and hanging in shreds, illy protected him from the wintry blasts. With many exclamations of surprise and sympathy from the assembled company, he was brought forward to the warmest seat before the glowing fire. Food was quickly prepared and offered him, but he devoured it with scant ceremony. Not until under the genial influence of the surroundings he became thoroughly warmed and fed did he attempt to gratify in any wise the curiosity of his companions. To them he was well known as Simon Kezar, of Hatley, a famous hunter even in those days when every man carried a gun on his shoulder and a knife in his belt.

He had gone forth alone into the trackless forest to explore its dim recesses, and to discover, if possible, the favorite haunts of the moose and the beaver. He took his course easterly to the Coaticook River, then, leaving his traps and most of his provisions on a tree in Compton, he went southward towards Island Pond. Soon the severe storm set in, but still he pushed on, hoping to find some friendly settlement ; but nothing but drifting, blinding snow met his gaze. Two days he travelled on without food over snow three feet deep, and at a distance of thirty-five miles from home. The first night, not being able to make a camp, he stood up ; the second night he cleared away the snow, made a fire, and, lying down on some boughs before it, soon fell asleep. In the night he was awakened by scorching heat, the flames of the fire having burnt the back of his coat completely off. Starting on again, he at last reached a hut where he procured a scanty meal, and found out his whereabouts, so that he could once more turn his course homeward. Thus, weary and faint, he had reached this haven of rest, and found, with the others, how sweet are the comforts of hospitality.

But even the longest evening must have an end, and one by one the members of this friendly company sought their rude but comfortable couches, hoping for a calm and pleasant morrow.

These austere men, living continually face to face with the stern realities of life, were ever ready to extend helpful sympathy to each other, and their descendants remember them as "without fear and without reproach.

VICTOR MORRILL.

Stanstead, Wesleyan College, P.Q.

JAMES GARLAND.

The subject of this sketch was born in the north of Ireland. We take up his history when he was living in the vicinity of Cornwall, after having been about two years in Canada. He was at this time a tall, slim youth, in his nineteenth year. He made the acquaintance of an old pensioner by the name of Armstrong, who spent most of his time hunting and exploring. Armstrong gave him glowing accounts of the country south of the St. Lawrence in Lower Canada, that section which now forms the County of Huntingdon. He finally persuaded young Garland to accompany him thither for the purpose of procuring a farm. There were no steam ferries in those days, in fact there were no ferries of any kind, so they had to procure a canoe. The season of 1817 was well advanced. The trees were just beginning to take on the tints of autumn when our bold adventurers launched their tiny bark, not only upon the waters of the St. Lawrence but upon what was destined to be, at least on the part of young Garland, a long career of almost unparalleled adventure, in which suffering, hardship, loneliness and privation were met with a degree of heroic fortitude and determination that must call forth the highest admiration and respect from all who are acquainted with his eventful career.

When their little craft touched the southern shore, about twenty miles distant, at the mouth of the Salmon

river, they immediately set off on their trip of exploration. The country before them was an unbroken wilderness. They hid their canoes among the reeds on the shore, strapped their provisions and outfit on their backs, and struck boldly into the forest. It was a noble forest with trees of gigantic proportion. There was no brushwood or fallen timber, and it was so open that a waggon might have been driven with ease. After they had penetrated the forest several miles, they struck a stream which flowed in the direction they were going, and which they rightly conjectured to be a tributary of some large river. Here they made their first camp in the wilderness. Next morning, concealing their provisions, they returned to bring up their canoe. This they accomplished by dragging it after them like a sledge. They launched it in the little stream which, though swelled by the heavy rains, was scarcely sufficient to float their tiny bark canoe. At some places they had to walk in the stream and drag it after them, at others they had to carry it overland around obstructions. But after another day of hard toil their tiny stream emptied itself into a larger one, afterward known as Trout river. Here their work became comparatively easy. The great trees on either side formed a continuous arch over their heads. The river beneath them swarmed with fish, while the resonant crack of their rifle relieved the tedium, and brought fresh supplies to their larder. Still they saw no sign of human life, nor anything to indicate that the white man had ever trod these solitudes. They expected, or at least young Garland expected, to find the country all surveyed, and probably colonization roads constructed, or under construction. However,

they were keeping a sharp lookout on either side the river for a desirable locality upon which to settle and await the advent of the surveyor and an opportunity of purchasing their holdings.

On the second day after they had launched their boat on Trout river they arrived at the point where it joins the Chateauguay, forming a bold, deep river, fully one hundred yards wide. A little further on they struck a series of rapids, extending fully a mile. This is the site of the present town of Huntingdon. These rapids furnish the power for its mills and factories, but when they passed over it there was not a single habitation. About two miles further down, the prospect on shore being very inviting, they landed and found the soil of first quality. Here they determined to remain, and here they put down their stakes, never, at least in the case of our young hero, to be taken up again. Here he spent the remainder of his days, extending over a period of nearly sixty-five years. He saw the mighty forest swept away, and the whole region, which was inhabited only by wild beasts, or, perhaps, penetrated occasionally by the wild red man, converted into smiling farms and dotted with thriving villages, inhabited by as energetic and as progressive a people as exists anywhere.

But while we have been digressing, our adventurers have been building a residence, not a very great one in an architectural sense; in fact it derives its whole importance from having been the first home of the first settlers in these regions. It consisted of poles joined together at the top, spreading out at the bottom, and covered over with hemlock boughs, the side to the south being left open. The mode of heating was not of the

most scientific kind. It consisted of heating the surrounding air or beating back the cold by means of gigantic fires built against the open side of the wigwam. An extravagant mode, it might appear at first sight, but not when we consider that it accomplished two important objects, viz., clearing the land for next year's crop, and making ashes for the manufacture of potash, that great staple of the Canadian backwoodsman.

One morning, after they had been there about a week, and young Garland was making preparations for breakfast, his companion took the gun and started off to "get a partridge." To use Garland's own expression, "that was the last of him." Garland waited until he was tired, and then took his breakfast without the partridge. The old veteran who was to lead him into the promised land had grown tired of the wilderness, and had returned to the "flesh pots" of Cornwall, where he smoked out the remainder of his days in peace.

It was now that our young hero showed that dauntless courage and fixedness of purpose which marks him as one of the boldest pioneers of our country. He did not follow up the retreat, but determined on what not one man in ten thousand would have done. He was alone in the heart of a vast wilderness, in the teeth of a Canadian winter. Still, without a house to dwell in, with a very limited supply of clothing, without any adequate supply of provisions, and a road of retreat open to him, so strong were his hopes of final success that he deliberately chose to stick to his post and conquer or perish in the attempt.

For the next three months he never heard a human voice nor saw a human form. He spent this period, day

after day, in felling the huge trees into "plan heaps," that is, great rows for the convenience of burning. When seed time came he had enough land cleared to plant a bushel of potatoes, a good patch of corn, and to sow a bushel of wheat. He had also ashes enough, when made into potash and carried down to Montreal, to bring ten pounds.

But the winter did not pass without hardships and privations. The comfort of his wigwam was contingent upon the state of the atmosphere and the strength of his camp-fire. If the fire had burnt low any bitterly cold night, while he was sleeping, he would have been frozen to death. On one occasion he was caught in a trap from which he was barely able to extricate himself. Before throwing himself down on his bed of hemlock boughs he usually replenished the fire. This night the fire being unusually hot melted the snow, and the water flowed in around his head while he lay sleeping. When the fire burnt low the water froze, and when he awoke the next morning he found himself pinned to the ground by the hair of his head, which had been frozen into the ice. Fortunately he had his pocket knife, which he managed to reach, with which he gained his liberty by severing his capillary adornment, and leaving it henceforth to adorn the floor of the shanty.

The stock of provisions which he and Armstrong brought with them would soon have been exhausted had he not been able to replenish them from the game which abounded on all sides, and which was so tame that it sometimes ran right into his hands. One day, while chopping on the river bank, a splendid buck, probably pursued by wolves, came rushing past him, and

tried to cross the river, but the smooth ice was too slippery for him. Next moment he lay sprawling on the glassy surface, and half an hour later young Garland had venison enough in his wigwam to last him for months.

About February his stock of provisions became exhausted, and venison, however good it may be in its own place, had to be supplemented with "Johnny-cake." The nearest place where a single necessary of life could be procured was Fort Covington, in the State of New York, fully twenty-five miles away by the circuitous route he must necessarily follow. The snow lay deep upon the ground and the winding river was his only guide. The fifty pounds of cornmeal he wanted to purchase would have to be carried on his back. The return journey would cover a distance of fifty miles through snow up to his middle, yet he started off with a heart as light as a schoolboy going to buy a stick of candy. The Fort was reached on the night of the same day he left home. He made his purchase, and the next morning started on the return journey. When night again overtook him he found that he had not made much more than half the distance owing to the impediment of his burden. To pursue his way in the darkness was impossible, so there was no alternative but to remain where he was until morning. The night was so bitterly cold he had to exercise till dawn to keep from freezing. But hark! he hears a sound! Can it be the howl of a wolf or only the wail of the wind through the pine tree tops? But not long is he left in doubt, for soon he hears distinctly from another quarter an answering howl, which is again answered from the first direc-

tion. He leaves his precious burden behind and climbs a tree; and now the whole forest resounds with the yells of the half-famished monsters as they form themselves into a pack. The blood curdles in his veins at the prospect of being frozen to death if he misses the fangs of the savage beasts. He hears the gnashing of their teeth and he sees the gleaming of their eyes. With the speed of a whirlwind the noisy concert rushes past. He is saved; they are on the scent of a deer and their howls grow faint in the distance.

Did space permit we would further trace his trials, his hardships, his progress; how he carried all his grist for years twenty-five miles; how he carried all his produce to Montreal in canoes; how he escaped the jaws of wild beasts; how the wilderness became peopled, and how he attained to independence and comfort. But that is beyond the limits of this article.

It may be added that "James Garland" is a fictitious name, but the story is entirely true.

FRANCIS GARDNER.

Huntingdon, P.Q.

THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CORNERS.

St. Armand station, formerly known as Moore's Corners, is situated on the Montreal and Vermont Junction Railway, in the Parish of St. Armand West. It originally belonged to the Seignior of St. Armand, and, after several changes, a large part of it passed into the hands of Nicholas Moore, a United Empire Loyalist, who left home in Dutchess County, New York, after the Revolutionary War, and settled here; hence the old name. Its first settlers were Garret Sixby, Joseph Smith, Frederick Hayner and Peter Miller. Mr. Sixby and Mr. Smith were also United Empire Loyalists from New York State. During the war, finding that it would be necessary to leave their old homes if they did not wish to take up arms against the Mother Country, they chose the former and came to Canada. They both afterwards served in this war, but under the British flag. Even now St. Armand is a small place, hardly worthy of the name village, and at the time of which I write merely consisted of a few houses.

Early on the morning of the 6th of December, 1837, during the French Rebellion, a band of rebels, led by a man named Julien Gagnon, passed through Missisquoi Bay, the Philipsburgh of to-day. Here they were confronted by Ralph Taylor, who ordered them to stop. Their only notice of this summons was to knock Mr. Taylor down, and take from him his gun which he car-

ried at the time. Nothing daunted, he raised himself and shouted after them, "Never mind ; I will have it back, and another one with it, when you return."

The rebels then proceeded to Swanton, in the State of Vermont, about ten miles from Missisquoi Bay, where they met with much sympathy and encouragement. Immediately upon hearing of the rising of the French in this section of the country, a few volunteers from the militia, there being no active force at the time, set out with their own teams to get some muskets which were stored at Isle-aux-Noix. The roads being very bad it was night before they reached there. In the meantime, Captain Vaughn called upon the Hon. P. H. Moore, then living at Bedford, and informed him of the rebels' visit to their American neighbors, and of their expected return by way of Moore's Corners. Mr. Moore, who was a lineal descendant of the Moore's of Drogheda, Ireland, who had served their sovereign, with distinction, in many battles, immediately accompanied Captain Vaughn to the last-named place, where he found many who, though, like himself, exempt from military duty, were determined to do their best for their homes and country. A consultation was held, and, in accordance with the decision arrived at, scouts were sent across the boundary to ascertain the intention of the rebels.

Lieutenant-Col. Jones, then in command of the district, as well as Captains Taylor, Sixby and their subalterns, being on duty elsewhere, the command of the small force, consisting mainly of the inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood, devolved upon Lieutenant-Col. Kemp, who, believing that Moore knew this local-

ity much better than he, asked him to place the men in position and take the general command.

Late in the afternoon the scouts returned, and were soon followed by the rebels, whose shouts and loud talk could be heard while they were yet some distance off. Since morning their numbers and munitions had been considerably increased, and they had been drinking very freely as well, so it will be thought no wonder that they were extremely boisterous. When they came to Captain Sixby's, after re-crossing the Province line, they forcibly carried away with them a man by the name of Michael McGrath, and some young colts, which served to increase their spirits still more. If it had been earlier in the day it is difficult to say what further mischief they might have done, but as night had already arrived they deemed it best to push on without further delay to the Corners, which they expected to secure for themselves with very little difficulty.

Near Moore's Corners there is a stream, called Rock River, which is crossed by two bridges. One of these bridges, only a few yards from where the band of Loyalists were collected, the rebels had to cross. While they were doing so a volunteer officer, who had dismounted and was leading his horse up a neighboring hill, angered beyond control by their menacing threats, fired in the direction from which the shouts came, and his shot was returned by the enemy. This served as a signal for the general attack, and the battle, if it can be really called that, began in earnest, the small amount of snow then on the ground affording sufficient light for the opposing parties to distinguish one another. The

skirmish lasted but a few minutes, at the end of which time the rebels were completely defeated and driven back towards the boundary line.

The Loyalists lost none of their small party, but the other side did not escape so fortunately. One young man was found dead on the ground, several others dragged themselves away to die, and a few more are said to have been drowned while crossing the bridge in their flight, for some men had, on their own authority, taken up a few planks of the bridge. Many were found to have taken refuge in the house of Hiram Moore, elder brother to the one commanding, which was quite near at hand, several of them being wounded. One of these, a Mr. Bouchette, leader of the advanced guard of the rebels, who had a bullet wound in his heel, was afterwards appointed Commissioner of Customs. The other leader, Gagnon, was also wounded, though but slightly. Everything in their power was done by the inmates of the house to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. Several hours afterwards two large boys, rebels, were found between the folds of a bed so terrified as to be scarcely able to breathe. Very few prisoners or munitions of war were taken, merely two field-pieces, some small arms and a few kegs of gunpowder. The stolen horses were also captured and returned to their owners.

It is hardly necessary to add that no further trouble of the kind occurred in this immediate neighborhood. Before very long the rebellion ceased entirely, although it was not until some time later, namely, in the year 1841, that the Parliament of Great Britain gave to her

English and French subjects in Canada "Responsible Government," the desire for which was one of the chief causes of the uprising.

MARY FRANCES MOORE.

Moore's Station, P.Q.

THE PIONEERS OF GLENGARRY.

Deep in the heart of the Highlands,
With beauty that city ne'er gave,
Lies the Glengarry of Scotland,—
The home of the stalwart and brave.
Eastward, and north to the Shetlands,
Westward, and south to Cantire,
Each chieftain, each clansman delighted
In the freedom and faith of his sire.

Thither was wafted the slogan :
"Ho, Westward ! Ho, Westward ! Explore !
Come, cross the tempestuous Atlantic
And land on America's shore.
Homesteads in plenty for Scotland ;
Farms in that land for you all ;
There England dispenseth her favors
Alike to the great and the small."

Said the veterans who fought at Culloden :
"We never our lot did bemoan.
What country is greater than Scotland ?
What home can compare with our own ?
We'll live and we'll die mid these mountains'
Where our fathers their broadswords did wield,
Our duty is here in these valleys,
And to follow our chiefs to the fields.

"But though we be wedded to Scotland
Our sons and our daughters are free ;
We grant them permission to seek them
A home o'er the boisterous sea.
May years of prosperity give them
Their bounties to comfort and cheer ;
May God in his providence lead them
Back again to revisit us here."

They reared them a home on the Hudson,
Many leagues southward from here ;
Where wild grows the vine on the hillside,
The apple, the peach and the pear.
Like a hurricane over the colony
Swept the wild and rebellious sound :
"We claim we are now independent,
No longer to England we're bound."

Our heroes took part with the sovereign,
To the field with his soldiers did go ;
But the army of England was worsted,
Surprised by an ambuscade foe.
With insolent triumph they gathered,
With insolent pride did command :
"Your lands and your homes confiscated.
Before us as rebels ye stand.

"But if you will hearken to reason,
Obey the behests we may make,
Help build an American nation,
And wield your good sword for her sake ;
You will find we are willing to pardon,
Yea, willing to pardon and give ;

In peace to your home then returning,
Beneath this fair flag ye may live."

Undaunted they stood there before them,
Undaunted upheld the right hand :
"We own not an alien power,
We live not in alien land.
Ourselves, and our wives, and our children,
This day to this vow will set seal,
We'll leave our fair homes to ye rebels,
And away to the land o' the leal."

As lepers thrust out by their brethren,
Banished from hearth and from home,
They took their departure among them,
Godspeed,—it was wished them by none.
On a long, weary journey they started,
By the wilderness way it did run,
Their clothing was torn with the brambles,
Their bodies were scorched by the sun.

Onward and northward they travelled
To a spot like their "ain native hame."
They rested where valley met upland,
And gave it Glengarry for name.
No brother was present to greet them,
No friend to extend the right hand ;
There was naught save the forest primeval,
And the red man,—possessing the land.

"Shall we fail where the savage has conquered ?
Shall we faint in this land of the brave ?
Shall our sires mid the heather of Scotland
Lament : 'They have found them a grave' ?

No, never ! This place yet shall blossom ;
 While these giants of nature we hew,
 The river and forest will feed us,—
 What the Indian has done we can do."

They proudly to Scotland indited :
 "The story was worthy belief,—
 Here each of your sons may be chieftain,
 Each daughter the wife of a chief.
 Broad acres are here for the taking,
 The forest will soon disappear ;
 We may not return to thy bosom,
 But gladly we'll welcome thee here."

* * * * *

"What company is this that approaches,
 With music that echoes doth win ?
 These are the tartans of Scotland !
 These are our kith and our kin !"
 Gladly we hastened to meet them,
 Gently we helped them ashore ;
 Our hearts were too full for expression,
 We wept on their necks long and sore.

"Oh, welcome ! Thrice welcome we make you !
 A warm Highland welcome we give ;
 Take shelter beneath our log cabins,
 Together like brethren we'll live.
 There's room and to spare at our table ;
 You will tell us of country and friends ;
 We'll delight in the blessing of fathers,
 And the message each bosom friend sends.

"A fertile home lies before you ;
It waits for the strength of your arm ;
We'll help you unfold its rich bosom,
And shelter its harvests from harm.
Together we'll build you a dwelling
E'er the earth her cold mantle resumes ;
Let your roses first bloom in our cabins,
And your tartans first grow on our looms."

"As rain to the earth is your welcome,
Like food to the perishing one,
It is health to ourselves and our children,—
They whose span on this earth is begun.
We'll gladly rest under your shadow ;
In our Gaelic tongue we will sing :
'Together we'll sit down in friendship,
Together we'll rise for our king.'"

* * * * *

Soon, the clarion summons resounded:
"Ho, Westward ! Ho, Westward ! The foe !
As Edward the First sought to conquer
And cover your Scotland with woe ;
The Southrons are now fast approaching,
Their conquest already they laud:
'We fear not the monarch of England,—
Their wool gathering shepherd's abroad ;

"A greater than he to contend with, —
Napoleon, the Hero of France,—
This treasure is ours for the taking ;
Advance ! To the front, boys, advance !"

Indignant the clans rose together :
"As tow be the fetters they'll forge ;"
They hewed them a path through the forest,
And named it for Royal King George.

Hast heard of the Fencibles' courage ?
Hast read of the deeds they have done ?
Dost see them as victors returning
To provide for their hearth and their home ?
Whence comes it that Britain is mighty ?
How is it she's mistress of seas ?
Wherein lies the strength of her army ?—
In having such subjects as these !

Hearken, ye sons of Glengarry !
No treason your heritage knew ;
Yea, truly your lineage was loyal
To the flag of the red, white and blue.
As dwellers in this fair Dominion
Ever may ye to England prove true,—
Oh, may ye be worthy of fathers
Who surely were worthy of you !

FLORA CUMMING.

Lancaster, Ont., East.

IN THE SNOW.

Chapter I.

The incidents of this story occurred some years since when the settled portions of Parry Sound were confined to spots here and there throughout the vast expanse of woods of that district. Communications with the different settlements were made at rare intervals. Mere trails through the forest were the only roads. In summer, use was made of the rivers and lakes for travel; but in winter, owing to the depth of snow and the difficulty of keeping the tracks open, it was seldom that news was received from the outer world. This wild region was relieved by the glittering region of lakes, and intersected by the waving lines of rivers. Beside one of those pretty lakes an Englishman, with his wife and two children, built a small log cabin and cleared a few acres of land. The produce of his land he transported by water to the nearest settlement, some twenty miles distant. His nearest neighbors lived about seven miles away. When Mr. Warneford settled there he had not much means, and as his clearing would not support them yet, his capital was getting smaller and smaller. He, therefore, resolved to go to some city and get employment during the summer, and return with provisions and other necessities. There was enough food in the house to last the family until his return in September.

Chapter II.

The sun is shedding its parting rays over the homestead of Mr. Warneford, tinging the tops of the tall, stately trees with a soft radiance. All, within the dark setting of the woods, lies in the quiet repose of a calm September night. In the little cabin all is joyful expectancy, for this is the night of the promised return of the dear husband and father. The mother and children descend to the edge of the water and gaze across the placid surface of the lake, but no sign of their beloved. The sun has set, darkness gathers round, and they are forced to return to the house. That night, and many more, pass, when a stranger brought them a letter from Mr. Warneford, dated three months back, which partly tranquilized the eager watchers. As winter approaches, with its deep snow and intense cold, fuel and provisions become scanty. Mrs. Warneford's strength gradually diminishes as the weeks roll on.

* * * * *

It was a cold, bitter day near the end of January. Mrs. Warneford was sitting by the window, vainly trying to sew with her cold benumbed fingers, and watching her son, as he trudged through the deep snow, carrying in an armful of faggots for the fire. Her work falls from her hands. She is growing faint. Archie, coming in with the wood, catching sight of the deathly paleness of his mother's face, flew to her side. "Oh ! mother, what's the matter ? are you ill ?" he exclaims in terror, catching her swaying figure. "Lucia ! Lucia ! some water, quick !"

In a few minutes, however, she recovered, and hastened to reassure them. They led her to the fire, and

covered her with a warm shawl. Archie piled the fag-gots on the fire, and soon a bright blaze sprang up. The lamp was lit and the table set for supper. A loaf of bread and a little tea were all the provisions in the house. A small piece was cut off and given to Mrs. Warneford; another piece to the daughter, and Archie, without taking any himself, put it away. Brave Archie, although he had eaten nothing all day, yet, for the sake of his mother and little sister, denied himself. After watching by their side until he fancied they were asleep he sought his own cold cot, and fell into a restless sleep, but towards morning he fell into a more tranquil slumber. On awaking, the sun was shining through the little window. Hastily springing out of bed, and dressing as quickly as his thin, trembling fingers would permit, he hastened to build the fire. Presently, there came to his ear the feeble murmur of his name by his mother, and he hastened to her bedside, looking down on her ashy face with a strange wistfulness in his eyes.

"Archie, my boy, do not go out this morning; it is so cold;" she said in a faint whisper, as if she scarcely had the strength to form the words.

The boy promised, and insisted, as his mother attempted to rise, that she would be better to lie longer. With a weary sigh she sank back on the pillow beside her daughter, who moaned frightfully in her sleep. With shaking limbs the little fellow went back to complete his task. Having succeeded in this, he made some tea for Mrs. Warneford and Lucia, and then sat down to think. Their nearest neighbor lived seven miles away. Could he manage to travel that far in the deep snow and with the intense cold? He must try.

He had gathered enough wood to last them till help should arrive, if he could reach Mr. Brown's alive. He went and sat by his mother's bedside. How wan and delicate she looked ! her sunken cheeks : her hair turning grey : the patient look upon her face. Poor mother ! The tears dimmed his eyes as he watched and heard her murmur his father's name. The brother and sister would sit by the bedside clasped in each other's arms and listen to the wild rambling talk of their mother. The day passed and the night also. In the morning Mrs. Warneford appeared more sensible, and Archie, who had been watching her, bent over and whispered, "Mother, I must seek help, or we will perish !"

"No ! No !" she exclaimed, "you never could walk so far in the deep snow and cold."

"I must, mother," replied Archie, gently but firmly ; "you are dying with hunger. I have been there before."

Archie pleaded, and at last Mrs. Warneford gave way, but with many misgivings.

"Oh, Archie, dear, take care of yourself. Kiss me before you go."

He could not speak a word as he kissed her tenderly. He put his arm around his sister's neck and kissed her too, and then hurried out into the biting cold, his heart nigh bursting. It was a bitterly cold morning. A keen wind was blowing from the north, and rushed against him fiercely ; now moaning through the woods, then forcing the tall trees to bend their stately heads, making the snow which had accumulated during the night to whirl away like dust. Brave little Archie ! He trudged on manfully through the snow, crawling on his hands and knees where he could not walk. No

track was to be seen. Even the place where the road should have been was scarcely discernible. Hour after hour passed and no sign of his destination. How weak, and cold, and hungry, he felt ! Would he ever reach there ? If he only could lie down and rest, but he knew that by so doing he would never rise again, and the thought of his mother and sister dying for want invigorated him with new strength to press forward. It was beginning to grow dark, and no appearance of a house. Where was he ? Was he on the right track ? Or was he lost ? With a cry of despair he felt that he was lost, lost in the pathless forest, and then with a low, wailing sound he sank in the cold snow.

Chapter III.

For hours after Archie left Lucia sat motionless, holding her mother's cold hand in hers, while the tears of pain and hunger trickled down her cheeks. Mrs. Warneford had only spoken twice since, but they were sweet words of comfort to the little girl, though they came from a heart that was breaking. As darkness fell and no sign of Archie or help, the mother's anguish of soul grew almost intolerable. It seemed to overmaster her bodily pain, and render her nearly insensible to it. She would not touch the food Lucia brought her; but insisted on the little girl taking some. That night passed as the one before; morning broke, but no appearance of Archie. Husband and son both gone. It was more than she could bear. She fell into a stupor, which lasted all through that day. Lucia could not rouse her—want of food, exposure to the cold, and anxiety, had nearly done their work. The little girl im-

plored her mother to speak to her, just to say one word, but the mother answered not, and poor Lucia, worn out with hunger and cold, cried herself to sleep. Who can tell how long the hours of that weary night were? Darkness without and within—the utter darkness of despair! the craving hunger of disease, and the soul's hunger after the welfare of her children! When Lucia awoke in the morning her mother still lay in a stupor. Oh! would her brother never come? Was he lost too? It was dark and stormy, so dark in the little room that she could scarcely see her mother's face.

The afternoon was fast fading into night, another night of misery and despair. Lucia sat beside the bed on which her dear mother lay, thinking sadly of her father and brother, when the door was softly opened, and a man, haggard and worn, stole gently up to Mrs. Warneforde's bedside. Lucia gazed at the stranger for a moment, and then, with a wild shriek of "Papa! Papa!" fell to the floor. The noise appeared to arouse Mrs. Warneford, for she opened her eyes, and fastened them upon her husband with a dazed expression. As she gazed on the familiar features a gleam of intense delight appeared to illumine her countenance, and, with a cry of, "George, my husband!" she sunk back, unconscious. When Mr. Warneford saw the reduced state of his wife and child he started forward with an exclamation of horror. He lifted Lucia from the floor, and laid her on the bed beside her mother, and, hastily fetching some restorative from his valise, he applied it to them, which had the desired effect of bringing them back to consciousness again. He then prepared some food, which he had brought with him, and fed them, as

one would a child. Seeing them somewhat strengthened he was enquiring where Archie was, when the door was suddenly opened, and Archie, with tottering limbs, staggered into the room, followed by Mr. Brown, with a basket of provisions. At sight of his father, Archie rushed forward, and, with a cry, fell fainting into his arms. . . . Long were the days of tireless watching and careful nursing that followed, but, thanks be to God, this, and nourishing food, combined with love and faith, were the means of the marvellous recovery of Mrs. Warneford and her children. When they were sufficiently able to listen Mr. Warneford related that a day or two before his intended return he was stricken down with a fever which kept him an invalid for some months, and when he did start on his journey he was so weak that he had to make it by short stages. For the last twenty miles he had travelled on snowshoes. Archie then gave a brief description of his wanderings up to the time of his becoming unconscious, and then went on to say that when he came to his senses a man was bending over him, and who, it appears, had resuscitated him. This man was a trapper, travelling through the woods, and, having come upon his tracks, had followed them up until he came to where he lay. After Archie had regained his strength somewhat the trapper helped him to Mr. Brown's, which was only a short distance away. Mr. Brown, along with Archie, as soon as the latter was able, started for Mr. Warneford's, where they arrived shortly after his father.

LIZZIE J. GEDDES.

Midlothian, Parry Sound, Ont.

HOW DID WE GET HERE?

Having, in last year's competition, read the essay of my schoolmate, Miss Franklin, on the subject, "My Village," in which she describes so beautifully how we as Indians came to the village of Alderville, on the Alnwick Reserve, from our ancient home on Grape Island, Bay of Quinte, and as our teacher, who takes a kind interest in the improvement of the Indians, and especially in us of the rising generation who are attending his school, urges us to take part in this competition, so kindly gotten up by the Montreal "Witness," I thought I would ask some of the old Indian Fathers on our reserve to help me write a story about, not the coming of our fathers and mothers from Grape Island to Alderville, but the coming of our forefathers and ancestors in the long back past to this America of ours. Having conceived this thought I have obtained from Mr. Francis Beaver, one of the aged fathers of our band, and son of William Beaver, mentioned in "My Village," and who has also been for years a member of the Indian Council on the Alnwick Reserve, the following information, which I write as nearly as I can as he gave it to me :—

From the time of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, history has failed to give any correct account of how the Indians came to inhabit the New World, as the white man calls it, when it was an old world to the Indian people. It will be observed that it took Christopher Columbus a good many weeks to

reach the New World. In those days the Indians had no ships or boats of any kind, and the country was alive with wild beasts of every sort ; now the question naturally arises, How came they here with the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and the Pacific on the west, and the Arctic Ocean on the north, and the nearest shore from Asia to America is about sixty miles across ? The same question may also be very correctly asked concerning all the wild beasts found in the country, with which the country teemed previous to the clearing away of our forests by the white man who brought us civilization, education and religion, but who at the same time robbed our fathers of their beautiful hunting-grounds. That it was impossible for those animals to have swum across a distance of sixty or seventy-five miles we all believe, and that those animals must have come to our country from the continent of Asia we educated Indians, as well as our forefathers, believe.

We read in the Bible that God said to Noah in the 6th chapter of Genesis and the 17th verse:—"And behold I do even bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life from under heaven; and everything that is in the earth shall die." Therefore God could not have drowned one part of the earth and preserved the other part from such doom. Again, we read in the seventh chapter of the same book, at the eleventh verse, that when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, that on the selfsame day Noah entered into the ark with his three sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth and their wives, and that they also took with them two and two of every kind to preserve seed alive upon

the earth. "And the flood was forty days upon the earth, and the waters increased and bare up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth. And the waters prevailed and were increased greatly upon the earth, and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the heavens were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl and of cattle and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man. All in whose nostrils was the breath of life of all that was in the dry land died. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven, and they were destroyed from the earth, and Noah only remained alive and they that were with him in the ark."

This event having transpired on the continent of Asia we all know that when those animals came forth from the ark after the flood and began to increase upon the earth they would first fill up the greater part of the continent of Asia, spreading westward into Africa over the Isthmus of Suez, and eastward toward Behring Straits ; but how they came from Asia into America is the question to be answered in this essay.

Here our Indian tradition comes to our rescue. Our forefathers believed that God caused the continent of America to be connected with Asia at the place where the Behring Straits now exist, by a narrow neck of land whereby the beasts and creeping things might spread themselves, and the people as well, into all parts of the

world. The Indians have a tradition, which has been handed down from generation to generation to the present day. They suppose that they came from a certain part of Asia and travelled in an easterly direction until they came to this large neck of land extending out between the oceans. Tradition goes on to say that the Indians held a council and decided to send a few of their young men to go and see how far the neck of land extended into the ocean. So some of their smartest young men agreed to go and see. They travelled until they came to a large tract of land, and it was alive with wild beasts of every kind. This journey, we believe, was a journey across from Asia to America on this supposed narrow neck of land, and on returning they brought news that they had found a large tract of land, and therefore they all agreed to cross over on this neck of land and came to the New World. And as they spread and increased one tribe went one way and another went another way until they spread throughout the whole continent of America, and, in course of time, as the ages rolled on, we would naturally think that the neck of land would be washed away more or less every year by the mighty current of the ocean which takes place every twenty-four hours since the flood, and which is to continue to the end of time.

When any of the old chiefs of the tribes were about dying they commanded that they should be buried with their bows and arrows, tomahawk, knife, dish, spoon and blanket, as they said and believed that they were going home from whence they came to the setting sun. This idea is still retained by the uncivilized Indians of America. But the Indians who became Christians by the preaching of the Gospel believe that they are the

descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel on account of the tradition touching portions of Scriptural events which might be related if necessary.

The Indians have a tradition that the world was once drowned. They tell about Jonah, and of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea, and David killing Goliath, and of Samson, which goes to show that they got astray from a people who knew that there was a being who created all things, and they had also an idea that they had a soul which still exists after death. That they were the descendants of the lost ten tribes they also base upon the believed theory that when this country was discovered by the white man, or, as we Indians say, our pale-faced brothers, the Indians, as there found, spoke just ten different languages, of which nearly that number of different Indian tongues can be found in our country by our Indians to-day. To one of these tribes we Mississauga Indians profess to belong. We claim the Ojibway language as our original tongue.. We have on our Alderville reserve however, some Mohawk blood, caused by the intermarriages of some of the Mohawk Indians into our tribe. This we of the rising generation believe will continue to go on until not only the complete amalgamation of all our Indian tribes will take place, but we also believe that if our people continue to improve in the future as in the past we are here to stay, not altogether in the Indians of a generation or two to come, but in a combined Canadian race in which the dividing line between Indian tribes as well as between Indian and white will be entirely unknown.

LILLIE LOUKES.

Alderville, Feb. 24, 1890.

THE HURON MISSION.

Every story of aboriginal life is interesting to the American reader. With mournful interest we read and re-read the romance of a departed nation, whose feet once knew our own hills and valleys, and whose canoes have floated down our own rivers and lakes. Though their voices are heard no more in the forests, and the forests themselves have given place to cultivated lands and populous cities, yet the spirit of the Indian still lingers in the names of our rivers, mountains, lakes and towns. With equal interest we trace the history of those of our own race who first visited these Western shores, and planted the seeds of civilization and liberty. Especially we delight to ponder upon the pages which record the toils, sufferings, oftentimes the martyrdom, of those noble men who left home and kindred to erect an altar to the unknown God, under the blue skies of the New World, upon the wild hunting grounds of the tawny Indian. We weep over the unmarked graves of those who were martyred, but we glory in the holy, though sometimes mistaken, zeal of the departed.

Early in April, 1632, two Jesuits, Le Jeune and De Noue, with a lay brother, Gilbert, embarked at Havre for the New World. After a tedious voyage they arrived at Tadousac, where, after having unsuccessfully tried to communicate with the Indians by pantomime, they again set sail, this time for Quebec, where they ar-

rived on the fifth of July. Here they took possession of two hovels built by their predecessors on the St. Charles River, and here, assisted by an Indian named Pierre, who acted as interpreter, they labored among the Indians with but little success.

Next year, in May, the missionaries were gladdened by the arrival of four more Jesuits,—Brebeuf, Masse, Daniel and Davost. In July, two months after the arrival of these latter Jesuits, the Huron Indians came to Quebec on their annual visit, which usually lasted about five days. This year, after the customary councils and barter, the Governor of Quebec, Champlain, introduced to the assembly the three Jesuits, Brebeuf, Daniel and Davost, who, from the first, had started for the far-off home of the Hurons. "These are our fathers," said Champlain; "we love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not come among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French as you say you love them, then love and honor these our fathers." The chiefs replied with words of extravagant praise, and disputed the privilege of entertaining the priests, but before the hour of departure arrived some misunderstanding arose, and, after wavering up to the very eve of departure, they at last accepted the fathers. After a toilsome journey of nine hundred miles the Jesuits reached the settlements of the Hurons, among whom they were destined to labor, suffer and die.

After the erection of a mission house the Jesuits entered zealously upon their labors, learning the language and translating the Pater and Creeds into Huron. Win-

ter passed, but the summer brought only a fearful drought ; the fields were parched, the crops withered. At last the Indians, believing that the red cross swinging in front of the mission house prevented rain desired the Jesuits to paint it white. They did so ; still no rain came. The Jesuits then told them to ask Him who made the world, saying that, perhaps, he would hear their prayers. Nine masses were then offered to St. Joseph, and, as it rained soon afterwards, the Jesuits were, for the time, in high favor with the Hurons.

In 1635 two more Jesuits, Pijart and Le Mercier, arrived, and the next year three others, Joques, Chatelain and Garnier, were added.

About this time that fearful scourge, the smallpox, made its appearance among the Hurons. Almost every family was afflicted, and from every lodge was heard the wail of the afflicted and dying. The Jesuits went from house to house, speaking kind words and offering remedies, ever endeavoring, after caring for the wants of the body, to direct the soul on its future flight. But, though the dying Hurons could comprehend the demons and fires of hell, they were slow to perceive the advantages of the Frenchman's heaven. The common idea was that they would starve in the celestial realms. Even after they had expressed a desire to gain those blissful shores they showed few signs of repentance, as they would not admit that they had ever committed any sins ; but, even after acknowledging this and being baptized, they would often apostacize.

Thus the Jesuits passed year after year, gradually gaining ground and making converts. New missions were added, and aid was pouring in from the Old World.

But, as the clouds were slightly breaking in one quarter of the horizon, blacker and more threatening ones were arising in another. The war-clouds were settling thick and heavy over the Huron nation. For many years skirmishes had been going on between the Iroquois and themselves. Treaties had been made and broken ; negotiations had been attempted on either side with neighboring tribes, but nothing seemed destined to avert the coming destruction of the Hurons. Now a party of Iroquois would be tomahawked and scalped by the Hurons ; then, in retaliation, a Huron village would be stormed and burned by the Iroquois. Thus matters went on until 1648, when a crisis was reached, and war, with all its horrors, burst with exterminating fury upon the doomed Huron nation.

In the south-eastern part of the Huron country was the village of Teanaustaye or St. Joseph. It was a fortified town of about two thousand inhabitants. Here, for four years, Father Daniels had labored with much success. On July 4, in this town, when most of the warriors were absent in search of game or Iroquois, there suddenly came like a thunder clap the cry of terror : "The Iroquois ! The Iroquois !" Soon the palisades were forced by the enemy, and the streets were filled with hostile warriors. The air was rent with the unearthly yells of the war-whoop.

Father Daniels, who was just finishing the mass in the little Jesuit church, endeavored to rally the Hurons to the defence, promising heaven to the faithful.

Through the town the Iroquois rushed in every direction, slaying men, women and children indiscriminately. At last a party, mad with fury and still thirsting for

blood, rushed to the church, where Father Daniels stood, calmly awaiting them. When they saw him in turn, radiant in the vestments of his office, confronting them, they stopped and stared in amazement ; then, recovering themselves, they bent their bows and showered upon him a volley of arrows that tore through his robes and flesh. A gun-shot followed. The ball pierced his heart, and he fell dead. They then rushed upon him with yells of triumph, stripped him naked, gashed and hacked his lifeless body, and, scooping his blood in their hands, bathed their faces in it to make themselves brave. After capturing seven hundred prisoners, and setting fire to the town, the Iroquois departed for other scenes of bloodshed. Never had the Huron nation received such a blow.

In the fall a thousand Iroquois took the war-path for the Hurons, and, after spending the winter hunting, they gradually moved nearer and nearer their victims. On the sixteenth of March the priests at Sainte Marie—now the centre of the Jesuit missions—saw flames ascending over the forest in the direction of St. Louis, only three miles distant. From lip to lip ran the cry : “The Iroquois ! they are burning St. Louis !” and soon two Hurons from the scene of terror rushed into the village, confirming the fears of the dismayed Jesuits and Hurons. Brebeuf and Lalement were at St. Louis—what would be their fate ?

We will not attempt to describe the terror, the torture, the bloodshed, which attended the destruction of St. Louis, St. Ignace and the neighboring mission stations. For a time the Hurons fought with their accustomed ardor, but when night closed down upon one of the

fiercest Indian conflicts on record the Hurons seemed palsied with fright.

It was a terrible night of suspense at Sainte Marie. The Hurons watched ; the Jesuits prayed unceasingly. No foe appeared, and the next day passed in expectation. Two days afterwards the joyful tidings was received that the Iroquois had retreated. As soon as this information was received a Jesuit, attended by an armed company, set out for the scene of disaster. Everywhere the ground was strewed with bloody or half-burnt bodies. Among the ashes of the burnt town, apart from the rest, they found what they had come to seek—the mutilated, half-consumed bodies of Brebeuf and Lalemant. These two priests had been seized before the burning of the town and tied to stakes and tortured to death.

Tenderly the bodies of the missionaries were carried to Sainte Marie and buried in the cemetery there. But the skull of Brebeuf was preserved. His friends sent a silver box from France in which it was placed and preserved with reverential care.

The destruction of St. Louis and St. Ignace struck the death-knell of the Huron nation. They no longer thought of revenge or resistance, but only of flight. Towns were abandoned, and in many cases burned, lest they should fall into the hands of the Iroquois and afford them shelter. Sainte Marie was one of the towns that was to be so treated. At the earnest solicitation of the humbled Hurons the Jesuits decided that some of the priests should accompany them to the Isle St. Joseph and there endeavor to set up a mission house. Accordingly, a small vessel was built and stocked with such

stores as readily could be carried away ; then the torch was applied, and they saw consumed in an hour the result of nine or ten years of toil.

Arriving at Isle St. Joseph the French at once set about building a fort. Thither the outcast Hurons gathered, until six or eight thousand claimed the protection of the fort. A terrible winter followed. The Hurons were in every condition of misery, for many were sick and had no strength to work, and famine seemed inevitable. The few men who were well were sent north by the Jesuits to buy fish, and collect acorns. Scores died daily, and the living were in constant dread of the Iroquois.

Thus the days passed, and by spring more than half the Indians had perished. With spring came the Iroquois, who were again on the warpath, and who were now threatening St. Joseph. The Jesuits were perplexed as to what course to adopt, but at last, after a great deal of begging by the Hurons, they reluctantly resolved to take the Indians to a place of safety, under the protecting arms of the French fort at Quebec.

Accordingly they set forth, and, after a journey attended by a great deal of misery and fear, occasioned by the Iroquois, famine and sickness, they arrived at Quebec. Thence they went to the Isle of Orleans, where they formed a settlement ; but even here, under the very guns of Quebec, many were carried away captives by the Iroquois.

In 1656 the remnant of the colony was received into the fort of Quebec. Here they remained ten years, and then again they removed to St. Foye, three or four miles west. Here they remained for a few years, moving to

other places near Quebec. Near the St. Charles River there is a place now called Indian Lorette, and here may be found, even to this day, a feeble remnant of the fierce and proud Huron tribe. Engaged in the peaceful employments of weaving mats and baskets, or making moccasins, they show little of the warlike spirit of the past.

Thus ended the Huron mission, undertaken and conducted to the last with unflinching zeal by the Jesuits.

JOSEPH M. SHERK.

Selkirk, Ont.

MARIE.

Often as I gaze on the crumbling ruins of old Fort St. Ignace I ask myself why is it that the true story of the fate of the Huron Mission of 1649 has never yet been written. Conscious that this is the case I humbly take up my pen to chronicle the events that have transpired within these same old walls.

The forts to which I allude were built about two hundred and fifty years ago, in what is now Simcoe County. The builders were the zealous Jesuit Fathers, who left their good homes in Europe to labor among the fierce tribes of this country. About the year 1647 the Mission was at the height of its prosperity. The principal station was at St. Marie, on the little river now called the Wye, that falls into Matchedash Bay. There the kind Fathers dispensed a bountiful hospitality ; there scattered parties of Algonquins of the Ottawa region fled for shelter from their enemies the Iroquois. The priests of the neighboring Missions—St. Louis, St. Ignace, St. Jean, St. Joseph and St. Michael—met often at Fort St. Marie for grave consultation. The country had grown peaceful, yet the Fathers viewed with alarm the apathy of their allies—who lived careless and supine, although the welfare of their nation depended on their constant vigilance. However, the Hurons, or “the noblemen,” as the French called them, relied on a treaty recently framed between them and their bitter foes, the Iroquois. Their faith in this treaty caused, with other events, their ultimate downfall.

Their enemies, the Iroquois, had, in long years gone by, united with them, but, owing to quarrels between the tribes, had separated from the mother tribe, and, travelling to what is now New York State, they became established as the life-long enemies of their kin, the Hurons. When the French arrived in Canada they found that the Iroquois were not to be despised, but owing to a grave error of judgment on the part of Champlain, they soon won for themselves the enmity of the savage Iroquois. The French at length, seeing that treaties could not bind these savages, allied themselves to the Huron Indians. The Iroquois, in their turn, entered into close alliance with the English on the Atlantic seaboard. Hence war was not uncommon in the early days of our country.

The Huron tribe, owing to the efforts of the Jesuit Fathers, soon became to a great degree civilized, and, turning their attention to agriculture, they soon became skilled in tilling the soil. Their storehouses each autumn were filled with the richest treasures of the garden and the field. They were, on the whole, a race of robust men, often of stall stature and sometimes of majestic proportions. Their carriage was easy and graceful. They had sound constitutions and were free from many of the diseases attending civilization. Thus, on the whole, the Hurons were eager to be instructed, and they were faithful to the last to those who befriended them. They all, therefore, loved the good Fathers who labored so faithfully among them, but they adored Marie,—the heroine of this story.

Marie was a French orphan girl whose parents had both been murdered by a band of Iroquois. At length

tidings reached Quebec that the little girl, lately blessed with kind parents, was now an orphan. Father Brebeuf, then on a visit to Quebec, received her as his ward, and when he journeyed back to his home in the Huron country Marie accompanied him. Marie soon grew to love her kind protector, and under his patient instructions she became skilled in all the accomplishments necessary to every lady. By her pious acts among her associates, the Hurons, she won for herself the good-will of the whole tribe.

One evening, as the glorious sun was setting behind the distant horizon, Marie left the fort to enjoy the cool air of the June evening. She journeyed to a distant grove of stately balsams, and, walking up and down the beaten path by the river's edge, she sang a sweet love song in her native tongue, the French. Soon she ceased as she heard the monotonous notes of a chickahou (a gourd filled with pebbles) sound on the tranquil air. She retraced her steps, but, owing to her haste, she slipped and fell forward into the swiftly flowing river. When Marie regained her consciousness she found Father Brebeuf by her side in old Fort St. Ignace. The priest stated that she owed her life to a stranger—an Italian who had lately arrived in their country. Brebeuf then stated that he would introduce her deliverer, and, withdrawing from the room, he soon returned to Marie with the stranger. The French girl briefly thanked him and the priest begged him to stay with them for some time. Manfred Gonzaga, for such was the Italian's name, thanked Brebeuf for his kindness, and, in accepting the invitation, he said : "And friends, when I turn from your door I go forth into the world

alone, for, although of a high Italian family, I am an outlaw from my Italy." He then retired to rest. Marie and Manfred, as the days went by, grew more intimate, and, as they were both possessed of many accomplishments, this intimacy soon grew, on his part at least, into a passionate affection. But his overtures were coolly received by Marie, for, although she loved Manfred with a deep, silent love, yet she did not betray her weakness to him. Marie would soon return to France, where she had rich relatives, take her vows, and become a nun. This was her intention, and she had taken an oath never to disrespect her vows. Thus it was that Manfred's love soon grew cold for Marie. She observed a change in him ; no songs did he sing, no compliments did he now pay the fair Marie. At length, as the days went by, Manfred plucked up courage, and asked the old, old question, which is always to be answered by the word "Yes" or "No." Marie, with seeming indifference, dismissed him with a smile. Manfred then went to her guardian Brebeuf and bid him farewell. He told the priest that he could no longer linger where his presence was odious. The priest bade him good-bye, and reminded Manfred that we owe a duty to God as well as to ourselves. Their late guest then departed to continue his travels.

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In the Iroquois country all is preparation, for the warriors have agreed to go forth on an expedition to the Huron country. They had given up all thoughts of such an undertaking for some time to come, but their intentions were soon changed by a late arrival in their cantons. That arrival was Manfred, the Italian, who came, hoping through the Iroquois to gain his revenge

on his late entertainers. Marie, he knew, would soon leave for France, hence he made haste in his base designs. He addressed an assembly of the chiefs, told them that in his travels he had penetrated into the Huron country, and had been honored much by the Hurons, who rested in perfect security as a result of the late treaty between themselves and the Iroquois. His oratory was studied and elaborate, his language was vigorous and at the same time highly imaginative ; all ideas were expressed by figures addressed to the senses ; the sun and stars, mountains and rivers, lakes and forests, hatchets of war, and pipes of peace, fire and water, were employed as illustrations of his subject with almost oriental art and richness. His eloquence was unassisted by action or varied intonation ; yet his earnestness excited the sympathy of his audience, and his persuasion sank deep into their hearts. Thus did Manfred excite the fiends to war. War followed as a result, and the remainder of this story is truly sad to relate. The Huron warriors, aroused from their apathy, resolved also to go on an expedition. They did so and met with success, but their joy was damped when they found their village destroyed and their wives and children massacred. Thus was the mission of St. Joseph extirpated.

The Iroquois, during the autumn and winter, lurked in the woods. On a dark morning in March, 1649, the village of St. Ignace was surprised and its sleeping warriors murdered. Then, in the gray dawn, they stole upon St. Louis, and, bursting through the palisades, they slaughtered the people. Here Manfred displayed much tact, and, as a result, won the highest esteem of

the warriors. Here he found Fathers Brebeuf and Lallement, and, reserving them for future tortures, he sent them forward with an advance party. The flames of St. Louis warned those of St. Marie of some dire calamity. Marie was in the fort and she reasoned with its Huron defenders, advising them to fight till the last. Accordingly a party of Hurons threw themselves before the advancing tide of victorious warriors, and all day long the battle raged. Fort Marie was captured, and the good Fathers Brebeuf and Lallement were bound to the stake, and, after enduring untold sufferings, they died, sure of a martyr's reward.

The destruction of all their chief stations among the Huron nation compelled the priests to abandon their mission. An attempt was made to establish Ste. Marie on the Isle of St. Joseph in Matchedash Bay, but the adventurers were driven from it by famine and the Iroquois to seek security by the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Mission was established at Sorel in Quebec. Complete desolation reigned in the Huron country, and the remnant of the people found shelter and became incorporated with the tribes dwelling by the Lakes Erie, Michigan and Superior. Thus was the Huron Mission wrecked by the vengeance of a rejected lover.

Marie escaped among others, but, being closely pursued by parties of the Iroquois, and suffering untold privations, she at length died on the shores of Lake Veritasni, now Lake Simcoe. Her lover found her body a few days later, and, seeing the dire consequences of his acts, he became insane. After leading the warriors home again he crossed the ocean to assert his rights in sunny Italy. But his appearance and his

strange actions won for him a cold reception by his stately relatives. They declined to acknowledge his rights. Manfred crossed the broad Atlantic again, and, travelling to the Iroquois country, he bade farewell to the chiefs. This done, he journeyed to Marie's grave—near the site of the present village of Beaverton. He carefully erected a rough stone and chiselled on it by some means the word "Marie." He commenced another word, but, growing weary, he quit his work and arranged the grave of the French orphan. This done, he fell unconscious over her grave, where he remained until death released him from his trouble.

Many years ago the early settlers by the shores of Lake Simcoe wondered much at the sight of a weather-beaten cross erected over a solitary grave. They concluded that it was some person of rank who had perished in the wilderness long ago. The cross stood in its old position for many years, till some worldly pioneer desecrated the sacred spot by removing the cross and with his rough ploughshare obliterating all traces of the lonely grave.

The gray ruins of some of these old forts still stand to attest the story of the fate of the Huron Mission, and, as I gaze on them, and consider life in Simcoe County two centuries ago, I cannot forbear quoting in conclusion the familiar lines of the famous American poet :—

"Thus arise

Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn."

WM. A. LAUGHLIN.

Cannington, Ont.

BRAVE LAURA SECORD.

Often have I listened to a dear old friend telling us stories of the far-away past, and I have so admired this brave heroine of 1812 that I have taken her adventures as the theme of my story.

While the American troops still held Fort George, and their soldiers patrolled the surrounding country at their own sweet will, and demanded of the neighboring farmers anything that they pleased, the heroine of our story learned of the intended attack on Colonel Fitzgibbon and his handful of men at the Beaver Dam in this way. Some American soldiers came in and demanded their supper of the best the house afforded, and while they ate and drank they discussed their plan of attacking Fitzgibbon's camp the next evening, and she secretly listened. Her husband had only partially recovered from a gunshot wound received while fighting under the gallant Brock, and so, being unable to be the bearer of the tidings himself, she prevailed upon him to let her go; not, however, without a struggle in his heart between duty to country and love to her. Love of country gaining the day he commended her to the care of him who rules the destinies of men and nations, and she started out.

She had gone but a short distance from the house when she was challenged by an American sentry, and seeing a cow beyond him quietly grazing she made answer that the cow had strayed during the night, and as

he allowed her to pass she entered a barn, where luckily an old tin pail had been left, and, taking it with her to avoid suspicion she followed the cow, who made straight for a strip of woods. Just on entering the wood she cast a long lingering glance at the home that had sheltered her and her loved ones, and hoped that her attempt to give warning might be successful, since so much was at stake.

It was a glorious morning in June, and she arrived at St. David's, where her brother lay ill, just at breakfast time. Her sister-in-law, after learning her errand, gave her a lunch to eat on the way, and she resumed her journey, not, however, by the public highway but through the bush, without even a blazed path to lead her on, often crawling on her hands and knees, her clothing being much torn by the underbrush, while her terror of creeping things was great. Once a rattlesnake crossed her path, which caused her great alarm; but she soon recovered strength enough to continue her journey, and in this way she reached the Twelve Mile Creek, where now the city of St. Catherine stands.

Here she heard a "Who goes there?" from the British sentry, and she replied, "Laura Secord, a friend, with news for Fitzgibbon." She walked the beat with the sentry, while he told her the path to take; also that she would have to pass a camp of Mohawk Braves, but by telling the chief her errand she would have nothing to fear. But as the shades of night were falling she trembled at every sound, for she could hear in the distance the howling of the wolves, mingled with the screech of the wild-cat; and with a prayer for protection she went on.

Presently she was saluted by the war-whoop, and challenged as a spy by a brave; but by throwing herself on the Chief for protection, and explaining her errand, he, so glad to have heard of the intended attack of the Long Knives (as he called the enemy) on the Big White Chief, sent one of his warriors with her to the house where Fitzgibbon was stationed. Having been admitted by the sentry, a corporal on guard made known to Colonel Fitzgibbon that a woman accompanied by an Indian wished to see him. Having told him all her story—her bedraggled appearance speaking much for the truth of it—while he sympathized with her sufferings, and praised her bravery, exhausted nature gave way, and she fainted. The brandy flask being near she soon recovered composure enough to resume her journey, under an escort sent by Fitzgibbon, to the house of an intimate friend, where she slept soundly, having walked twenty miles that day.

In the grey dawn of the morning Fitzgibbon went out to see if the enemy were in sight. Meeting two of the advance guard, by strategy he obtained their arms, and they being thus obliged to surrender, he took them: prisoners to his camp. He had already sent messengers to De Haren, asking his help, and as the enemy advanced the bugles sounded from different quarters, mingled with the war-whoop of the Indians. This led Beoestler and McDowell, the American officers in command, to believe that they were completely surrounded, and thus they were made an easy prey to the terms of surrender.

These were dictated by De Haren, and written on the top of a drum, and signed by Colonel Beoestler and

Captain McDowell, and so a victory was gained without bloodshed, all through the wonderful fortitude and undaunted courage of the brave woman whose name will go down to the succeeding generations in Canada as Brave Laura Secord.

When the Prince of Wales visited us, in 1860, he did not forget to recompense our heroine with substantial aid as well as kind words.

Mrs. Curzon, an English lady, a resident of Toronto for many years, who takes great interest in Canadian history, has written a ballad and a drama describing this noble deed, and gives us the inscription on the tombstone which is in Drummond's Hill graveyard, on the scene of the Battle of Lundy's Lane.

The inscription reads as follows :—

Here rests
LAURA,
Beloved wife of James Secord.
Died October 17th, 1868,
Aged 93 years.

ANNIE HUTCHISON.

Niagara, Ont.

GRANDFATHER'S INDIAN VISITORS.

In the year 1824 my grandfather and grandmother settled on a farm in the township of Dawn, County of Lambton, on the west bank of a stream called Bear Creek (so called by the Indians because of the bears and other wild animals that were found around that river), now called the Sydenham. My grandfather was a man about five feet nine inches in height, well built, very quick in his movements, and temperate in all things; therefore he was able to stand a great many hardships to which all early settlers at that time were subjected.

One evening, in the fall of 1827, grandfather entertained two visitors, the Rev. Mr. C—— and Mr. A——, old friends of his; and after the evening repast was over he reached the gun down from its accustomed place in order to clean it so that it would be ready for use on the morrow, as they had to shoot wild animals or fowls every day in order to provide themselves with meat. He got down upon his knees, and was quite intent upon his work, in front of a large fireplace, and standing near by was a pot of water which he was using. He had just got the barrel apart from the stock when in walked three large Indians, each armed with their favorite weapon, the tomahawk. Grandfather, not wishing them to feel he was at all embarrassed by their appearance, quietly passed the time of day with them, but they made no reply, and, after looking around the room, and see-

ing the other visitors who were present, they sat down amidst the rest of the company and watched him until he completed the task of washing the gun. Then, when he was about putting it together again, they, with a wild whoop that would strike terror into the heart of any man unless he belonged to their own savage tribe, rose to their feet, and, with glittering tomahawks held high above their heads, rushed, one in advance of the other, in their customary method, towards grandfather. He had not time to get on his feet, but, quick as a flash, he caught the first one by one of his legs, pulled him down, and at the same time jerked him forward on the hearth with his face downward, and, putting one knee on his back, held him there. Before he had settled Indian number one in this way the second of the number came up, and he met with a similar fate. He had now one under each knee, and the third number of this villanous party was just bringing his tomahawk down on his head when one of the visitors took courage, sprang forward and knocked the weapon out of his hand. Then grandfather took charge of all three weapons, and springing up with one of the tomahawks in his right hand raised it above his head as if intending to split their heads open. He then went to the door and dropped the weapons outside, then came back and sat down quietly as if nothing extraordinary had occurred. The Indians remained motionless in the same position in which they were left (two lying on the hearth and one standing quietly beside them), and ~~with~~ their eyes fixed on grandfather. When ~~he~~ sat down the expression on their faces seemed to change from that of anger to that of astonishment, for they knew that the man who had

so gallantly defended his life a few moments before could, if he were further provoked, easily kill them all. The hero of the evening was the first to break the silence by asking them why they had tried to kill him. Then the two who had been prostrated on the floor arose, and one of them said (at the same time pointing to the gun lying on the floor), "Me want it. Me got none. Kill deer. Indian deer. No white men deer." So these poor ignorant and bloodthirsty men were forced to admit that they intended murdering this brave man in order to stop him from killing deer, and at the same time get possession of the gun. Then this messenger of peace told them about our Father in heaven; told them that God made white men and also Indians; that he also created all wild animals and fowls for the Indians and for the white men to use as they thought best. He told them that God was a father to the Indians as well as to the white men, therefore we should all love one another. He also narrated to them the story of the cross.

Before going away grandmother gave them a good hearty supper. Then the one who spoke before came near grandfather, and, with tears running down his cheeks, said, "Indian no hurt white man." The next New Year's Day two of them returned and presented him with a saddle of venison. They were kindly and hospitably treated by grandmother, and grandfather, not wishing to miss the opportunity of doing good, talked to them of Jesus and his love. After this they returned regularly with an offering of some kind, and they were always welcomed and kindly entertained.

Grandfather said that he could never forget the last time one of them came. He appeared to be about

eighty years old, and was very feeble. When sitting down to dinner the old man put his hand up to his face and asked a blessing in his own language. That was the last time grandfather ever heard from them.

May each of us learn that a small word spoken in season, though it costs us nothing, will surely grow and bring forth fruit.

BELLE R. SCARLETT.

Florence, Lambton County, Ont.

"THE HERO OF CEDARDALE."

Cedardale, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, is famous as an enterprising, energetic and intelligent village, whose skilled mechanics turn out manufactures known all over Canada, and, indeed, in all parts of Europe. All classes and ages are pervaded by the same spirit of contentment and activity, and, of course, this disposition in those of the schoolboy age shows itself in youthful buoyancy and vigor.

Over this village the thirteenth of December, 1884, dawned cold, frosty and clear. A day exhilarating to anyone, but to the schoolboy especially, enjoying his holiday, it meant enjoyment to the full, from the moment when the first streaks of dawn appeared until the pine-clad hills were wrapped in the silence of night.

A bracing north wind was careering over the glare of mirror-like ice—a wind that sends the blood bounding through the veins of the young, and makes the old long to be young again, that they may enjoy as they once did that which now gives their merry children pleasure.

North-west of the village is the Cedardale pond, lying low, and fringed with cedars, so that it is, in a measure, hid from the village. On the morning mentioned the pond lay glittering in the bright rays of the morning sun and looking as if it invited the young villagers to come and sport upon its silvery surface. The pond is deep in the centre, with a creek running through, which at all

times makes more or less of a current, and, when winter frosts congeal the water, this current causes a thinning of the ice in the deepest part, which fact every village boy is aware of, and is careful to guard against.

Soon after daylight groups of boys might be seen eagerly discussing the prospect of a good day's skating, carefully fitting skates and providing themselves with "shinnies" in order to be sure that no time should be lost when they betook themselves to their day's amusement. Then all wended their way to the pond, skates strapped together, "shinnies" over their shoulders; helter-skelter down the hill they went to the edge, where the sight of such a sheet all ready for their sport called forth a genuine burst of pleasure from the happy lads with hearts so light and free from care! Here and there a boy with a hand-sled might be noticed, coming slowly after his companions, accompanied, perhaps, by his little sister, or carrying the rosy-cheeked, fat little baby, well-protected by loving hands against the cold, the boy looking proud at having such a privilege as being allowed to take out "the baby" for a ride on the ice on his sled, and heedless of the jokes of his merry companions at him giving up his day's sport and pleasure.

Quickly the skates were fitted on—all striving to be the first on the ice; and proud, indeed, was the boy who made the first stroke on that unmarked sheet. A few boys looked ruefully at their chums swinging along, as they put on the skates of their little brothers, who had expressed their determination to come to the ice "to have some fun too." But soon everyone was gliding over the glassy surface, and hill threw back to hill the sound of joyous voices and peals of laughter, while

everywhere was heard the sharp, ringing sound of the skates as their owners dashed along.

But soon "shinnies" were brought into requisition, and all the larger boys joined in a grand game, while the little fellows pursued one of their own in a secluded corner and enjoyed themselves just as much as their 'big brothers.'

The game of "shinney" requires great powers of endurance rather than robust strength, so that often the spectator may see some little wiry fellow, swift-footed and long-winded, pursue the game with unconquerable vim, while some tall, strong rival is ready to throw himself down and pant for breath.

Among the boys foremost in the game were Johnny and Eugene Riordan, who, with flushed faces, watched opponent after opponent weary and drop away, until only one, Zera Fletcher, remained. If anything, these three boys were the most active of those assembled, and, although Zera was the older, they made a very fair match. Often had they found themselves pitted against each other in their active, boyish games; and now the contest was witnessed by the rest without the thought of sharing or interfering.

The two Riordan brothers were short, firmly-built boys, never yielding an inch of ground when attacked by their opponents, and, although they were showing some slight signs of fatigue, still pressed onward with unflinching courage. Zera Fletcher was taller and more withy, while his long legs enabled him to speed quickly to any point of danger, and his long and powerful arms could stretch out and strike before his rival thought him within reach. Thus there was momentar-

ily accumulating that intense interest which is usually manifested by both young and old in the progress of well-sustained and closely contested games.

Here and there the "puck" was driven by those active lads. Sometimes the game was so nearly won that the boys shouted in their excitement, but, seemingly, just at the right moment, it was sent whizzing back by a timely blow. Yet still more and more exciting grew the game; and each boy watched intently and in silence every motion of the players, who, carried away by the interest they were arousing, played even more excitedly and wildly, until they seemed to abandon every feeling of caution and to have their whole energies bent only on success. Summoning all his strength Johnny Rior-dan drove the "puck" up toward Fletcher's goal, and, calling to his brother to follow, darted after it, hoping to win the game before his opponent could come up. Fletcher saw the danger and came at full speed to avert it, but just as he raised his stick to strike his skate struck a twig frozen into the ice and he fell. Johnny sprang forward to follow up this advantage, and, raising his "shinney," struck with all his might, but the blow was only a glancing one, and, instead of deciding the game by sending the "puck" through the goal, it sent it far out over the ice.

Laughing, and heedless of the warning that came from the bank, the two brothers sped after it before Zera could recover himself. Out and still farther out they went; and, as Johnny stooped to strike the "puck," with one lengthened crash the ice broke under them,—a black chasm yawned, and the two brothers, clasped together, sank in the dark chilly waters. A cry of horror

arose from their youthful companions, most of whom seemed paralyzed with fear, as they gazed with agony and terror on the spot where the two brothers were now struggling amid the broken ice and water.

But one brave young heart quailed not at the terrible sight. Zera Fletcher thought only of the two lives in peril in that abyss. He sprang impetuously forward over thin ice, crackling and yielding beneath his feet, and, carried safely over by his speed, was beside the brothers in a moment ! His generous heart would save them or he would perish ; and he knew, moreover, that while he was a good swimmer, neither of the others could swim a stroke. Yet Zera found that his weight of clothes, his skates, the ice-cold water, the limited space, the boys clutching him with the grasp of despair, as well as the danger of the current bearing them down under the ice, made rescue almost impossible.

After several efforts, by exerting all his strength, he succeeded in placing Johnny, the older boy, on the unbroken ice. He then turned to get hold of Eugene, but, alas, just as the hope of saving both of them sprang up within him, another crash is heard, and Johnny is again seen in the water. Young Fletcher had the heart and bravery to save both of them, but he was rapidly becoming benumbed and losing power, and at that moment Eugene seized him with the death grip of a drowning person, and both boys sank together, in this world to rise no more !

As the accident occurred, although the smaller boys were struck with horror, yet some of the larger ones ran toward the village for help. This was speedily furnished, and when some of the foremost reached the

pond they found Johnny again lifted on the ice, yet still unconscious,—rescued from his second struggle in the water, ere life was extinct, by a gentleman named Anderson.

As soon as men arrived it was only the work of a moment to use all the appliances possible to find the two boys that had gone down; but they were not successful for some time, and, when found, all means to restore animation in their case proved unsuccessful, although everything that kindness, perseverance and skill could bring to the task was abundantly tried. Johnny, however, slowly returned to a state of consciousness by a faithful application of the usual remedies, although it was some time before he fully recovered from the terrible shock.

Thus ended this memorable day in the village; a day of mercy, yet of warning and gloom to both parents and children. As to Zera Fletcher, he is remembered as a hero of the truest type. He lost his young life in a manly effort to save the lives of his companions, and over his untimely grave let us drop a tear of grateful remembrance and admiration !

“There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !”

FRED. PATTERSON.

Oshawa, Ont.

AN HISTORIC HOUSE.

The house in which I now live is situated on the banks of the beautiful Niagara river. It was built in 1800, and has witnessed many scenes during the stirring times of 1812 and 1814. As it was one of the largest and most comfortable houses of those times it was used as a hospital by both British and American, as each had possession of it. The hall was sometimes so filled with the dead and wounded that it was almost impossible to reach the upper story of the house without treading on their bodies. A few yards to the north of the house is a ravine which was, no doubt, at that time covered with shrubbery, in which the boats were concealed which were intended to be used in the capture of Fort Niagara.

Perhaps some of your readers may not have heard how the Fort was captured without the firing of a gun. It was on December 19, 1813, that Colonel Murray came from Burlington to Niagara, with portions of the 100th and 41st Regiments, to take the Fort. They did not cross at Niagara town, but came about two miles up the river. My uncle, who was taken prisoner by the Americans, made his escape out of the Fort early one morning, and walked up the river along the shore until he came to a house where he was well known. These kind friends of his hid him in the cellar until nightfall, when he crossed to his own country. Colonel Murray,

hearing of his return, sent for him to consult with him as to the probability of taking the Fort. He said he thought that their chances were good, and was at once appointed pilot of the expedition. They embarked a little below the house, then went up the river for a short distance, and landed on the opposite shore where two pine trees now stand. It was ten at night when they started off and walked down on the other side, killing all the sentries with their bayonets as they went along, so as not to alarm the garrison at the Fort.

So silently and successfully was the capture made that the Americans did not know that the enemy was near until one of the British soldiers, opening a door in the upper story of the Fort, where a number of American officers were engaged in playing cards, heard one of them ask, "What is trump?" and immediately replied, "British bayonets and we've won the game." After this all was in confusion, and many of the Americans, in trying to make their escape through the windows, were caught on the British bayonets below. In the skirmish that took place only six British were killed and three wounded. The American commander Leonard was not in the Fort at the time it was taken, as he had been spending the night near Lewiston, and returned next morning only to find himself a prisoner in the hands of the British.

It was on the top of this same ravine in which the boats had been concealed that General Brock, on his way from Fort George, on the morning of October 13, 1812, to command at the battle of Queenston Heights, said to my grandfather, "This is going to be a hard day for me." It was about sunrise when he went up, and

his words proved only too true, for about ten o'clock the "Hero of Upper Canada" was brought down a corpse. His body was taken to St. George, where it found a temporary burying-ground, but was afterwards removed to Queenston Heights, the scene of the battle, where a magnificent monument was erected to him by the Canadian Militia.

One day, as my grandfather and great-grandfather were at work in the field, each with a pair of horses, three American dragoons rode up and tried to capture both men and horses; but my two grandfathers, each seizing a rail from the fence near at hand, soon put them to flight. However, it was not long before they came back, considerably reinforced. This time they seized the horses, took my great-grandfather prisoner, and carried him away to Greenbush, New York State, but my grandfather fortunately made his escape.

It had been reported that money was buried in the cellar, and it seems there is some foundation for the rumor, for my grandmother being in the cellar one day, noticed something bright where the rats had been scratching up some earth on the ground floor, and, on picking it up, it proved to be a gold Spanish coin, nearly twice as large as an English guinea. We have an old clock in the house now which tradition says was buried during the time of the war; but as this is a true tale I cannot vouch for the truth of the "clock" story.

JESSIE McKENZIE.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

FAST IN A CAVE.

It was in the year 1842 that my uncle, John Baxter, who was then living in the County of Wentworth, met with an adventure which might have ended his earthly career. He and his friend, Charles Hampden, had decided to make an excursion into the woods east of their homes, and while on this trip the adventure of which I am about to speak befel them.

It was a fine summer afternoon when they started. The sun shone brightly through the branches overhead on the damp green moss and wild flowers beneath; and as they wended their way between the trees and brushwood many a squirrel was to be heard chattering at a distance, but disappeared as soon as they came in sight.

They had made up their minds to proceed to a certain spot on the banks of a large creek which ran into Burlington Bay, to camp there for a few days, and then return. Abundance of game was to be had in that district, so it was with light hearts, and minds confident of bringing home a good supply, that they departed. They took with them a pony, on which their tent and other necessary articles were carried. Proceeding on their way at a rapid walk they soon left their dwellings far behind them, and by sundown found themselves at their destination. They immediately set about putting up their tent, and a little later on had a brisk fire burning in front of it. After tethering the pony at some little dis-

tance away, they got supper, and began to lay plans as to where they would go to look for game on the morrow. At last they decided to proceed up the stream, near which their tent was pitched. Having learned from an Indian, whom they had met, that plenty of deer could be got at a certain spot farther up, they thought there would be no harm in trying, anyway. They stayed up until about ten o'clock, and then turned in.

Awakening next morning at sunrise they soon had breakfast over, and were on their way to the drinking place of the deer. They arrived just in time to see two large deer rush away into the underbrush, but it was so thick that they could not get a shot at them. Finally they wounded one, which they followed and lost, and killed the other.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock. Dark clouds had been gathering up from the west, and when about half way back to camp a severe thunder storm came on. They were now obliged to seek for a shelter of some sort. At last Charlie espied a small opening on the opposite bank, and wading through the water, which was not very deep at this part, they soon reached it, and, crawling through the aperture, they proceeded to examine the interior. This they did by rolling up some damp powder in paper, and then lighting it. This threw out such brilliant sparks that they were enabled to examine the whole of the cave.

It was not a very large cave. The floor was covered with fine sand, and at the upper end a quantity of dry driftwood lay scattered about, showing that some time or other the waters had risen and invaded it, and on going out had left the wood that had floated in. With

this wood they made a fire near the entrance and dried their clothes, which were wet through.

The rain was still unabated. So, after waiting an hour or so for it to clear off, they decided to have their dinner, which consisted of a few large biscuits, and a small piece of dried beef they had brought in their pockets. With some difficulty they succeeded in dragging the deer inside, placing it at the upper end of the cave.

Then they went outside to view the weather, but, as it was showing no signs of clearing up, they retired inside, but both still hoped it would stop raining in time to allow them to get back to camp. Charlie proposed that while they were there they might as well rest themselves, as they had yet to carry the deer about two miles before they reached their camping-ground. They accordingly stretched themselves out at the upper end of the cave, where they soon dropped asleep.

It was with a feeling of suffocation that my uncle awoke an hour or so afterwards. It was as dark as pitch, and for a few moments he could not realize where he was. Then the thought dawned upon him that while they were sleeping the waters had risen and were now higher than the opening. He hastily awoke Charlie and explained to him the state of affairs, though he could not make him understand for some time what had taken place. Grasping each other's hand they proceeded toward the opening, but the first step they took they splashed into water, and by the time they got to the other end it was nearly four feet deep. They immediately tried to make their way out, but in this they were unsuccessful, as the opening had become choked up with the wood and other debris that had floated

down. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to clear the passage they returned to the upper end of the cave. "Oh, John!" cried Charlie, "what shall we do?" "Do!" echoed my uncle, "why ye shall have to remain here until"—the water gets high enough to drown us, he was going to say, but he refrained himself and said, "until the water gets lower." The water was by this time about a foot and a half deep at the place where they were now standing, and was rising rapidly. They remained silent for some time, each occupied with his own thoughts of the fate before them. Every wrong act that my uncle had ever committed flashed before his mind like lightning, but at last he was startled to hear a loud splash in the water beside him. He called to Charlie, but, receiving no answer, he concluded it must have been he that had fallen, and so it proved to be, he having fainted away, owing to the air, which every moment was getting more impure. He immediately dived in the water, which had now risen to the height of five feet, and succeeded in bringing up Charlie. As he did so his foot struck against something, and finding out it was the deer he stepped upon it, and was thus enabled to raise his friend's face a few inches above the water.

With one arm supporting Charlie, and with his other hand hanging on to a small projecting rock behind him, he stood for some time, although he felt almost ready to drop. He then let go the rock, and put his hand up to his forehead, but as he took it away again he thought the waters had lowered a little. Feeling the buttons on his coat he found that one of them was still above the water, and, after waiting a minute or two, he felt again. It was with joy that he found there were

now two above the water. In a little while the water had sunk below the opening, and the sweet fresh air came stealing in.

Charlie came to on breathing the fresh air, and soon after that they were both outside the cave, safe at last. It was six o'clock in the evening before they reached the camp, where they dried their clothes, and got something to eat. Both passed a sleepless night, and next morning they decided to start for home, which they reached about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The result was that my uncle contracted a severe cold on his lungs, and for some time his life was despaired of. On Charlie the water had no effect, as he got off without even a cold. My uncle often tells this story to his little nephews and nieces, but he says no one can describe his feelings while fast in the cave.

G. E. THOMPSON.

Orkney, Wentworth Co., Ont.

EAGLE AND SALMON TROUT.

On the shore of the Mississippi, a small lake in the county of Lanark, lives my cousin, John Marshall. I live in the same county, at about ten miles distance from him. About five hundred yards from his house is a large pine tree on which a pair of eagles have built their nests annually for the last three years. From my cousin's cottage door he can see the eagles in sunshine and in storm quietly perched on the tall tree or wildly cradled on its large branches. He has become attached to them and hence requests everyone who visits him not to touch them. I verily believe that he would be tempted to shoot the man who would harm the birds. If the tree should fall and the birds go away to some other lake he would feel as if he had lost a friend.

However, one day he came near losing one of his birds. It was in the month of September that he and I were out on the lake for a sail, when we saw the large bird high up in the air slowly sweeping round and round in a circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface of the water. For an hour or more he thus sailed with motionless wings above the water, when all at once he stopped and flapped his wings a moment with an excited motion ; then, rapid as a flash of lightning, and with a swoop like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, he dropped to the water. He had seen a large salmon trout near the surface, and, plung-

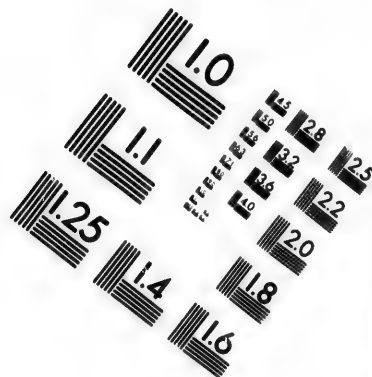
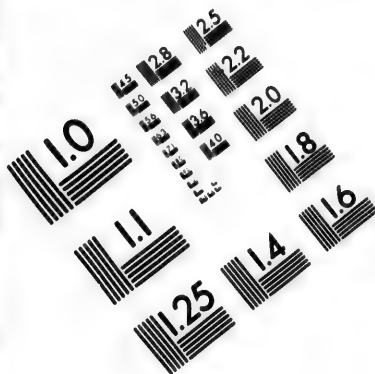
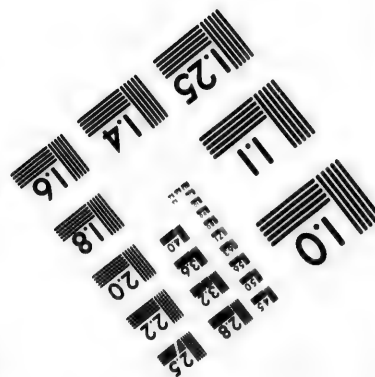
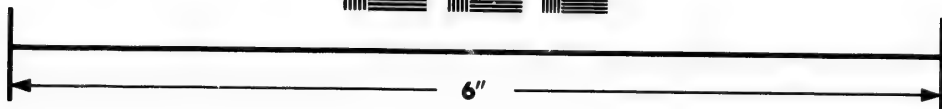
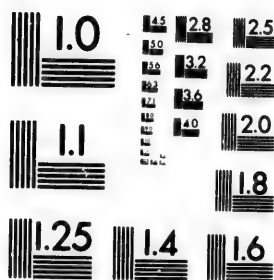


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ing from his high elevation, drove his claws into the back of his victim. So rapid and strong was his swoop that he buried himself out of sight in the water, but the next moment emerged into view, and, flapping his wings, endeavored to rise with his prey. But he had misreckoned his strength ; in vain he struggled to lift the fish from the water. The frightened and bleeding salmon trout made a sudden dive, and took the bird down with him, being out of sight at least half a minute. Again they rose to the surface, and the strong bird spread his broad, dripping wings, and, gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the fish half out of the water. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sank again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon trout then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down. This time they were out of sight for more than half a minute, and Marshall said he thought it was all over with his bird. Instantly the eagle reappeared with his claws still buried in the flesh of his foe, and again made a desperate effort to rise. All this time the fish was shooting rapidly through the lake, carrying his relentless foe on his back. He could not keep the eagle down, nor could the bird carry him up, and so, now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular and exciting spectacles that can be imagined. It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray and made the shore echo with the report. At last the bird, thinking that he had awakened the wrong passenger, loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly

away to his pine tree, where he sat for a long time sullen and sulky.

Marshall said we easily could have captured the contestants, but we wished to see the fight to a finish. Whether the eagle in his rage was bent on capturing his prize and would not release his hold even at the hazard of his life, or whether in his terrible swoop he had struck his crooked claws so deep into the back of the salmon-trout that he could not withdraw them, we cannot tell. Probably he would have been glad to let go long before he did. The old fellow, however, spent the afternoon in studying avoirdupois weight, and ever after that he tried his tackle on smaller fish. As for the poor salmon, he doubtless never fully understood the operation he had gone through.

BENJAMIN RATHWELL.

Perth, Ont.

THE LAST DUEL FOUGHT IN CANADA.

At the close of the war of 1812 there settled on the Grand River a shrewd, middle-aged Scotchman, of the name of John Norton, known in later years among the settlers as Colonel Norton. Norton, like most of his countrymen, had an eye to the main chance, and soon cast about him for some means of improving his worldly position. The great Mohawk chief, Brant, was alive at the time and exercised unbounded influence among the Six Nations settled on the river. The canny Scot, who was a real soldier of fortune, took a cool survey of the whole position of affairs on the river, and laid his plans accordingly. Securing the friendship of the great chief he contrived to make him understand that he, John Norton, would not be at all averse to conferring the honor of his name on any dusky maiden who was the possessor of a good "tocher in siller or braid lands." Brant told his friend that if he could find a suitable squaw his (Brant's) influence should not be wanting to further the match. Norton attended several powwows, and finally selected as his future wife a very handsome young squaw, the possessor of a Milesian name and five hundred acres of land. Capt. Brant and Squire Warner Nelles made John Norton and Kate Docherty man and wife, and immediately after the ceremony the Colonel set to work building a mansion on his newly-acquired estate. Possessed of great execu-

tive ability and energy the shrewd Scotchman soon made his wife's lands the source of a handsome income, which he spent in princely hospitality. He dressed his Indian wife in regal style, and for some years their married life was as happy as could be desired.

In company with his wife Norton visited his native land, and while there pretty Kate had the honor of being presented to royalty in the person of Queen Caroline, the spouse of George IV. The Queen was very gracious to the red daughter of the forest, and loaded her with jewellery and trinkets, which many persons yet living on the Grand River remember to have seen on her person after she returned to Canada.

The Queen also caused two portraits of the Indian matron to be painted, one of which she kept for herself, and gave the other to Norton.

Three or four years after the visit to Britain the cloud that was to darken their married life, and eventually deluge it with utter ruin, appeared no bigger than a man's hand. A certain Indian, known as Onondaga Joe, began to pay court in a sly way to Mrs. Norton. The foolish wife smiled on her new lover. The result was disgrace and exposure. The injured husband determined to be avenged on the scoundrel who had brought dishonor on his house. He gave him his choice of fighting a duel or being shot down in his tracks. The Indian, who, to do him justice, seems to have been no coward, cheerfully agreed to the duel, remarking, that, after he had put a bullet through Norton, he would have undisputed possession of Kate and all her property. Two heavy pistols were loaded by one William Weir, who kept a hotel on the river up to quite a recent

date. The Indian got the first choice of weapons. Then the two duellists stood up back to back, and, at the word of command, given by Weir, stepped off six paces each, then turned and fired. Both staggered, but neither fell, and wild with rage they flew at each other with the discharged weapons. After several ineffectual attempts to knock each other down with these they grappled and fell, locked in a deadly embrace. Both were active, muscular men, but the redskin had the advantage in weight and years, and for some time it looked as if Norton was to be vanquished. But the Scot, like the majority of his countrymen, was a man of resources, and, by a skilful trick of wrestling, got the Indian under him, and began to batter his brains out with the butt end of the pistol. Then the cur begged for mercy, saying that he was shot in the thigh and was bleeding to death. The Colonel, like a modern Dugald Dalgetty, desired a bystander to examine his enemy's thigh, and report on its condition before giving up the advantage he had obtained by his skill in wrestling. When assured of the severe nature of the wound he released his grip, and rose to his feet. The Indian died of hemorrhage two days after. His bullet had grazed Norton's scalp.

Having a wholesome dread of the penalties attached to duelling, Norton gathered together his portable property, and, converting what else he could into cash, disappeared, attended only by a young lad named Sam Cheu. As neither of them were afterwards seen on the Grand River it was generally supposed that they made their way to the far West, there to commence life anew.

Kate Norton met the fate of all false wives—a

wretched life and a miserable death. Many in this section of Canada yet remember the dirty old squaw, leprous with disease, who begged her bread at the doors of white people for many years before her death. That was the once handsome Kate Docherty, who had kissed the hand of royalty.

The "Red House" built by Norton, in front of which the last duel fought in Canada took place, has been thoroughly renovated, and is now the elegant residence of Mr. Fred. Nelles, of the township of Seneca.

This story, which is perfectly true in all its details, I heard from the lips of Mr. Isaac Nelles, sr., who, at 94, is hale and hearty enough to drive two miles and record his vote for Mr. Colter, and even to dance a lively step on hearing that a Reformer had been returned for the county in which he was born, and in which he has had a vote for three-quarters of a century.

FRANK NELLES.

York, Haldimand, Ont.

INCIDENT IN THE PATRIOTS' WAR.

On a beautiful morning in the spring of 1837 William Coll, a pioneer of Kent County, was sitting in his house musing over the stirring questions which were at that time agitating men's minds. Up to this time he had held aloof from the political strife that was going on around him, and had carefully refrained from taking an active part in the war, but on the morning of which I write as he sat thinking of these things he heard a low knock at his back door. He opened it and admitted one of his nearest neighbors, who was also a relative. The latter came in, looked uneasily about, and, after a few minutes conversation on indifferent subjects, informed Mr. Coll that he was suspected of being a rebel, and that arrangements had been made to have him arrested and lodged in London gaol on the afternoon of that very day, and at the same time advised him to leave the place quietly and so avoid trouble. Coll made no answer, but, as soon as his neighbor was gone, went upstairs to a garret, in which was stored away such things as were not often wanted, and brought out seven old muskets that he and his six brothers had used during the war of 1812, and spent the remainder of the day in cleaning, polishing and loading them.

Towards nightfall, as he was looking out of the window, he saw several men approaching his house through the woods, moving cautiously, so as to avoid observa-

tion. He at once concluded that they were the men coming to arrest him, and prepared for action. Taking the seven muskets he leaned them against the wall behind the door. Then setting his foot firmly against the door, so as to prevent it from opening wide, he waited for them.

In another moment a hand was laid upon the latch and the men were about to enter unceremoniously, but were rather taken aback when they found that the door did not open as they expected, and that through the small opening which they managed to force protruded the muzzle of a musket pointing directly in their faces, while a loud voice cried out, "Who's there?"

"We have come to take you prisoner, a rebel and a traitor," exclaimed the leader.

In answer to this Mr. Coll showed them the scar of an ugly wound on his arm which he had received during the previous war and said, "Does this show that I am a traitor? I got this wound fighting for my country as you cowards never dared to fight."

One of the two men now grasped at the gun only to receive a large portion of the charge in his arm.

With an angry cry his companions rushed forward to avenge their leader, but they were rewarded by seeing another of their party severely wounded. Upon the third musket being produced they came to the conclusion that their intended prisoner must have assistance, and, picking up their wounded comrades, retreated as fast as they could towards the woods.

In the "wee sma' hours" in the morning, about a week after this event, two stalwart men could be seen walking rapidly down the Longwoods Road. Upon

reaching a spot where the bushes grew very thickly, they entered and lay in ambush until long after the noon hour had passed. Their watch was rewarded by seeing a single horseman coming in the distance. Onward he came, admiring the beautiful scenery, wholly unconscious of the danger. Upon approaching the thicket he was accosted with the sharp cry of "Halt!" and immediately the two men sprang out from among the bushes. This was so unexpected that the rider lost his presence of mind, and, before he could collect his thoughts, he was well under cover of their muskets. It was useless to resist such odds, so he quietly surrendered himself, and was soon securely bound, and they seated him on a log. The men did not seem to be in a hurry to search their prisoner, but busied themselves in preparing their dinner now that he was secured.

Upon looking at the man who was bound we recognize our old friend Mr. Coll, for it was indeed he who had been selected by the leaders of the rebellion, for his former brave conduct, to convey some important papers from London to Sandwich. This was a perilous moment for our hero. To be found with the papers on his person meant the cruel death of being hanged on the nearest tree, besides the loss of the papers. What was to be done? Something certainly, and quickly. An idea entered his mind. Feigning to be very much fatigued he rolled off the log his enemies had set him on, and to all appearance went to sleep, but instead of this he succeeded in freeing his hands after much difficulty. He then dug a hole in the sand with his fingers, and, placing the papers in it, covered them up by scrap-

ing the earth over them; then he smoothed the ground with his hand and rolled over the place so as to make it look natural. He slipped his wrists again into the bonds as if they had not been loose at all, and looked the picture of innocence.

After his captors had searched him thoroughly, without finding anything to prove his guilt, they bound him to his horse and were taking him to gaol, but, after some consultation, they concluded to let him go, as they were probably losing the right man while attending to him.

So, letting him go, they went to see if the papers had been carried along Talbot street, a road about twelve miles south of this place. After the danger had passed, Mr. Coll, who had been watching the movements of the men, secured the assistance of a friend, and they together dug up the papers and carried them to Sandwich without further molestation.

JOHN FREEL.

Morpeth, Kent, Ont.

A NOBLE LIFE.

Of the many noble lives that have been lived few have been written, and it is quite possible that the noblest is unknown to the world of letters, for the One who gave us the standard of true nobility tells us that we often find the greatest among the least.

When we remember how the artist finds it the work of years, often, to catch and put on canvas the one expression that to him reveals the soul back of the face he would immortalize, then do we realize how vain is the attempt of one not even a ready writer to place on paper a life lived.

I would open my story in the year 1844, in what we now know as the city of Toronto, and in the home of one of its merchants, where the young Barbara McGregor was at that time living with her brother Donald and his wife, and thoroughly enjoying the gay life of a garrison town, with which she contrasted the monotony of the quiet country home in the bush of that county of our province from which so many prosperous men have come—the County of Oxford, in which Barbara's father, a soldier who had seen service under McNab in the Canadian Rebellion of '37 and '38, had settled some five years before.

"Your brother has had a letter from his father to-day, Barbara, in which he says that your mother is not at all

well lately, and that he wishes you were home," said her sister-in-law, Alice, as she entered the drawing-room one evening.

The words smote Barbara's heart with the cold chill of death. She could but think that her sister-in-law's words meant more than an ordinary illness to the frail little mother who was the chief controlling power in the heart of her high-spirited daughter.

"Donald thinks he might accompany you home, as he has not seen his parents now for more than a year, and it might do his mother good to see her boy as well as her girl," continued Alice, whose kindly heart would soften the news she could not withhold. Her heart ached because of all she saw in store for her bright young friend. She knew it meant perhaps years of training, necessary but not pleasant. In fancy she saw the proud, gay, fun-loving, jealous, and in every way intense, nature developed, through trial, into the fac-simile of the sainted mother now almost ready to depart.

But of all this Barbara had now no thought. The one present sorrow shut out all others.

"Oh, why did you not tell me before? Why did you let me be so selfish as to stay here having a good time when every minute was so precious? Oh, why was I so blind?" At last the strong calm was broken and the very flood-gates of her heart seemed open.

Early next morning the brother and sister set out on their trying journey, taking the boat to Hamilton, and the stage from there to Woodstock. It being late when they arrived at the latter place the friend to whose house they went persuaded them to stay with him till morning, when he would take them home in his ox-cart.

It was the most beautiful season of the year, and, as they drove through bush and occasional clearing, it seemed to Barbara as if Mother Nature were trying to comfort her by making the world look more beautiful than it ever looked before. The wood-clad hills had never before seemed so beautiful, as they rose in the distance, step above step. The birds had never sung more sweetly nor the flowers been so fragrant.

Everything without so bright tended but to deepen the gloom within. "Why need Death come and with his cold hand claim the mother who had taught her to love the beauty of the world?" was the bitter cry of her young heart. Death seemed so much more akin to the dark, drear days of winter, when her heart rebelled against the monotony of her country home, and she felt as though any change would be a relief. Those were the days when she wished she had been "a book-worm like John," who, after the rest were in bed, would lie, for hours, on his back before the blazing fireplace, devouring some book that had fallen in his way.

Arrived at home, everything looked the same as when last they saw it—the same low log-house, whose walls were by no means wind and rain proof; the same great fireplace into which Barbara remembered lifting, many a time, a great back-log such as proved a weight to both father and brother; the same old spinning-wheel that had both shortened and lengthened time for her; but, above all and before all in the dear home picture, was the same dear gentle, little mother, whom Barbara could lift as she would a child. How her heart glowed as the loving arms wound about her, and the soft, low voice murmured, "My darling, thank God, you have come."

Something in these words brought back the chill dread which the natural look of everything in the home had dispelled.

As the days went on mother and daughter had many a bright talk and many a serious word ; for, while the mother listened sympathizingly to all the descriptions of happy doings in the city home, she tried at the same time to prepare Barbara for the change, sometimes by a direct reference to the coming sorrow, but more often without such a sorrowful reminder. In after days Barbara singled out two or three words that decided her future course : "Be very good and loving to your poor father;" "Be a gentle sister;" "Try to fill mother's place;" "But, above all, remember that 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.' You have in you a strong love of power and of conquest, and here is offered you the opportunity to engage in the greatest conquest. Do not attempt to enter the battle without the armor the Great Commander gives, and never forget, dear, that He is infinitely more gentle and tender than even your mother could be."

At first, under the power of such words, it was not hard to give up the gay life of enjoyment and of freedom from care offered her again by her elder brother. Then she was ready for any sacrifice, but as the weeks and the months rolled into years, occasional murmurs arose. "I do not know why I am the only one who has to give up everything ! Everyone else has a chance to be somebody, but I can only be a maid-of-all-work," and the weary heart, craving a loving word of sympathy from those served, took up the load again and went on more bravely than ever. What a pity that

the brothers and sisters did not think to say to her what they so often said of her,—“She is the dearest and the best sister in the world.”

Space and time fail to tell of the many little self-denials, the many gentle words of the sister who had the place of such a mother to fill. Much was monotonous, and much was hard, but under all lay the central thought, the great foundation of a noble character built, the motto of her life, “He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.” To her each came with his or her ambitions, hopes and fears, and in turn each received help and sympathy. And many a book did John owe to her fifteen mile walk to town with butter and eggs.

When five years had gone a new brightness entered her life one evening with the opening of an outer door, which admitted her father and a young stranger, whom the former introduced as “Mr. McKay, who has come to work on the kirk and wishes to board with us.”

Not an item of the trim figure and bright face escaped the eyes of the stranger. At the first sight he had a miniature of the jet-black hair, dark grey eyes, bright coloring, finely-formed nose, beautiful mouth and shapely chin, and of the soul and character back of them. Neither did the spotless collar and apron, neatly made homespun dress and neat slippers escape his eyes, for all went to make up a whole, and that whole his soul's affinity.

He had been with the McGregors but a week when one morning he told John that he had given up his work, and that they need not expect him for dinner, as he intended leaving at once. As no explanation was

offered John asked none. When he reported McKay's absence at the house he did not report what, when he heard it, he thought were words spoken in sleep : "I dare stay no longer. My word is plighted, and I can never lose my honor. Poor Maggie has given me her whole heart, as I thought I had given her mine."

No word concerning Charles McKay escaped Barbara's lips either then, or during the four years that followed. She did not sit down and pine, though a great happiness had left her life as suddenly as it had entered it. She had lived years in a few days, and now she lifted the old life with its added weight of a sorrow, whose principal element was doubt.

Two years later a cousin of McGregor's came to spend a few days with his friends, and, during a talk with Barbara's brother Hugh, mentioned that a Charles McKay had spoken of them all.

"Oh, do you know him ?" said Jack.

"Well, yes, I have known him about as long as I have known myself."

"Queer, is he not ?" said Hugh.

"If you like to call him so. We have been friends since boyhood, and I would trust him with my life."

"Where is he now ?" questioned Jack.

"He went back to Scotland shortly after his wife died a year ago."

"I didn't know he was married," said Hugh.

"Neither was he when you knew him, but was married a short time after he left here to a very pretty girl to whom he had been engaged a year or more. She belonged to a consumptive family, and lived only a year after her marriage, although she had every care Charlie

could give her. They had grown up together, and were strongly attached to each other."

All doubt was now removed from Barbara's mind, and she respected now, even more than she admired before, the man who was so worthy of respect.

When McKay returned to Canada and to Oxford he found many changes. From the McGregor home John had gone into the backwoods of Huron to "preach the Word." Hugh and his younger sister were in other homes, and only Barbara and her father were left. The old home, not long after, was sold, and Barbara with her father moved to the new home, in which she proved as great a blessing as in the old.

SARA ROSS.

Strathroy, Ont. West.

THE DEFENCE OF BOYNE WATER.

Chapter I.

The little village of Boyne Water is picturesquely situated at the crossing of the two main county gravel roads of Grey, and has been compared to ancient Rome, being built on seven hills.

The Boyne water, which flows through a deep gorge cleaving the village in twain, is crossed by a rough wooden bridge, in constant need of repair. Dear to the memories of the children who played about it is the little river, with its quiet flow of brown waters; for they had followed it in all its windings from the flour mill to the woollen mill, named all its islands and peninsulas, and sailed boats in its tranquil lakes.

It was in the fall of the year 1866, just after the Fenian invasion of Canada, when excitement was at fever heat, and the sleeping patriotism of the whole country was aroused, that volunteer companies were formed in every town and village in the Dominion. Boyne Water had its company, which every Saturday afternoon assembled to be drilled in the fine open square, opposite the corner store, where Morrison, the proprietor, as regularly left his business to take care of itself while he took command of as fine a body of men as ever took up arms. A discharged Irish soldier acted as drill instructor, and was as proud of his little company as any distinguished general. This weekly drill drew crowds

from the surrounding country, to watch with admiration the marching and countermarching of the men.

On the evening of September 25 the village doctor, a dissipated fellow, but good-natured and full of fun, when not on a spree, loitered into the corner store, seated himself as usual on the counter, and entered into conversation with the few settlers who had come in to hear the news. The doctor always had something to add to all the wild rumors floating about, and soon attracted keener interest by saying that several waggons had been seen going north containing long boxes supposed to be filled with pikes, such as were used in the Irish Rebellion, and were no doubt being supplied to the Roman Catholic settlers; for only yesterday the stage-driver had brought strange news of an intended Fenian uprising, to be helped by all good Catholics throughout the country. Being all staunch Orangemen, his listeners had not a doubt of the treachery of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. While the excitement was high the doctor slipped out, but soon returned with the further news that one of the Dunca boys of the south line had found a letter that very day addressed to Mike O'Mally, telling him to warn all the boys that Thursday at midnight was the hour, and Latimer's Hill the place, and to be ready to do or die for Ould Ireland.

Chapter II.

This latest news created the wildest excitement and flew like wildfire from house to house—for this was Thursday evening, and even now the enemy must be gathering. As it was now past ten o'clock a council of

war was immediately called, and they decided to adjourn to the Boyne Water hotel. The jolly fat landlord had just retired for the night, when he was aroused by a violent battering on the door. At first he did not heed it, but the boisterous crowd were determined to get in, so, thinking that he might do some more business, he carefully descended the ladder which led to the upper story, and, rubbing his eyes with his little fat knuckles, he let the crowd in.

"Well, whose treat is it," said he, "and for how many?"

But they, informing him that they had not come for treats but for something more serious, began to discuss matters as to how many guns could be had in the village. Messengers were sent to summon as many of the volunteers as lived within two miles around.

The first armed man that appeared was old one-eyed Yorkshire Tompkins, with a long barrelled fowling-piece, measuring ten feet from muzzle to stock; the next was Tim Flannigan with an old flint lock that would not go off, and Paddy O'Hare, the only man suspected of Fenian tendencies, put in his appearance with a crowbar. Mr. O'Hare had a kind of spring halt when he walked, lifting one leg as if he had stepped on a tack. His face wore an expression of disgust, and the little knob in the middle of his face which served for a nose seemed to bristle up with more than ordinary fierceness as he vowed he would "put a howl in ary a Fenian dat comes widin rache of me crowbar."

Two men were then sent to wake up Peter Piper, who always offered advice on all occasions. When they succeeded in waking him he poked his night-capped head out of the window and asked what business had they to

come prowling around his house this time of night; but the only answer he got was "Fenians, Fenians." He replied there would be two dead Fenians if they didn't clear out,—and went back to bed.

Another meeting was being held in Morrison's cottage, where their local magistrates and others were discussing what defence they had and how best to use it. Morrison willingly offered all the scythes, pitchforks, or anything else that could be used as weapons from his little stock. Meanwhile, his wife was busy preparing coffee and sandwiches for their gallant defenders. As midnight approached the excitement only increased. After the ammunition was all gathered it was found that the quantity of powder was far greater than the shot or ball. The lead was taken from the tea boxes in the corner store and carried to the blacksmith's shop to be made into bullets, while every rod or bar of iron was being made into pikes.

The oldest men with the boys were to keep three fires blazing: these, with the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil, the barking of dogs, clamor of frightened fowl, and flitting of lights in every house, left an impression never to be forgotten.

From which side would the attack be made?—from the north over the bridge, or from the west through the defile at the head of the mill pond? Sentries were quickly posted at these points. Volunteers were coming in ones and twos, and reporting themselves at Morrison's cottage. As the armed force would be very small it was decided to barricade the entrance by the bridge, which was less likely to be the point of attack, and give all attention to the western entrance.

Meanwhile the doctor, moving about from place to place, fanned every spark of alarm into a flame. He had just returned from the western defile; he said that an Indian had crossed the road and told the sentry, after listening with his ear to the ground, that he heard the tramp of hundreds approaching in that direction.

The command was immediately given, and the volunteers, followed by all the stragglers who dared not stay behind, marched to the western defile, determined, like the Greeks at Thermopylae, to hold the pass or die. There they were halted to wait for the enemy; but before long an alarm came from the barricaded bridge, so a few of the men were ordered back to that point. The doctor boldly offered, like brave Horatius, to defend the bridge, and seemed to say :—

“In yon strait path, a thousand,
May well be stopped by three,
Now who will stand on either hand,
And hold the bridge with me?”

Then out spake the bold blacksmith,
A Cornishman proud was he,
“Lo! I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

And up spake one-eyed Tompkins,
Of Yorkshire blood was he;
“I will abide at thy left side,
And hold the bridge with thee.”

The gray streaks of approaching day had scarcely tinged the sky when the doctor fired his gun and cried

in a hoarse whisper, "They're coming." Quickly the news was carried, and the rest of the volunteers at a double quick march came round the corner.

The doctor was blazing away in the darkness, and Yorkshire Tompkins was shouting, "Come on lads, we'll give it un."

The men had scarcely time to get behind the barricade when rapid firing was heard from the point they had just left, and some of the men, without waiting for orders, rushed back to the west. The firing was fearful, but still the enemy did not show themselves.

Rosy tints were creeping up the eastern sky and lifting the shades of night. It was evident the enemy had withdrawn. A cheer rose from the east, re-echoed from the west north and south, and everybody declared,

"It was a famous victory!"

The doctor enjoyed his practical joke, and often said it was the best night's fun he ever had.

CHRISTINA RICHARDSON.

Flesherton, Ont.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE BUSH.

About the year 1852, near the town of Walkerton, lived a family by the name of McDonald. Willie, the eldest boy, helped his father on the farm, and it was his job to bring home the cows at night. Near McDonald's farm a neighbor had two boys about Willie's age, so the three boys generally went together.

One day in July, as usual, Willie and his two friends, Ned and Jack, started out to find the cows. The boys wandered along in the bush, stopping every now and then to listen for the sound of the cow bells. The day was very warm, but they did not mind that, as they ran along in the shade, sometimes throwing stones into the creek or at a squirrel. Time passed on, and it began to grow dark, but still no sound of the cow bells. They were in a strange bush, and thought they had better turn and go home. At that minute the sun sank behind a cloud, and it soon got dark. The boys wandered on and on, but could not find any clearance. It was now very dark, for the clouds had covered the sky and not even a star could be seen. The boys thought they were lost and then they began to get frightened. Willie was not a cowardly boy, neither was Ned nor Jack, but to be alone in a strange bush at night was not pleasant; besides, the inhabitants had seen bears and wolves.

"Oh, Willie! what is that noise?" exclaimed Ned, who was the youngest.

"Nothing but a squirrel," replied Willie, who tried to let the other boys see that he was not scared.

"Goodness, boys! do you see that black-looking thing ahead of us," said Jack.

"Oh, it's coming straight for us," cried Ned.

"Don't be silly," answered Willie; "it is nothing but a log."

Thus they walked on, but could not tell which way they were going. At last Ned's strength could not last much longer, for what with his long walk and want of food he was tired out. So he said: "I wish I could hear a cow-bell, for I cannot walk much farther."

The boys stopped.

"I guess, Jack," we might as well stay here all night," said Willie. "We may be going further from home instead of nearer."

Ned sat down, while Willie and Jack gathered a few hemlock branches and laid them under a thick-leaved tree; and the three boys lay down and soon went to sleep, though Ned declared he could not sleep, for if he did the wild beasts would eat him, or the Indians would come and kill him in the night.

Quick as dawn Will and Jack were up; the sky was still covered with clouds. They looked round for something to eat. They soon found some berries, so they gathered them in Willie's hat and came to where Ned was still sleeping. They woke him up and the boys ate the berries. Fortunately, there was a stream of water close by their resting-place, so they got a drink and started out to find their way home. The second day was much like the first. When they started out the boys tried to cheer each other, but they soon tired and

walked on in silence. When they were hungry they gathered berries, which were very plentiful. Sometimes the boys would imagine they heard a cow-bell or a woodman's axe, and start joyfully forward, but always to be disappointed. Towards the afternoon it began to rain, not an ordinary summer shower, but a fine drizzly rain very much like a "Scotch mist." As it was not raining heavily the boys went on, but the trees soon got very wet, and large drops fell on them as they went along. They were wet to the skin, but still they walked on. They were very hungry, too, for berries did not satisfy their hunger as did porridge and milk. Ned's spirit was all gone; still Willie and Jack would not say to each other that they were lost, but their faces were not very hopeful. The dusk set in quicker than usual on account of the rain; the boys concluded to stop for the night; when, greatly to their surprise and disappointment, they came to the identical spot that they had rested the night before. The boys lay under the same tree, and though they were wet, tired and hungry, they soon fell asleep. Next morning was clear and bright; the boys arose and ate some more berries. Willie, who was a good climber, said he would climb the highest tree near and see if he could see anything like a clearance or smoke from a shanty, but it proved a failure; he could see nothing but bush, so he came down. The boys started out once more; they all felt hopeless, when Jack said: "Lake Huron is west of us when we are home, is it not?"

"Good!" cried Willie. "If we keep the sun on our back we will come to it some time, and father said that along the lake shore is mostly settled, so if we get there we will surely find somebody."

The day kept clear and bright, so the boys had the sun for a guide, and towards evening they came to the Lake shore, where they soon found a shanty. When they went in and told their tale the folks were very kind; they gave them some supper, and the boys went to bed. Next morning the man of the house said he had to go down through the bush to see a neighbor on business. He hitched his oxen to a jumper, and the boys got a ride as far as he went. When they got off the man directed them to a path through the bush that would lead them to Walkerton. They thanked the man for his kindness and started out; they soon found the path and went joyfully on towards home.

We must now go back to the night the boys left home to hunt the cows. About dusk Ned and Jack's mother, Betty, came up to McDonald's shanty where Willie's mother, Peggy, was making supper for her husband and children. When she looked up and saw her neighbor standing at the door, she said: "Keep us a' this day, Betty, an' hoo are ye a'?"

"I'm weel, thank'ee; I've just stepet up to see if tha' laddies had come hame wi' the kye."

"Na; I've been lookin' for Willie this while back. Is Ned and Jack wi' him the day?"

"Ay, an' they were never so late in gettin' hame as this afore."

"Touts, woman, ye needna fret; the laddies will be at some of their plays."

The two women then began to talk of the "Auld Country." McDonald came in at dark, and the women were still chatting.

"Good nicht, Betty, and hoo's the bairns?" said McDonald.

"Good losh, Peggy, da' ye see hoo dark it's gettin?" cried Betty, who at this moment discovered that night was falling fast, "an' the callants are na hame wi' the coos yet."

"Lord preserve us! Peggy," cried McDonald; "isna Wullie oot o' the bush yet?"

When Peggy said, "Na, man," he clutched up his bonnet and started out to find the boys. He met two of his neighbors, who kindly turned and helped him. They hunted far and near, called the boys by name, but could not hear a sound. Towards morning they came upon the cows lying quietly in the bush, but still no boys. They drove the cows home, and when the two terrified women, who had been waiting all this time, heard the sound, they rushed out, but when they saw the boys were not there they could not keep up any longer, but wrung their hands, and cried, "Wae's me, but oor boys are eaten by the bears."

The men got some breakfast and started out again to resume their hunt. Towards evening the father of Ned and Jack arrived home. He had been to Guelph with a load of grain, and had been away for three days. When he heard the news he went straight to Walkerton, and got all the men he could, and three or four dogs, and started out to hunt. The town parties hunted all that evening. They met with each other about nine o'clock, and as it was very wet they returned home for the night. Most of the men that were helping said it was hopeless, and went to their own homes. Next morning, as we know, was clear, and the boys' fathers started out again

with a kind neighbor or two, who, though they thought the search was useless, did not like to see the men go alone. They hunted all that day without seeing a trace or footmark of the boys. When dusk came on they gave them up and went home. The distracted parents now were hopeless of ever seeing their children again, for they believed them to be killed by wild beasts. Imagine their delight the next evening when home walked the three boys unhurt, except from hunger and fatigue.

When Peggy saw them she cried, "Lord save us a', it mun be their ghaists. For didna I hear the death-cry round the shanty these last twa nights, and the auld spreckled hen was on the fence yesterday crawling like my cock. Besides, Betty telt me yester'e'en she dreamt the night afore that her an' I were sooming in muddy water."

The boys soon told their story, and proved by the way they ate that they were not spirits.

The distance they had come was about thirty miles, and they had walked most of the way.

The three boys are men now, but I think they will never forget their two nights in the bush.

LIZZIE DOUGLAS.

County of Bruce, Ontario.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

There stands to-day on an elevated rocky foundation in the western part of what is now the capital of the Dominion, a very respectable looking residence even for this age. It is built of cut-stone and is three stories high, and no doubt attracted much attention when frame buildings were almost the only kind to be seen. It was owned many years ago by a very learned, popular and successful, but eccentric, doctor, whose late years were embittered by reverses which drove him to excesses that finally caused him to be shunned by many who wished to be his friends. Neglect, excess and exposure brought on disease, and death at length ended what at one time was a brilliant and useful life.

Some time after his death the family decided to remove to a distant town, leaving, however, some of their furniture in the old home. At the time of their removal it began to be whispered that the house was haunted. Soon it was spoken aloud that ghosts had made the old house their home, and it has been known ever since as the Haunted House. I do not remember the time when it was not called by that name, and few passed by the place without thinking of the curious things said to have been done within its walls. Some even imagined dreadful scenes. We children were at all times glad when permitted to pass it in safety, and there were but few who were not anxious and hopeful, yet at all times dreaded, to get a glimpse of the supernatural inhabitants of the Haunted House.

As time passed, and the house became more and more dilapidated from neglect, I never passed without feeling as if I were going to meet one of those white-shrouded creatures. Not only were children afraid, but older people entertained kindred feelings. A strange curiosity grew for tangible evidence of the inhabitants that were not tangible. I have even heard my mother declare she would like to live there, so as to be able to unravel the mystery, for, though she had no faith in the ghostly presence, she had a strong belief that some accountable reason existed for the stories told. Timid people who found it necessary to go on that street always took the opposite side; even policemen preferred the other side, especially at night time.

Many rumors were abroad of strange antics performed at times by the spirits, when in a frolicsome mood. And one story told indicates that they were strongly attached, not only to the old house, but even to the furniture, for when the family sent men to bring it away it is reported that chairs, sofas, and even the piano, when lifted, deliberately refused to go, by springing from the arms of the intruders, and returning to their accustomed places in the rooms.

At times, the light fantastic seems to have taken their fancy, and they danced and jigged about like the witches in "Auld Kirk Alloway," to the music of the call bells plentifully displayed about the house. Sometimes they engaged in games of pitch-and-toss with skulls and various other human bones, but on dismal nights, when storms raged without, the ghosts seemed to rage within, and blood-curdling yells would startle even a sleeping policeman, and heavy chains, borrowed, perhaps, from

some of the great mills at Chaudiere, would be heard, as if dragged up stair after stair, even to the attic it seemed, and then, suddenly being let go, would crash to the bottom again, dragged down by their own weight, vying in noise with the thunder overhead.

These were some of the tales told by believers in the superhuman. Many, however, had no faith in the truth of these stories, but insisted that if any strange and unusual thing happened there, there must be some natural cause which would account for it, otherwise than by spirits. So, in course of time, two adventurous young men, with whom my brother is well acquainted, entered the house to prospect, and in a cellar or vault found a collection of bones, and what they thought was a mummy. Taking a skull and some bones, as solid palpable evidence of their bravery, being unable to secure any of the ethereal matter of which ghosts are composed, they made their way out again as quickly as possible, for fear of being detected in their act of desecration by the former tenant or tenants, or possessor of what they had secured.

At another time some young Swedes, who labored in that vicinity, and were daily brought together in the neighborhood of the Haunted House, gradually became interested in the mysterious doings over the way, and became anxious to see and hear for themselves to what extent there was truth in the tales. They formed themselves into a syndicate, and pledged themselves by their fatherland to stand by each other in case of danger to any; and as they intended to make their explorations at night, and might encounter spirits, concluded to fortify themselves with courage-creating spirits, and that

very night, while the pale moon was sailing silently over the slumbering city, with bated breath they crossed the street and breathlessly entered an open window of the first flat, one by one, close together, the leader, a perfect "Tell" for bravery and nerve, holding his lantern at arm's length. So silently they entered not even a spirit was aroused, but it was not yet midnight. There was some furniture in the room, and in silence they took seats. The silence was so intense that each could only hear the beating heart of his neighbor, nothing else. This silence, so like the tomb, soon became unbearable, and yet none dared to breathe freely. At length relief came, and it was a relief, indeed, even were it a ghost.

"Hist! what is that?" the "Tell" of the party whispered in a very low undertone. Tramp, tramp, slowly, steadily on and on it came, and ghostly visions rose up in the darkness, made visible by the dim lantern. Tramp, tramp, tramp, and lo! the sound has passed by, and the bold "Tell" discovered that it was caused by the slow, tired tread of a policeman on the opposite side of the street, and, uttering a low laugh, he dispels the fears of the waiters, and the relief makes them thirsty. Flasks are produced, the result being a loosening of the tongue somewhat. It had such an effect on their courage that they repeat and re-repeat the remedy until the tired company (for they had all worked hard during the day) fell asleep, and remained in that condition until daylight, with the mystery still unsolved. Some of the watchers, however, declared that the spirits had exerted an influence to prevent their design of discovery. So think I also, but I allude to spirits of the flask and not to disembodied spirits.

About five years ago several young bloods became anxious to unravel the tangle of ghosts in the Haunted House; otherwise to find, if possible, a clue by which to account for the various stories afloat, that led to the belief in the Haunted House; so they appointed a time and place of meeting from which to emerge on their voyage of discovery. They were not discreet, at least some were not, and intimated their intention to outside friends who happened to be fond of practical joking. These getting all the information about the intended raid made preparations to astonish the venturesome curiosity-hunters. They procured some lengths of tubing, which they placed in position by boring through the walls of several rooms, and secured in such a manner that a variety of sounds could be produced by secreted operators. They then fastened several shingles in as many places on floors in such a way that by pulling a hidden string they made a sharp, snapping sound, followed by a series of ripples by vibration, thus imitating the dying gasp, and gurgling death-rattle sometimes attributed to those suffering violent death. These arrangements were only completed in time, for the volunteers in the cause of science were promptly at their post on the evening selected. The time was very near twelve o'clock, midnight, when ghosts are credited with emerging from their secret nooks and corners throughout space, to revisit scenes wherein they dwelt when in the flesh. One of the party, Frank Rossin by name, was a violinist of no mean order, who brought along his fiddle to keep his friends in tune. They proceeded at once to explore the premises and penetrated to the basement, where they discovered a quantity of bones, a skull or

two, and what appeared to be a dissecting table, and, on opening some doors in the study, an articulated skeleton was presented to view; but these gave no indication of being more than inanimate remains of some former animate beings, yet it was more than they expected to encounter. Their faces became blanched with terror, and some of the more timid ones, looking upon the white faces of their friends, were struck with the impression that they were then in the presence of materialized spirits, and became so much demoralized that some difficulty was experienced by the stronger ones to overcome their fears. At length they groped their way upstairs, and were soon again laughing and wondering where the ghosts would put in an appearance, when a troubled, piping voice within the room, but unseen, announced, "High time. Come forth. The world sags with the weight of sin. Come forth." Suddenly the shingles are snapped, and the sound reverberates throughout the building, when the young men break for the door, which was at hand, out into the bracing night air and freedom, followed by the uproarious laughter of their friends who had perpetrated the joke on them.

From such tricks are ghosts made.

I have not been able to discover any good reason for naming the building referred to the Haunted House, but I suppose it is on the principle that "give a dog a bad name and you might as well kill him."

Some one, no doubt, out of a spirit of mischief or worse, or it may have been a mere careless remark, from its tenantless condition, implied that it was haunted, and the seed being sown the story grew, and soon found persons not only willing to believe the statement, but

ready to give credence to the report, by reporting that they themselves heard strange sounds and saw curious lights flitting hither and thither through the old house, and I have no doubt many noises were heard which might have seemed strange to the thoughtless; but the wind plays mad pranks in unoccupied buildings having openings by which it may enter, causing unfastened doors to creak on their hinges, making loose wall paper to flutter, and in many other ways producing to minds unaccountable noises, and the flicker of street lamps or the constant moving of lamps or other lights in adjacent houses would produce a movement within such a building as would bewilder the superstitious, and cause reflections which would impress the image of spectres on the vague comprehensions.

The whole, however, has had the effect of making valuable properties very unpopular. We have reason to be thankful in our generation that the practice formerly allowed of allowing children to listen to stories of ghosts, fairies, witches, goblins, and all such gentry has been abolished, and now scarcely anyone will dare to express a belief in such nonsense; and I have hope that ere long the "Haunted House" will have lost its ghostly character, and take its place among the respectable class, so numerous here now, as it really deserves to do. And this seems likely to be the case, as a short time ago a prominent manufacturer purchased the property and spent considerable money in alterations and improvements, and finally moved into it with his wife and family, thereby laying the ghosts.

MARY GIBSON.

Ottawa, Ont.

TWO PLUCKY GIRLS.

I have been reading in the "Witness" all about the prizes offered for pioneer stories, and I am sure I should like to get the typewriter. My papa is a perfect storehouse of these stories, not only from his own experience, but his business takes him among people, and he delights in hearing and telling again tales of that character. My story is about two young girls, who had what I have heard described as "a bad quarter of an hour." It may not seem very exciting, but the experience was present in their memories till the last day of their lives.

Those who only know Kent County as it now is can form no idea of what it was fifty or sixty years ago. Now it is nearly all fine farms, orchards and gardens, with good houses and buildings; you see nice towns and villages every few miles, with manufacturies, stores, churches and schools in abundance. And we have good roads and bridges for travel, besides the railways. In the days of my story the country was a nearly unbroken forest; settlers were few and far between; there were no roads, only a blazed track through the woods, and no bridges, and a railway was not thought of. Well, such as the country was, a settler, whom we will call Berkley, had made his home in it. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and two daughters of sixteen and fourteen. At the present time there is hardly a country village where you do not see a three or four story roller mill, ready to take your wheat and give you

flour for it, but in those days people pounded corn with a mallet in a hole burned out in a stump. There was only one mill in the county where they ground grain, that was on the banks of the river Thames, near Chatham. It was only a small affair, turned by horses or oxen, and a man might, perhaps, after his long and painful journey, have to wait a day or two to get his grist. Sometime they went by boat down the shore of Lake Erie to Port Stanley, to a similar mill there. It happened that the head of this household had gone to the mill, and was not expected back under three days, the mother and the two girls being left alone. The day after he had left a neighbor came in to get the mother to go to his wife, who was sick; there was no doctor to be had within twenty miles, and no other neighbor within five. The need was urgent, and the only thing Mrs. Berkley hesitated about was that the girls would have to be left alone. The girls themselves did not mind it; they were no soft, chicken-hearted non-entities, but two strong, healthy, hearty, vigorous girls, and some ideas of a nutting excursion they had long ago planned seemed to mature. They bid their mother go, and, after giving some instructions, she went away with the neighbor.

The worst wild animal to be found to-day in Kent County is a raccoon, or perhaps an occasional skunk; in those days wolves and bears were numerous enough to be troublesome and dangerous to the settlers. People used to have a large stockade put up, into which they put the cattle at night, and within it they were safe from harm. They used to come up themselves from the bush, as there was no dan-

ger during the day. Well, the girls liked being housekeepers very much. The day went well, and when night came they began to look out for the cattle. They did not come as usual, and our girls set off into the bush to hunt them up. They did not find the cows in their usual feeding places, but they had not been in the woods long before they heard not only the cattle, but the dreaded wolves also! The girls dared not go near the cattle, and they made the best of their way homeward, lamenting the probable fate of the poor cows.

Suddenly, a bright idea occurred to the younger girl. She had heard that wild animals were frightened by fire, and that cattle were not, so they set the gate of the pen open and built a large fire right in the road to it. Just as they had got it nicely started they were gladdened by seeing all the cattle dash up, and into their place of refuge. They came up all in a circle, horns outward, and they had the weakest cattle and a newly-born calf in the centre of the circle. The wolves at the sight of the fire sullenly retreated, but kept up a fearful howling all night. The girls kept up the fire and passed a sleepless night. In the morning they found that the cattle were all safe, and that a fine deer had come in with them. For fear of a similar experience they did not let the cattle out that day, but cut brush and grass for them, and in the evening they were gladdened by their father's return. They received great praise from him for their bravery and thoughtfulness, and the deer that had sought protection from one enemy—the wolves—at the hands of another—man—was allowed to escape.

MARY ELIZABETH SMITH.

Ridgetown, Kent Co., Ont.

TECUMSEH.

During the summer of 1785 a noted United Empire Loyalist named Joseph Brenton came with his family to the village of C—, Soulanges County, Quebec.

For some time Brenton lived quietly, but the stirring scenes he had passed through during the Revolution unfitted him for the quietude of peace, and he longed for a life of greater activity. Unable to resist this desire he engaged a former comrade-in-arms to work his farm under the supervision of his wife, and, in the year 1808, he departed for Montreal, where, through the influence of some officers under whom he had served, he was appointed to the leadership of a large exploring and surveying party, detailed by the Government to explore the country lying north of the great Lakes, of which little at this time was known. This was before the days of steam navigation, and the Brenton party had to make the journey westward in bateaux, a very slow mode of travelling for a large party burdened, as they were, by large quantities of provisions, arms, ammunition and accoutrements.

Late in the fall our friends found themselves at the entrance of Lake St. Clair, but they still pushed on, hugging the shore, although their progress was greatly impeded by floating ice, which finally forced them to go into winter quarters, at what is now called Mitchell's Bay. Brenton thought it advisable to be prepared for every emergency, and, although there were no hostile

Indians about, he at once set about building a small log fort, encircled by palisades, on high ground near the bay.

This work occupied their time until spring opened, after which nothing could be done but hunt the game which there abounded. The men would go out in small parties and seldom return without ample proof of their prowess as hunters. Once, when Brenton was out with four others, and had grown tired of the sport, he despatched the men to the fort with the game, saying that he would make a detour through the woods before returning. He went farther than he thought, and night surprised him when he was still several miles from the camp. He had no alternative but to camp in the woods and return to the camp next day. Having had the good fortune to shoot a fine turkey he was not at a loss for supper, so he built a fire and commenced his culinary preparations.

He had not been long thus engaged when a noise among the bushes attracted his attention, and soon an Indian rushed in, and, without saying a word, flung himself on the ground near the fire.

Brenton, knowing the Indian character, said nothing, but, while grilling his bird, kept a vigilant watch lest others should follow this unbidden guest.

When the turkey was ready for eating Brenton placed the half of it before the savage, and proceeded to despatch his own share. The Indian roused himself, ate his part of the turkey, and then, in good English, asked Brenton how he came to be alone in the woods. Brenton told him the circumstances, adding that he was one of a large party then encamped near the lake. In reply

to Brenton's interrogations, the Indian said that his name was Tecumseh, Chief of the Shawnees; that he had been visiting friends at Detroit, and was on his way back to his tribe with six of his warriors, when they were surprised by a large party of white men, who at once fired on them, killing two braves. The Indians returned their fire, and, knowing that further resistance meant certain death, they separated and ran for dear life. The Chief had been pursued, and had crossed the river below Detroit, thinking they would give up the chase at the river, but they kept on after him all day, although he had gained on them considerably. He supposed they had gone into camp for the night, but would take up the trail in the morning.

This was welcome news to Brenton, who scented a fray with his old enemies, the Yankees. He proposed to Tecumseh that they would remain where they were for the night, and in the morning make their way to the fort, take a few men and surprise the enemy. This decided on, they put out their fire and slept by turns until daylight.

They had gone about two miles from the camp next morning when they were surprised to see the Yankees within a few hundred yards of them. It appears that Tecumseh's pursuers had missed the trail the previous evening, and had followed a cold trail leading to the fort for a short distance and camped on it for the night. Our friends had not as yet been observed by the enemy, and Brenton hid himself behind a tree, while Tecumseh with a yell to attract their attention plunged into the bushes and disappeared. He soon returned and took up a position near Brenton, and waited for the foe.

They had not long to wait, for the Yankees, feeling sure of capturing the Indian, came on headlong. Imagine their surprise when two rifles cracked, and two of their number fell dead. Before they could recover from their consternation Brenton and Tecumseh were upon them, and two more were knived in a twinkling. The fifth started to run, but had not gone twenty yards when Tecumseh, picking up one of the undischarged rifles, fired and brought him down.

Well pleased with their morning's work, they gathered the arms of the slain; Tecumseh ignored the scalps, and, in due time, they reached the fort. At the earnest request of Brenton Tecumseh remained some time with him, and the friendship, so strangely begun, grew into a love that was almost brotherly.

It is needless for me to dwell on the numerous virtues of the noble Tecumseh. His name is familiar to every school boy and girl in Canada. He finally left the fort, after having given Brenton a peculiarly constructed belt of wampum, which he said would secure him the friendship of all the Indian tribes along the lake.

Brenton was in this locality for more than four years. During this time war broke out between Great Britain and the United States, and our friend at once offered his services to the Canadian Government. We therefore find him acting as scout under General Proctor early in the war. This officer, upon his retreat from Detroit, was joined by the Shawnee Chief, Tecumseh, with about six hundred warriors. This force, with the companies of the 41st regiment under Proctor, made the British force about twelve hundred strong. The line of retreat

was up the Thames river. One night, late in September, 1813, the combined British and Indian forces reached the Sherman farm, near which the village of Thamesville now stands. The American pursuing force was close upon them. Proctor commanded a halt, and said that he could fight the enemy there, but Tecumseh said that there was a better battle-ground three miles farther up the river. To this Proctor paid no heed, and ordered his men to bivouac in Sherman's barn, while Tecumseh marched on up the river with his braves. Brenton here renewed his friendship with Tecumseh, and after advising Proctor to follow Tecumseh's advice, he joined his friend on the ground where the brave Chief had determined to give battle. The ground chosen was on the bank of the Thames, on a farm now owned by Mr. William Watts. It was a place of great advantage to Tecumseh, as the river ran in a south-westerly direction, while a ridge about four to ten rods wide ran westward from the river bank towards Detroit, and, as the ground on both sides of the ridge was swampy, and mostly covered with water, the American army had to march up this narrow ridge, and would be exposed to the raking fire from the Indians concealed in the swamp on both sides of it.

Tecumseh, having disposed his men in a position of great strength, sent Brenton to Proctor to inform him of the dispositions which had been made. Brenton went, and at the same time urged the stubborn Englishman to march his forces to Tecumseh's support. At last he prevailed, and early next morning the 41st regiment was marched out to the position which Tecumseh had chosen. Proctor at once saw the natural ad-

vantages of the place, and, placing the two field pieces which he carried at the angle which the ridge made with the river, which was also the highest point on the ridge, he drew his men up behind the guns to support them, and thus awaited the coming of the enemy.

About ten o'clock in the morning the head of the American column filed into the ridge. They were allowed to stretch out their line till within a hundred yards of the guns, when a deadly storm of shot and musketry was poured on their extended ranks from cannon, soldiers, and hidden Indians. They were unable to resist the storm and the remnant of the van fled along the ridge, back to the main body. Again the Americans in larger numbers crowded along the ridge; but the way was so narrow and the position of the enemy so strong that they could never have forced a passage had not the cowardly Proctor ordered a retreat of his men, thus leaving the way open to the enemy. But the brave Tecumseh still held on. He animated his braves to fresh exertions, and the battle continued, hour after hour, till it seemed that the Indians would win the day. Towards evening, at a critical moment in the fight, Tecumseh attempted to cross the ridge in the face of a storm of bullets. He would have succeeded had not an American officer galloped up to him, and at point-blank range shot him as he was stepping over a buttonwood log. But even as he fell the indomitable Shawnee hurled his tomahawk with such precision that he cleft in twain the skull of his slayer. A body of Americans tried to get possession of the body of the dead Chief, but Brenton, who had united his fortunes with those of Tecumseh on the retreat of Proctor, issued from the

swamp at the head of a hundred vengeful Mohawks, and hurled them with resistless force on the enemy, and, after a desperate fight, carried the Chief's body away in triumph. Night was falling; their leader slain, the Indians fought without concert. A fitful fire continued till nightfall, when the Indians silently drew off the field in detached parties.

At midnight six Indian chiefs and a white man might be seen carrying the body of the beloved Tecumseh to its place of burial. It was laid on the bank of a rushing stream while the seven set to work to dam the torrent. This done, a grave was dug in the bed of the stream, the Chieftain buried, the dam broken, and the waters rolled over Tecumseh.

The burial over, the Chiefs, laying their hands on their hearts, vowed to be avenged. Then, without speaking, they plunged separately into the forest. Brenton remained standing beside the stream. He leaned on his rifle, and looked gloomily at the rushing water for some time, and then he plunged into the woods, and the grave of Tecumseh was never again seen by man, for of those who buried him some were killed in the war, and the survivors had so successfully hidden the grave from human eye that they could not themselves find the exact place where Tecumseh was buried.

After the war Brenton returned to Montreal, having been five years away. He lost no time getting back to C—, where he found his family all alive and prosperous.

But the excitements and hardships he had gone through had broken his health, and he did not live long to enjoy his well-earned repose. Before he died,

however, he secured a United Empire Loyalist grant of land in the present county of Kent.

He passed away quietly in the summer of 1815, and a beautiful monument erected by his family is still to be seen in the little churchyard of C—.

ABIGAIL SMITH.

Harwich, Kent Co., Ont.

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ON LUNDY'S LANE.

After the "Declaration of Independence," my great-grandfather, finding his stay in the United States becoming unpleasant on account of his loyalty to his King, determined to come to Canada with his family, which he accordingly did, crossing the river at Queenston, on an old flat boat, and reaching Niagara Falls about the middle of September, 1786. They were among the first settlers on the Niagara Frontier, and just eight days after their arrival my great-grandmother was born.

Niagara Falls was at this time in all its wild grandeur; no villages, no roads, no bridges, no comfortable farm-houses, but all a wilderness of forest, with Indian paths here and there, and Indians prowling about, fishing, hunting, plundering everywhere. The first two or three years they suffered severely on account of the scarcity of food. The country not being sufficiently cleared up to grow grain enough to supply their wants, they lived principally on fish and game, bread being a great luxury.

Years passed away; the country became more thickly settled; roads were marked out, log houses built, and our frontier country homes began to look prosperous. My great-grandmother grew up and was married to a U. E. Loyalist, who preferred the King's domain and the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes. They built

their log house and made their home in a little clearing north of Lundy's Lane. Here they began housekeeping in the simplest way, with a few pewter plates brought from the States, three tea-cups and saucers, some borrowed knives and forks, three chairs, a bed and a piece of plank with stakes put in for legs to answer as a table, and a silver English dollar as her marriage portion. But they were happy, and style did not trouble them. By steady industry and thrift dollars increased, the log house made way for a comfortable farmhouse, and prosperity smiled upon them.

About this time the War of 1812 broke out; the country was in an unsettled state; people lived in constant fear. The Americans, with hordes of Indians, had invaded our frontier; homes were being plundered and destroyed; Niagara and St. Davids were burnt; the war-cloud seemed to grow thicker and darker, and danger was upon every side.

After the militia was ordered out my great-grandmother was alone a great deal, though permission was granted to those having families to go home when not in active service, to provide for the wants of their families. So it often happened that my great-grandmother was alone with her two little children for days and nights together.

Indians were all through the country, and every day they became more daring. One day she was terrified by seeing a great Indian, hideous in paint and feathers, and carrying a murderous-looking tomahawk, come into the house. The Indians know nothing of politeness, but went in and out and took what they pleased without ever saying "by your leave." This time the

Indian came in brandishing his tomahawk, tossing it up several times over my great-grandmother's head and catching it again. She, fearing every moment the tomahawk would go into her skull, made signs to offer him food. This seemed to be what he wanted, for he soon departed with a good share of her cellar's stores. Another day three or four Indians came in, and seeing a jar of honey nicely strained emptied it into a slop pail, scraping the jar clean, and made off with it. My great-grandmother followed, begging and motioning toward her children to spare them a little, but her red friends had a highly cultivated taste for sweets and declined sharing their booty even with the owner, and it was only when one turned and chased my great-grandmother, flourishing his tomahawk, that she concluded it was best to let them take all. Hearing frightened screams from the children she ran to the house and found another "brave" had come in and was parading around, admiring himself immensely before the small looking-glass, with her Sunday bonnet perched on his head, hind side before, with the strings dangling over his shoulders, and my great-grandmother's best coat on with the sleeves tied round his neck. Altogether he presented a most laughable appearance as he marched off, proud as a peacock. My great-grandmother, fearing a repetition of the tomahawk scene, said nothing, but, with a sorrowful sigh, saw her best bonnet disappear among the bushes.

Goods of all kinds were very dear, common white and blue print and factory being a dollar a yard, and other goods equally high-priced, so that the loss of her

best bonnet and the Sunday coat was really no laughing matter.

Many nights, while sitting alone, my great-grandmother would hear some slight noise and look up to find two or three red faces pressed against the window, with the bright eyes watching her closely. At such times eggs, or some other trifles, would be found missing, and yet, on the whole, the Canadian Indians were very friendly, and never did anything worse than skulk about and steal, and frighten timid women.

So the summer of 1814 wore on, my great-grandfather coming home often, and usually bringing with him some of the British officers. It was expected that all having houseroom and beds to spare would board and lodge the officers with their wives; so, as the British forces were stationed near Lundy's Lane, my great-grandmother's house became a home for officers.

On the third of July Generals Scott and Ripley moved down the river from Fort Erie towards Chippewa with a force of four thousand men. They were met by General Riall, whose entire force of Militia, regulars and Indians numbered only a few hundred. The engagement was short and severe. The enemy lay in ambush in the woods, and on the advance General Riall's forces were attacked on all sides; my grandfather described the shot as falling around him like hail. After a heavy loss on our side, and when nearly overpowered, the order came for retreat. The enemy followed in hot pursuit. Crossing the bridge at Chippewa our artillery waggon wheels became entangled, a thing not pleasant with the enemy close upon their heels. The drivers whipped and swore, while the horses reared and

plunged. Finally, the way was cleared, Riall retreating to Twenty Mile Creek.

In the meantime my great-grandfather, not liking the enemy so close, climbed along the rail of the bridge, and, with a companion, fled and took shelter in the woods. Here they found a large fallen tree, with one end raised a little from the ground, and by considerable squeezing managed to creep under and lay hid among the weeds and grass. They were followed, but, darkness coming on, their hiding-place was not discovered. All night they lay hid, scarcely daring to move, listening to the stealthy tread of the American Indians as they passed and repassed their retreat. Several times my great-grandfather raised his head, intending to creep out, but every time his companion whispered "lie still." Towards morning the Indians left the woods, and, as it became light, my great-grandfather ventured out; but his companion was gone, when, where, or how, was never known, and it is supposed he was either killed or taken prisoner. My great-grandfather reported at headquarters and received permission to go home. He found my great-grandmother in a terrible state of alarm. Knowing the danger they were in of having home and all their possessions burnt they began to make preparations for the worst. Their feather beds they carried away by night and hid under a hollow buttonwood tree. A large hole was dug in the garden, in which their dishes, with smaller articles for house use, were buried. Part of the furniture was piled up outside, hoping if the house was burnt that the furniture might be saved.

On that memorable 25th of July my great-grand-

father was entertaining at his house some British officers at a late dinner, when a brother officer came galloping up on horseback, shouting, "The Yankees are coming." Immediately all sprang to their feet, buckling on their swords, and were off in a twinkling to join their companies, leaving my great-grand-parents making hasty preparations for flight. Putting his wife on a horse, with her two little children, and leaving the house open, knowing it was safer so, they started across some open lots north of Lundy's Lane, stopping a moment as they entered the woods to take a last look at their home. Through the woods they went, crossing Lundy's Lane near the old red meeting-house. Here they met General Riall's army on the run, advancing towards Drummond Hill, while the bugle sounded the double quick. Stopping a moment they could see, in the gathering darkness, the flash of the small arms and hear the roar of the cannon. Again they hurried on and found refuge with some kind friends, but soon the house became so filled with wounded and dying brought in from the battlefield that my great-grandmother was again obliged to seek shelter with another old friend. Through the long night they sat in darkness, not daring to have a light; speaking in low whispers words of encouragement and hope, yet fearing the worst, hearing the roar of cannon in the distance, the cracking of small arms and shouting of men, while over and above all could be distinctly heard the sullen, thundering roar of the Falls. The hours passed slowly; neither had spoken for some time, when suddenly, as if by inspiration, the old lady shouted, "Glory to God, the British will gain the victory."

Shortly after this a neighbor, who had been to the scene of action, came riding up, full speed, waving his hat and shouting, "The British have gained the victory," and again the old lady cried out, "Glory to God," while my great-grandmother wept for joy.

After leaving his family in safe quarters my great-grandfather hastened to join his company. General Brown had made a move from Chippewa, and was met on the hill by General Drummond, who had placed his forces in position. Here the battle raged for hours, our soldiers fighting bravely, the gunners sticking to their pieces, and, as my great-grandfather afterwards expressed it, "fairly mowed down the Americans." As twilight passed the fighting became desperate on both sides.

The command of "Charge and charge again" rang out, and the British charge meant death. The moon rose and shone on a ghastly scene, while on every side was heard the groans of the wounded and dying, and the cry for water, which was so near and yet so far. At this time General Riall came up with his army, and, after another short contest, the enemy was obliged to fall back, retreating above Chippewa, burning the bridges as they went.

The morning sun rose on a scene of carnage and bloodshed. All day our men worked, caring for the wounded and digging trenches to bury the dead; but so intense was the heat that they were obliged to pile up the bodies with rails and burn them, and for years no blade of grass grew on that spot.

Peace was proclaimed. My great-grandmother returned to her home, and, blessed by good health and

prosperity, lived to see her ninety-fifth year, having around her at the time of her death children, grand-children and great-grand-children up to the fourth generation. She now rests on the sunny slope where once the battle raged, while her children's children roam through the old farmhouse from which she made such a hasty exit in days of frontier troubles. Surely the old farmhouse has withstood the "battle and the breeze." We, the great-grand-children, now enjoy gathering strawberries in the garden where the household goods were so hurriedly buried, and peep through the windows where the "Red faces" once were pressed. We occasionally find flint arrowheads used by the Indians, and bullets which may have cost some poor soldier his life's blood; but no relics are more highly prized than the pewter plates and dishes once buried, the silver dollar which was part of my great-grandmother's marriage portion, and an old silver watch purchased from a British officer by my great-grandfather during the war.

CHARLES L. BIGGAR.

Niagara Falls, South.

TWO DEVOTED BROTHERS.

Sixty years ago, James Allen and his wife and children, two boys, sailed from England to America to seek their fortunes. They settled in New York. James Allen obtained plenty of work, and they lived happily together. But death soon claimed the father, and his family were left but poorly provided for. About twelve months later Mrs. Allen met James Dakers, an old acquaintance, and subsequently they were married, and the family removed to Canada, and settled on a farm north of Rice Lake. The two boys, Hugh and Alexander Allen, becoming dissatisfied with their life in the backwoods, ran away together to the United States, where they separated, and at the opening of the Rebellion Alexander was residing in Virginia and Hugh in Boston. At this time they had lost sight of each other. Both enlisted, the one in the Northern army, the other under General Lee.

The Union Army met the Confederate Army at —, where the Confederates were completely routed, and many of them were taken prisoners. Amongst the latter was Alec Allen. What was the amazement of Hugh to see among the prisoners when they were brought in his brother Alec. "I must try to help him to escape," he said to himself : "but I am afraid that it is easier said than done; however, I think I know of a plan."

Before long, he managed to get speaking to his brother.

"You see I'm in a bad fix, old boy," said Alec.

"Yes, but Alec, you are my brother, and I could never forgive myself if I did not help you to escape. If you had the uniform of a Union officer, and knew the password, you might manage to get away all right. I will try by some means to get you the uniform; this is the password."

Bending his head he whispered something in his brother's ear. He then left and went to the scene of the battle, where he took the uniform off the dead body of a Union officer. He soon managed to give it to Alec, who speedily made his escape to Buffalo. From Buffalo he pushed his way on to Canada. He went to see his mother, and finding her again a widow and overjoyed to see him, he remained at home several months. But one day, as he was reading the newspaper, he saw his brother Hugh's name among the list of prisoners taken by the Confederates at Vicksburg, and he immediately set out to his rescue. As he disguised himself he had not much difficulty in reaching the town where Hugh was held a prisoner. He passed himself off as a Confederate soldier, who had lately made his escape from the North, and thus succeeded in seeing his brother. He told Hugh that he would try to plan a means of escape for him. They made several futile attempts.

At length they did escape, but they had not proceeded far on their way when they were recaptured, and brought back again. They were then tried by a court-martial and condemned to be shot. They were kept

such close prisoners that they were compelled to abandon all hopes of escaping again.

Hugh pleaded eloquently for his brother's life.

"He is not to blame," he said. "He came to my rescue as a brother naturally would. He is not to blame. Besides he was not taken prisoner in the war. He even fought on your side in the battle of —. So why should you shoot him?"

The Confederates, after considering the matter, consented to spare Alexander's life, but Hugh they condemned to be shot.

The last interview between Alexander and Hugh was very touching.

"You will take sad news home with you, Alec," said Hugh; "but tell mother that I was taken prisoner while fighting for justice and liberty. Tell her that I would like to have seen her again before I died. I thank you for coming and risking so much for my sake, but it was not the will of God that I should escape."

"I will tell her all; but don't thank me, for my coming has done no good. I must go home without you, knowing that in this world we will never meet again."

"Hark! I hear some one coming," said Hugh. "You will have to go, Alec, old boy; don't grieve. Good-by, good-by."

Alec took a long last look at his brother, and then turned and left.

He was still retained a prisoner, but he was finally exchanged for a Confederate soldier. After some time he made his escape, and, crossing the boundary, he returned to his home in Canada.

He gently told his mother of his brother's sad death, and gave her his message.

For a couple of years he resided at home. Then he returned to the States, and was there killed in a railway accident. Mrs. Dakers took the death of her sons very much to heart; so renting the farm, she moved into an adjoining town, where she resided until she died.

FLORENCE BYERS.

Omeme, Ont.

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THE DEVIL'S MORTGAGE.

The Devil's Mortgage! Surely the words were startling enough to suggest the possibility of my hearing a story; so I listened attentively to the conversation that was going on.

John Pierson, an old-time acquaintance of father's, had called to see him, and he and father were talking about the drinking habits of the country a great many years ago. I like to hear John talk; he has a good memory, and is a clever mimic of dialect, but this time the conversation drifted into a channel too sad to be enjoyable.

"It was a bad spot for drink at the corners," said John. "Pat Doolan used to say that the devil held a mortgage from there to the next tavern on the road."

"Did you ever hear of the visit he paid them one night at the tavern?" asked grandma.

"I should think I did," replied John. "There was plenty of talk about it at the time. You should hear the Sullivans tell the story. They were there when it happened, and I've often heard them tell the particulars. You see, the fellows always used to meet at the tavern on a Saturday night, and have a high old time of it, drinking and playing cards. Well, this night they were gathered as usual, both young and old, in the bar-room. The fellows were sitting around a table playing cards.

Old Joe Egbert was stretched out on the bench, sleeping. Near by him sat Pat Doolan and Mick Foyle. Pat was a great old gossip and liked to hang round the tavern till it was closed for the night. Mick was a quiet, harmless old soul, and wasn't one to say much, and as he always agreed with everything Pat would say, he was mostly Pat's chosen crony. Poor old Mick loved the whiskey well, but he never had any money, and he would sit hour after hour at the tavern waiting for some one to treat. 'He be a dacent sort of a fellow,' Pat used to say, 'if he wasn't such a sponge.' "

"Hear thim b'ys now, will ye, Mick ?" said Pat; "'tis a shame to sell the drink to the loikes of thim. Look at that gossoon now. Faix an' tisen't whiskey 'll do him, 'tis brandy he's drinkin'. Sorra a bit o' good'll he ever do his father and mother, and they so proud of him too. He's spindin' the money like dirt that they've worked and scrimped so hard for. They think to make a gintleman of him, an', as I was sayin' to Peggy the other night, a foine gentleman they'll make o' him wid his dirty ways. They've sp'iled him beca'se he's the only b'y, all the rest bein' girruls, and girruls don't count for much wid some. They say he's brakin' his mother's heart, an' she's sick now wid the throuble."

Just then Joe Egbert's snoring became so alarming that Pat could not stand it any longer.

"Be aisy Joe, wid yer brathin'," cried Pat; "a fellow can't hear himself spake for ye !"

Joe was awake now and trying to collect his sleepy senses. "Hi guess 'tis time fer me to be movin'," he muttered; "Nancy'll be keepin' my supper 'ot for me."

"Shure thin," said Pat, "I'm thinkin' she'll have some-

thin' to do to kape yer supper hot for ye all this time. It sthruck twelve long ago."

From the bench upon which Joe lay he had full view of the card-players. Suddenly he sprang up, exclaiming in a terrified voice :

"Heaven save us ! Here's the devil fer us all !"

Every eye was turned to look on the object that had so terrified Joe. A dreadful-looking being stood near the table around which the boys were seated.

"Is my son here?" asked the new comer of the frightened crew.

One replied that he did not know his son, and several said that he hadn't been there.

"You are all my sons !" exclaimed the stranger; and, as he said this, he placed his cloven foot on the table.

There was a panic then, and the tavern was soon empty. They didn't come back, either, on the Sunday like they did other times. They had a good scare, and it kept them away from the tavern for awhile.

"Was it really the devil?" I enquired.

"Ah, well, I can't say about that," said John; "I'm only telling you what others have told me. It couldn't have been one of the boys dressed up to frighten them, for they were all there that night, and everyone at the tavern firmly believed that it was the Evil One himself."

While listening to the direful accounts of wasted lives which John and father told I came to the conclusion that clearing the land and guarding against wild beasts were not the most formidable difficulties which the settler had to encounter. Whiskey was a foe which retarded the progress of the country more than anything else. No sooner was a settlement started than some

one on the lookout for a chance of making money without the trouble of hard work would put up a shanty or log-house, and commence the sale of whiskey.

Alas, then, for the hopes and ambitions that had fired the heart of the emigrant with courage to face the perils of the wilderness ! Alas for the hopes of the poor wife, who, heartsick with the prospect of leaving home and friends, found a ray of comfort in the fact that in Canada her husband would not be able to drink too much of the well-loved grog or beer ! Alas for the dreams which fond parents had indulged in for their children—dreams of fine farms and pleasant homes for the boys when they were grown up, and could help work the land—dreams never to be realized because the boys loved to loaf at the low tavern near their home rather than work the rich soil which the strong arm of the father had cleared—alas for everything pure and good when whiskey gains the ascendancy.

As the land became cleared and crops had to be harvested whiskey was considered an indispensable help in the arduous work of farming. As soon as haying commenced a barrel of whiskey would be brought to the farm-house, and sometimes more than one would be wanted to finish the harvest. It was a cheap article in those days, and was freely indulged in. I have heard that even children were not restrained from helping themselves. Not a logging-bee or barn-raising, not a threshing or a sale could take place without whiskey, and at election time the supply was more than liberal. Christmas, too, would be convivially celebrated with grog. But I think the children of these days would not enjoy Christmas very much, for too much drink gene-

rally made the father cross, and he would vent his ill-humor on his helpless family. I have been told that even at camp-meetings booths would be erected outside the enclosure, and whiskey freely sold.

It must not be supposed that there were none who did not indulge in strong drink. There were some who managed to do their work without it, and became prosperous farmers although they did not countenance whiskey. But they were the exception rather than the rule, and I think from what I have heard of the times long ago in our country that whiskey was certainly king. Happily those days are passed, and whiskey is not now considered a necessary help in strengthening the farm laborer.

Some years ago, when father worked his land himself, he hired a man one summer who had a drunken wife. She was a dreadful woman. Although young in years she was a confirmed drunkard. I can remember so well how horrible she was one night. Mother and I were coming from grandma's, and we heard Mrs. Chase swearing and shouting at the top of her voice. It was a still, beautiful night, and we could hear her so distinctly. A full moon shed a softened radiance over everything; all nature was at rest—all but the babbling brook which wended its way through the narrow dell. What a discord did that drunken woman's voice make in nature's delightful harmony; and how strange it was that such exquisite beauty, such delightful tranquility, had no power to quiet her maddened spirit. But it is doubtful if any of nature's loveliness could have touched her heart. Alcohol's votaries admire nothing but their chosen king; everything else is of slight importance.

This woman drove her husband and his child from the house with a loaded gun pointed at them, and oh ! what dreadful words she shouted as she chased them through the pines.

Strong drink is still the bane of our country, and strong and willing hearts are needed to battle with the foe. It is to the boys and girls that we must look for help to overcome this dire evil. If our young people would only grow up strong enough to let drink alone, there would be then none to fall into the ranks of the drunkard, and Satan would be unable to gain a mortgage on so many bright and promising young lives.

HATTIE ROBINSON.

Welcome, Ont.

THE STORM OF 1872.

The morning of September 25, 1872, was clear and calm. Not a breath of wind stirred the placid surface of Lake Winnipeg, and not a cloud was seen in the calm blue sky above. It was the duck season, and many parties of sportsmen were encamped along the shores of the lake, shooting the ducks and geese, which were far more plentiful then than they are now.

About ten miles north of the mouth of Red River was Goose Island, a low marshy reef covered with reeds and rushes. On this particular morning two men were paddling about the island in a small skiff, now and then getting a shot at the ducks.

Hour after hour passed away, and still the men waded and paddled about in the shallow water. At last there were no more ducks to be seen—they had been frightened away by the firing—and the men hauled their boat on shore and sat down in the driest place that they could find to eat their dinner of pemmican and bannocks. They were brothers, and had been working together during the summer at Fort Garry. As the harvesting was nearly over they had taken this holiday on the lake while the ducks were so plentiful. It was very quiet, and not a sound could be heard except the occasional buzzing of a fly or the quack of a duck on the other side of the island. Suddenly a puff of wind shook the tall reeds and dimmed the mirror-like surface

of the water. Jack Henderson, the elder of the two, stood up and looked around him. "I say, Bill," said he, "there's a storm coming." Bill rose to his feet and gazed upon the northern sky, which was black with inky clouds, speeding swiftly towards them, driven by the fierce north wind. The storm would soon be upon them, so they made their skiff fast and waited. Stronger and stronger blew the wind, and in a few minutes the waves were crested with foam and the sun shone dimly through a mist which was gathering around. The hoarse cries of ducks and geese could be heard mingling with the screams of sea gulls and cranes as flock after flock sped southward before the terrible gale. The lake was white with roaring billows, while a dense fog rose over the water and obscured everything. The wind got fiercer every minute, driving the water southward, and soon Goose Island was half submerged. The gale was truly awful and steadily increased, and the waves dashed completely over the island. "Jump in," shouted Jack, "or we'll be drowned out." In a few seconds the skiff was bounding over the foaming waves like a cork. The wind was simply terrific and sent the little boat flying over the water, but that did not last long, for the boat suddenly capsized, and the two brothers were struggling for their lives in the raging billows. By good fortune they managed to catch on to the rope which was tied to the boat. The darkness of midnight had settled over the water and it was bitterly cold. Now it began to snow hard, but the storm showed no signs of abating.

Hour after hour dragged along; still the waves thundered and roared, and still the two men clung to the

boat. They were getting exhausted at last with the terrible struggle for life. Every minute they were buried under water by the huge billows, and they were continually tossing about in the roaring waves. Suddenly they brushed against the tops of some willow bushes. The boat was floating over the prairie. The terrific north wind had piled up the water at the southern end of the lake until the low delta at the mouth of Red River was ten feet under water. Then another hour passed away,—an hour of terrible anxiety to the half-drowned men, for they were very weak and could scarcely hold on. After awhile the boat swept past more bushes and the men could touch bottom, but it would be dangerous to let go, so they clung fast to the boat, which was dashed about by the waves like a mere chip. At last they jammed into a mass of logs and brushwood which covered the temporary beach, and managed to crawl ashore. Creeping painfully along through the blinding snow, for their limbs were almost paralyzed by the icy water, they succeeded at last in reaching a house which was crowded with excited half-breeds, most of them driven from their homes by the rising water.

Next morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky and the day was calm and clear, but the scene had completely changed, and, instead of the green trees and stacks of grain, nothing could be seen but snow, ten inches deep over everything, covering the bushes, the fields and the forest with a mass of glittering white. The trees were yet in full leaf, and some of the grain was still uncut, when that storm swept over Lake Winnipeg. The lake had fallen to its usual level by noon, and the delta over which the two half-drowned men had drifted the night

before was soon a muddy plain covered with logs and brushwood, sections of fences and remains of haystacks, and the general wreck which the water had washed loose during the storm.

One by one many sad tales were revealed. Two young Englishmen had been out shooting near one of the marshy islands at the mouth of Red River. When the storm came they hauled their boat on shore, and, thinking themselves quite secure, went to sleep.

They awoke to find that the boat had drifted away, and the waves were dashing around them. The boat was found next morning bottom upwards on the ground, about a mile from the lake shore, but the two young Englishmen were never seen again.

The Indian, Ochapawace, lived in his log cabin near the mouth of the river. The house was exposed to all the fury of the storm, and the waves were dashing fiercely against the log walls, when he made a bold attempt to rescue his wife and children and raft them on shore. Swimming out among the raging billows he managed to gather three or four logs, which had broke loose from the mill boom, and tow them to the house with a rope. Lashing his fish nets around these, he placed his wife and children on the raft he thus made, but in his excitement the raft broke loose, the logs were wrenched apart by the boiling waves, and poor Ochapawace saw his family perish right there before his eyes.

Then there were the Lepines, a French half-breed family, who lived on the shore of the lake. The house was washed away by the rising water, and everyone of them were drowned.

Such a weight of soft snow had settled on the trees

and bushes that the saplings were bent to the ground, and there still may be seen on the banks of Red River many of those saplings, now fairly large trees, with their trunks inclined towards the earth, a memorial of the great storm of 1872, the greatest storm that has ever been known to visit Lake Winnipeg.

D. C. MacARTHUR.

Winnipeg.

LEFT ON THE PRAIRIE IN A BLIZZARD.

One day shortly before Christmas, my mother, brother Harry (aged 13), and myself, went to town to see about old Santa Claus. It was a fine day, and, to all appearances, promised to be a fine night. We were well wrapped, however, for the air was keen and frosty and we had a six mile drive before us. The last thing father said to us was to hurry home, for he thought there would be a storm. "Of all things," we thought, "when the sun is shining so brightly this is the least likely."

We reached the town safely though, despatched our business, and were ready for home by sundown. To our surprise the wind was beginning to blow and was bringing up clouds from the north. This, as Manitobans know, is generally a sign of storm. We started the horses on a fast trot, remembering father's warning and not wishing to be out in a storm. But as luck, or ill-luck, would have it, the bolt came out of the whiffletrees when we were about a mile and a-half from town. The horses went on, leaving the sleigh behind them, and Harry, who was driving, was jerked out on his back. I shouted, "Whoa ! Whoa !" but it was no use; they only went faster. I ran after them, but soon stopped out of breath, for I had father's fur coat on. Then mother started, but she, too, soon came back. By this time Harry had picked himself up, and, finding

he was unhurt, he threw off his overcoat and prepared to follow them. We did not want him to go, saying the horses would follow the trail home and father would come for us. No ! he would go; he said he could easily follow the trail, and if the horses were not home by the time he got there he would come after us with the oxen. With these words he started off on the run, giving us no chance to say anything further.

Mother and I got into the sleigh, covering ourselves as best we could, and wishing we had never started. Just as we got nicely settled we thought of going back to Mr. Cameron's. It was strange we had not thought of going before, for he only lived a quarter of a mile back, and we thought if he did happen to be away we would wait at the house, instead of freezing at the sleigh. We were both going, when ma said I had better stay at the sleigh, so if Harry came back I would be there. I did not want her to go alone, for the wind was blowing fiercer, and the snow was drifting and blowing furiously. She got there all right, however, and came back to tell me that Mr. Cameron was away, but they were expecting him home every minute. At all events we would go to the house and wait, that being a good deal better than remaining at the sleigh and freezing. Accordingly, we went to the house, where we received a very warm welcome indeed.

We waited in great anxiety for about half an hour, when we heard a team going to town. I went out, and it proved to be an agent for the Massey Co., who knew our team. I asked him if he had seen anything of the runaway horses. He said yes. They were about half way home when he saw them. He thought they would

be there by that time. Had he seen Harry? No, he had neither seen nor heard him. Saying that, he went on, leaving us in a state worse than before, for we were sure Harry would be lost and frozen to death. Mother was crying and moaning, but I did neither, for after shedding a few tears I thought of a plan. Mr. Cameron having walked to town I thought I might take his horses and try and find Harry, and having plenty of robes and a fur coat I thought I would not freeze at all, while Harry had no overcoat and would not be out very long before he would be overpowered by the intense cold and frozen to death. I proposed the plan to the rest, but they would not hear of it. But after a little while I went out on pretence of looking for a team, went straight to the stable and harnessed the horses, thinking how fortunate it was that I had been a tomboy, and knew all about the harness. Just as I got the horses out mother came out, and, seeing what I was doing, told me to put them into the stable again and come into the house, calling me a foolish girl, as I suppose I was. I did as I was bid, after considerable grumbling, but thinking, after all, that they were right. I spent the next half hour in gazing out of the window at the blizzard, and, seeing that it was calming down a little, I proposed that we should go to the sleigh and bring back the parcels, as there were quite a few things that would freeze. Mother said she would go if I would, as anything would be better than waiting in suspense. Bertie Cameron said he would go too, so we three started off armed with a lantern and a box of matches, in case the lantern should go out. We reached the sleigh all right, but this was the easiest part, for wading

through the snow with heavy bundles is no small work at all. The contents of the sleigh-box consisted of two boxes, one large and one small, besides some smaller parcels and the rugs. I managed to get the larger box on to my shoulder, Bertie took the smaller one, while mother followed, or led rather, with the smaller parcels and rugs. We managed to reach the house after a great deal of tumbling and stumbling, where Mrs. Cameron was anxiously waiting our return. Mother was completely exhausted, so Mrs. Cameron took her off to a bedroom and made her lie down, which she gladly did. She had been gone about two hours when I heard sleigh-bells. I rushed out, and it proved to be father. He told me to hurry and get ready. I asked him where Harry was. He said in the sleigh, and told me again to hurry up. I went in and told them that father and Harry were in the sleigh waiting for us. Mrs. Cameron went and begged that we might stay all night. "You will surely be lost," she said. But father said no; that as long as we could keep warm we would be all right as the horses would keep the trail. We hurried ourselves and were soon ready. When we reached home we found that Harry's big toes, one of his cheeks, his two ears, nose and chin were frozen. We quickly applied snow and drew the frost, but the skin came off too. The frozen parts were a long time healing and left their marks behind. He said he did not know when he got off the trail, for he was walking along all right (as he thought), when he heard bells at his left. He called and father answered, and so he was saved. I caught a severe cold from getting thoroughly chilled, and one of the horses had his heels cut from the

whiffle-trees banging on them. That was the extent of the damages, but think how serious they might have been if Harry had been lost and frozen to death. Had we stayed at Mrs. Cameron's we would not have got home the next day, for there was blowing a regular "Manitoba blizzard," such as only those who have seen can appreciate.

JENNIE S. THOMPSON.

Royal School, Boissevain, Manitoba.

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MOTHERLESS STILL.

Chapter I.

In Manitoba there are probably no other months in the year so enjoyable as those of October and November. Unlike the same time in the Eastern provinces, there is rarely a drop of rain, and, although there is hard frost every night, snow before the first of December is a novelty. By the middle of November most of the rivers and lakes are frozen over, and then the typical day is bright and frosty, with scarcely a breath of wind, while the air is clear and invigorating.

The 22nd day of November, 1890, was just such a day. That morning Alderman Andrews left his home in Fort Rouge, to go to his office, for the first time in six months. As he walked along he could not help thinking of the last time he had passed over that road. He had taken his little five-year-old daughter, Eunice, who had never known a mother, to the brick house in which he now lived, and had there told her of his intention to give her a mamma.

"Will we come here to live right off?" she had asked.

"Not right off," the answer had been. "Mamma and I are going to spend a few months in Europe, and when we come home we shall all live here."

She had been so pleased. As they had returned she

had run about from place to place, chasing the butterflies, or gathering the fresh green leaves, and now, how time had sped on ! As he approached the bridge which spanned the Assinaboine river the shouts of a bevy of boys, who were gliding over the ice, greeted his ears. But here his reveries were broken. He had reached his office, and work was waiting for him.

He worked steadily on till about three o'clock that afternoon, and then the sun shone so brightly through the window, and the ice looked so smooth, that it seemed almost a sin to spend all the day in the office. Closing his desk he called to his brother and partner : "I see the river is frozen over, Alf., so I think Mamie and I will take our first skate of the season. I may not be back to-night."

"All right," replied his brother.

On his way home he called at the residence of the Rev. Mr. McBean, his wife's former home, for her skates, which had been left there, telling his invalid mother-in-law that he was going to take Mamie for a skate.

"Are you sure the ice is safe ?" she asked, woman like.

"Since it has proved itself capable of upholding the bevy of boys I saw there this morning I think it will bear our weight," was the laughing reply, as he hurried away.

Eunice had been watching at the window, and was waiting at the door when papa reached it, but a look of disappointment spread over her face when she saw the skates.

"Ain't you goin' to stay with me ?" she asked.

"Just till mamma gets on her hat and jacket," he replied; "but you may tell Rachel to have supper by six o'clock, and we'll spend the evening with you."

Her face brightened. "All right," she replied; "but won't you build a tower wif my b'oks 'fore you go?"

Patiently he went to work, and by the time mamma was ready to go a very handsome tower had been erected. Both kissed her; papa caressingly telling her to be a good girl till they returned, and together they went out.

Little thought mother, brother, or daughter, that they had heard their voices for the last time, and that the next time they saw those forms :

"Th' immortal spirits, in the skies would bloom."

Chapter II.

The brightness of the day, and the tempting smoothness of the ice, had proved an attraction for more than one. Mr. Chisholm, too, on his way to the bank that morning, had heard the shouts of the merry groups of boys, and had resolved, if possible, to steal a few hours of that afternoon from business for his favorite pastime. He succeeded, and three o'clock found him gliding over the ice, enjoying himself as thoroughly as any schoolboy of the morning had done.

He had skated for perhaps half an hour, when he passed a lady and gentleman, who were going up the river. He did not know who they were, but as they glided by he noticed that the lady was slightly the taller of the two. After passing them he remembered the open water a little farther up the river, and turned

to warn the strangers of it, but evidently they knew of it, as they were skating toward the bank, as if to evade it.

He had scarcely started again, when suddenly he heard a sharp "crack." He paused an instant, but, thinking it was only the ordinary cracking of the ice, started again, but scarce had he started when that inevitable cry, which seems to come alike from Infidel and Christian in the moment of danger, rang through the air: "God help me!" "God save us!" Quickly he turned, only to see both lady and gentleman struggling in the icy waters. Shouting for help, he rushed to the bank in search of a plank, pole, anything that could be handed to the struggling couple. Nothing could be found save a plank of an old boat-landing, almost too heavy to be moved. He pulled it on to the ice, and tried to push it out, but precious time had been lost in the search. The freezing waters had quickly benumbed the bodies of the doomed couple, and, powerless to resist the current, they were carried under the ice.

They were drowned. For a moment Mr. Chisholm stood as if paralyzed, then, rousing himself, he wrenched off his skates, and rushed to the bank to give the alarm.

Quickly the news spread. By seven o'clock crowds of anxious people lined the banks on either side of the river. "Who was it?" "What did they look like?" were the questions asked on all sides. But none could tell. Again and again the message, "Anyone missing?" was telephoned to the police station. Again and again, the answer flew back: "No." Who could it be?

Just then a cab drove furiously toward the river, and almost before it had stopped a young man, whom we

immediately recognize as "Alf.," jumped out. Something in his face made the crowd give way. He pushed on to the edge of the river, and was there met by Murray McBean, on whose face anxiety was pictured as plainly as on his own. Neither spoke, but the look which they gave each other showed only too plainly what their fears were.

Alfred Andrews' voice was husky as he said: "Tell me all that is known." It was told, and little as there was the anxiety on either face had deepened into dread ere it was finished. "I am afraid it is they," was all he said, and together the brothers turned away.

They drove to the home of Alderman Andrews, and were there met at the door by Rachel, who was becoming anxious and nervous over the prolonged absence of her master and mistress.

"Are they not home yet?" asked Murray, as if almost dreading the answer.

"No. Surely something must have happened. They were to be home by six o'clock. Something has happened!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of his face. "Tell me what it is."

Without answering they turned away, and hastened to the river. "Who is it?" asked some one, as they approached. "I am afraid—it is—my brother and—his wife," was the broken answer.

"Alderman Andrews and his wife." A silence seemed to fall on all who heard it. Scarce anyone there that did not remember some kind word or action from one of them, and none that had not heard of the recent wedding, the wedding tour, or the return of the bride

and groom. All seemed to unite to make it sadder, more solemn, more terrible.

Boats had been pushed out as soon as the alarm was given, and the work of searching had been steadily going on, but now more eagerly than ever did the search-became too tired to work longer. But oh ! how the moments dragged for the anxious throng on the bank, especially the two brothers, standing silently side by side. Eight o'clock. Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. Not a sign of either bodies yet. Eleven. Half-past eleven. It wanted but five minutes to twelve, when suddenly—"Help." Every eye was strained, as the people with bated breath watched the boat from which the cry was sent. Help was given, and then slowly,—oh ! so slowly to those who were watching,—the hooks were drawn up, and the last ray of hope was gone from the brothers. At twelve o'clock the body of Alderman Andrews was tenderly lifted from the boat, and laid at his brother's feet. Carefully were his remains carried away, and steadily the searchers went on, but not until twelve o'clock the next day was the body of Mrs. Andrews laid beside that of her husband.

The bodies were taken to the residence of the deceased, and there, on the morning of the twenty-fifth, a private funeral service was held, after which they were removed to the Council Chamber, where for two brief hours they lay in state. During that short time over two thousand persons took their last look at the remains. At two o'clock, as the market bell tolled the knell for the dead, the funeral procession—the largest ever witnessed in Winnipeg—was started, and by three o'clock the last solemn rites had been performed.

And little Eunice ? By the time it was known who had been drowned she had cried herself to sleep, "cause mamma and papa didn't tum home to supper," and even when they had gone in and told the frightened servant what had happened she had not awakened, but her first question the next morning had been : "Is papa home yet ?" Pitying friends told her what had happened, but it was not until she had been carried into the quiet, darkened room, and had seen those pale, cold forms, that she had seemed to realize that they were gone. Then, bursting into sobs, she had called : "Oh, papa, won't you never come back ?" and it had seemed as if she would never be comforted ; but she was young, too young to realize her loss, and, although the memory of father and mother may always cling to her, ere long she returned to her blocks and playthings, and the grief was forgotten.

MARY ELLEN GRASSICK.

ONE OF MANITOBA'S HOMESTEADERS.

This homesteader being my father I am very well acquainted with his history, which I now undertake to relate—that is, from the time he has resided in this county. When he first came to this country he practised his profession, but, becoming dissatisfied with the returns his work brought in he decided to go West and take up a homestead. When he made his resolve known to mother, she, like many good ladies, objected, and could not see the use of going to a place so distant from anyone; but when father proved to her the many advantages of early settlement he at last gained her approval of his plan. So the next Monday morning he started to look for a "place;" then, having made choice of one about two hundred miles away, on the banks of the Souris river, he returned for his family, and declared to us that he had the best farm in the whole country.

At this time there was no railway as there is now, so we started on our long journey with a waggon and team of oxen. We had a tent, and intended to camp along the route. Mother did not like the idea of camping very much, as she had a fearful dread of snakes, but as none made their appearance she became more contented. We enjoyed the trip very much, the weather being so pleasant. Our table, or box rather, was well supplied with good things. As father was a good

marksman the wild fowl—plovers, snipe, ducks and prairie chickens—often fell victims to his old shotgun, while mother and we children gathered the strawberries that grew in abundance along the road. We had a cow too, and had plenty of milk. When the milk was strained we put it under the waggon seat over night till the cream should rise, then used it on our strawberries.

It was now the fifth day since we started and we had met with no accident, had not seen even a snake, much to mother's comfort. But on the fifth night father and mother were wakened to find themselves lying on the prairie with the rain pouring down on their faces. The tent had blown over, thus accounting for their uncomfortable position. A storm of wind and rain had come without the least warning, but fortunately it did not last long. Father succeeded in getting the tent staked down again, but did not think it worth while to try and sleep, as it was near dawn. The rest of us slept through it all, and were much surprised in the morning to find our bed and clothes all wet.

Father thought he would make a good use of his impromptu rising, and get an early start on the road, so he went to hitch up the oxen, but could not find them. They had broken their ropes and got away, much to his disappointment. He had gone all day looking for them, and came to camp tired, but was agreeably surprised to see the animals lying near the waggon, chewing their cud quite contentedly, no doubt congratulating themselves upon the fact that they had escaped a day's work. They had come out of the long grass down in a little ravine, within one hundred yards of the camp.

The next day we crossed the beautiful Pembina valley, in the centre of which flows the little river, seeming altogether out of proportion to its wide valley and very high banks, which rise in some places to the height of four hundred feet. The ascent was very steep. The oxen could hardly pull the load up, but after many twists and windings reached the top.

After a few more adventures, and three days travel, the Souris River appeared in sight. This river and valley very much resemble those of the Pembina, except that the river is wider. There does not seem to be much to attract attention at first sight, but as you travel along the well-worn Indian trails, where, no doubt, for hundreds of years have been freighted those cargoes of rich furs which have increased to no small extent the wealth of the Hudson's Bay Company, or go over the numerous buffalo trenches, all pointing to the best grazing places in the valley, and see the bones of these animals strewn about you, you become quite interested. The scenery, too, is sublime; especially near the mouths of the creeks or antlers (so called from their resemblance to the antlers of a deer).

The "Mounds," however, form the great feature of interest. The word mound conveys to the mind all that is represented to the eye by these strange hillocks, which rise in the otherwise level prairie. They are about thirty feet in circumference, eight feet above the surface, and are situated near the antlers. They seem to have been either the homes or graves of a people who formerly inhabited this prairie. Within the mound is a kind of house made of small timbers and roofed with birch bark. In this kind of house, around what seems to have been

a fire, are the skeletons of five or six individuals, along with different kinds of earthen pots, pipes, knives and other articles.

Many theories are advanced regarding the mound builders, but their origin still remains in obscurity. The Indians of to-day know nothing of them. Different professors who have examined the skeletons say that they were much superior to the Indian intellectually, while their bodies could not have resembled those of the Indian at all, being much larger—"a race of giants," they say.

But, to return to my subject. Father, having made a small raft, put us and the load over on it, and made the oxen swim. When we reached the farm mother could not help but admit that it was a beautiful one. A building place was chosen that very evening, and in a few days father had made quite a comfortable sod-house and outbuildings.

Everything went well on the new farm; each year brought in a fine harvest, and "luck" was good. Mother, however, was troubled greatly from fear of the Indians, who now and then made their appearance, and she was startled more than once, upon looking up from her work, to see a squaw's broad face pressed against the window pane, and peering in at her with a grin that made her shudder.

During the remainder of that fall a great many Indians seemed to be on the move. An Indian who was talking with father explained the fact in this way: "The Indian will fight the white man in the spring," said he, "and we are moving our wives to Turtle Mountain. My son is a chief. He will fight, too. The white man uses

the Indian badly." He then went over a list of grievances, but father thought the old man was merely "talking," so paid little attention. During the winter few Indians were seen, but spring saw them coming in bands of from twenty to thirty each. When questioned they remained strangely silent and pretended that they could not speak English.

The Indian's mode of life is a curious one. He roves about, generally near the river, and occupies his time in hunting. The squaw is always much imposed upon by her liege. The squaw does all the work; loads the cart, hitches up the team, then, after the day's travel, stakes out the tent, cuts the wood, and does every mean task. Those who have infants carry them in the most careless manner, slung at their backs. The little brown creatures are apparently quite content with their cradle. Many a long journey in the hot summer does the Indian mother take with her baby slung at her back in the manner I have described.

The Indians' great days and dances form an interesting part of their lives. The pow-wows and sun dances are the principal. In the former the Indians gather together, and their chief makes a speech which seems to greatly excite his hearers; then a dance follows, and, as they grow more excited, wild yells burst from them. Their faces are usually painted, so that their features are quite disfigured. There is something fascinating about the scene, especially if it has for its background the darkness of night and the light of a big bonfire that casts a weird and ghostly expression on their excited and painted faces. The performance sometimes lasts for two days.

The sun dance is much like a pow-wow. There is this difference, however, in it; the dignity of being a brave is conferred upon those who undergo a certain treatment which I shall describe. In the first place a space is inclosed by a high wall of small trees and brush; in the centre of this inclosure a long pole is planted, at the the top of which a string is fastened, and the two ends are tied to either end of a stick that has been put through the breast of the competing brave by the medicine man. If the brave succeeds in dancing around the poles upon his tip-toes with his chief weight held by the string and his eyes fixed upon the sun, till a certain tradition is chanted by the medicine man, he is a brave and has the honorable scar to prove against all contradiction. Braves are always entitled to take part in councils of war. But we must return again to the subject.

The Indians still came in swarms, and news soon came of the rebellion in the West. Mother's sister lived in Battleford, and we were very much troubled and anxious on her account. We watched eagerly for news, but no news came. We were beginning to think something dreadful had happened, when the mail brought a letter addressed in Aunt Kate's handwriting. Mother opened it immediately and read as follows:—

Battleford, April 4.

My Dear Sister,—You are doubtless anxious to hear from us. As the telegraph wires are cut, I suppose you have received no communication from that source. We are now safe within barrack; but I will begin at the beginning of my story. I think you know that Dan (meaning her husband) is overseer of this reserve. Well,

we had for some time noticed the general quietness of the Indians, and frequently, when they supposed they were unobserved, we saw them talking among themselves. So Dan resolved to go into town and see if there was any news. I watched for his return, and when he came I saw by a glance at his pale face that there was indeed news. He leaped from the buggy—came into the house and said, "Pack what you can lay your hands on quickly. We must fly. Poundmaker has been on the warpath three days; his squaws are singing the death-song, and he intends this very night to make a raid on the Government storehouses of this reserve." It was then almost dark. I did not stop to pack anything, but snatched my bonnet and ran for the buggy. Two of our friendly Indian boys had put on fresh horses. They knew, no doubt, our danger better than we did ourselves. Dan took the lines, cracked the whip, and the frightened bronchos sprang on their way to the town. We had gone but four hundred yards when the echo of a frightful yell reached us. We turned in our seat and saw in the distance Poundmaker's furious braves coming on at the double quick. In a few minutes our house was blazing. It was plain they saw us too, for they kept right on after us, yelling and running harder than ever; but they soon saw that our good horses were too fast for them, so they returned for the plunder of the storehouse. We could see them in the light of our burning home running around with the captured goods. We reached the barrack, however, and were safe. I feel quite confident that when Middleton with the volunteers arrives that the rebellion will be quickly repulsed. For the Indian at heart is a cow-

ard; his chief strength lies in his cunningness. Do not be uneasy if you do not hear from us soon, as the mail is very uncertain; even this letter may not reach you.

Your loving sister, KATE.

This letter, of course, caused great excitement in our home. But the rebellion was soon ended (as we know), very much to the relief of all concerned; and soon all was peace again. But memories of those days of suspense will live in the imagination of at least one homesteader.

JOHN LIVINGSTON.

Melita School, Souris River County, Manitoba.

BROWN'S LAST SHOT.

The following story is one of many that could be told of frontier life and the early days of the gold mines. At that time there were few families in the country and no schools. There are now many of the scholars in our schools who were born and brought up here and who know nothing of the outside world, who never saw many of the things seen by everybody at the sea-coast or near civilized places, such as ships or steamers, railways or locomotives, electric lights, phonographs, even corn-fields or orchards.

This story is about Jack L——, one of Canada's sons who was, twenty-three years ago, a constable at Kootenay. A man came into the camp at Wild Horse Creek who bore a bad name. He had got out of gaol by acting as hangman at the execution of some Indians at Lillooet, and, having got his liberty, proceeded to the American side; but in passing through the Colville Valley stole the horses of some Dutchmen, rode one and packed the others into the mines. The Dutchmen followed him, but were afraid to stop him, and came after him 400 miles to Wild Horse Creek before they had an opportunity to take legal measures to recover their property. They acquainted the Commissiонер of the cause of their visit, and Jack L—— was authorized to arrest the culprit.

So Jack got one of Portugee Joe's mules, the Gov-

ernment horses being at the ranche several miles out of camp. The Recorder cautioned Jack against going out alone, for Brown, as we will call him, was known to be a hard case. Besides this, he would be into camp, and then there would be no difficulty in arresting him. But Jack thought it would be a feather in his cap to arrest him single-handed and he proceeded to Brown's camp, which was four miles out on the Kootenay bottom, and about the same distance from what is now known as Fort Steele.

Before going Jack went in to bid Judge G—— good-bye. Judge and constable were hail fellows well met, and allowed no ceremony to stand in the way. The Judge had been gradually failing and was not expected to live through the day, but retained his senses and good spirits to the last.

So Jack says:

"Well, Judge, keep up your spirits, you will soon be up again. You are better than half a dozen dead men."

"Oh! get out with you, Jack," says the Judge, "I'll outlive you yet." And so he did.

Jack, having mounted the mule, Joe came out, and, seeing for the first time what mule he had, said: "Jack, don't you go on dat mule; she's bad luck,—too many got killed off her." But Jack was determined and started out, accompanied by the Dutchmen. When about three miles out they met a good-looking man with mild blue eyes, but the Dutchmen said excitedly, "That's him, Jack."

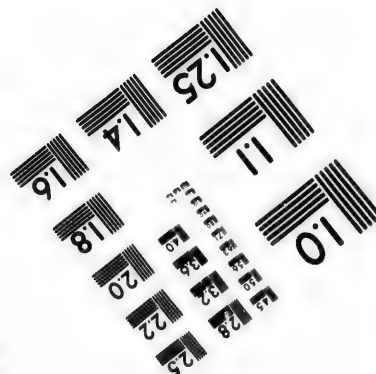
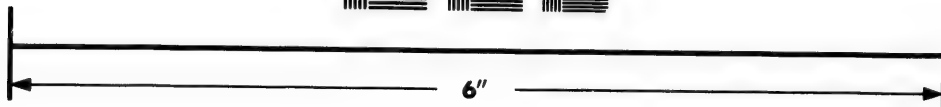
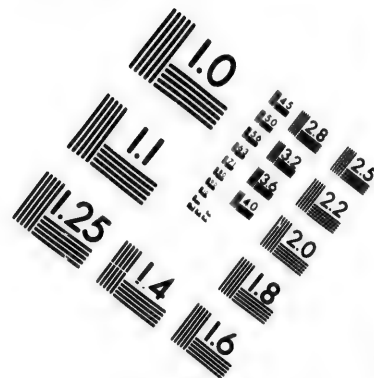
"Throw up your hands," called Jack, and Brown immediately did so. Thinking of what an easy capture he had made, Jack got off his mule, but he had not no-

ticed that while he was dismounting Brown had taken off his gauntlet and slipped his hand under his blankets, which were done up Australian fashion (i.e., in a long coil and thrown over one shoulder), and pulling out a Colt's revolver began firing at Jack; the Dutchmen keeping at a safe distance and looking on. Jack lost presence of mind and ran, Brown firing at him, till at the fourth shot a bullet went right through his head coming out at his mouth, tearing away the upper teeth. Jack fell on his hands and knees with a pool of blood under his head. Brown stood over him a minute to see if he moved, and then taking his pistol chased the Dutchmen into camp.

Fifteen men were upon the scene of the tragedy as quick as their legs could carry them. A proposal to follow the murderer immediately was lost, only one man thinking it a good plan. It was, however, decided that the murderer should be found the next day. So they all went back to camp, and everybody who could get horses ordered them to be brought in. In the morning the horsemen went in a body up the river. Two of them got on the murderer's tracks and came to where he had lain during the night. Following them up they came to some horsemen who had found where Brown had made a raft. Then it was supposed that he had crossed the river. He had got out of their reach for the present, but there were only two ways for him to get out of the country, viz., down the river on his raft, or to strike the trail some distance down and follow it. So they all came back to the camp and arranged parties, two squads to go down the river, one on each side, and two to go down the trail.

The Blackfeet Indians were at war with the Kootenays, and hostile parties had picked off several miners travelling between Helena and Wild Horse, so that these scouts had to be careful. After five days and nights of fruitless watching the party returned to camp. The men were afraid that Brown had got clear away when some packers came in from Joseph's Prairie, sixteen miles out, and said that a man came to their camp and demanded grub at the point of his pistol, and, after getting it, retreated backwards, keeping his pistol pointed at the poor packers, who knew nothing about the murder.

At once a fresh party started out, for they knew that he would take the trail. Two of the party from the lower trail also came in. They had seen him crossing the Mouville River. One of them was examining the banks for tracks when the other, who was holding the horses, was startled by the sound which Brown made in striding along. As soon as Brown saw the horses he darted into the bushes. The two men, K—— and H——, immediately returned to camp, seventy miles, and procuring fresh supplies got back again as soon as possible, but the road from the Mouville to the boundary was very rocky and a man on foot could beat a horseman. So they did not overtake him till they came to Bonner's ferry, one hundred and twenty miles from camp. Here Brown, to avoid the ferry, had deflected to the east to cross the river and strike the trail three miles on the other side of the ferry. The men put up their horses at Bonner's, put on their moccasins, and, going along the trail past where Brown would come, waited in a clump of bushes. The intention was to wing



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him and give him a chance to explain. So, when he appeared, one of them sent a bullet through his right hand, in which he carried his revolver. He cursed them and, changing the pistol to the other hand, began firing, for though he had crossed four rivers he had managed to keep the pistol barrels dry. There was nothing for it but to put an end to him. This being done, they dug a hole, put him in and covered him up; and came back and reported to N——, the Recorder.

Jack and the Judge, warm chums in life, lie side by side on the sunny side of a brae in Kootenay.

KATIE BROWN.

Barkerville, B.C.

THE POTLATCH.

We were seated round the fire one winter evening with a few friends who had lately come from England. Suddenly there came a ring at the door bell, and in came one of the neighbor lads. He told us that the great dance of the Potlatch came off that night, and asked us if we would care to go. Our guests had never been to a Potlatch, and did not know what it meant, so my brother explained it to them as follows :—

It is a custom amongst the Indians that when one of them becomes at all wealthy he wishes to become a chief, and the easiest way to do so is to give away gifts of blankets and other things to the tribe to which he belongs. The word "Potlatch," in the language of the Chinooks, means a gift, and one of these gatherings to give away gifts is called a potlatch. It usually lasts for about four days, and the third night is the grand event of the occasion, as it is set apart almost entirely for dancing—not the stately dance of our forefathers, nor the mad whirl of the modern ball-room, but genuine Indian dances, danced in their own way, and to their own music.

We all decided to go, but the first difficulty that presented itself was the method of going. We had only one sleigh at home and that would only seat six and there were in all twelve of us; but we did not mind a

little squeezing, and as it was only three miles we all managed to get in some way, and off we went. My big brother, or the professor, as we commonly called him, had a mouth organ with him, and, in spite of the uncomfortable position in which he was placed, managed to enliven us with various selections all the way to the ranche, as the Indian village is called. Arriving there we were conducted by one of the chiefs to the house in which the Potlatch was held.

Let me pause for a moment and try to describe the house. Imagine to yourself a building about forty by eighty feet, with walls about sixteen feet high and a very flat roof. The frame is made by sinking posts into the ground and laying logs across the building for ceiling beams. Then, on top of these, are laid pieces almost like a wall plate, to which the sides are nailed. There are no rafters used at all, but short posts are set on end on the beams, and a kind of purline plate put on, and the boards of the roof run lengthways. In the construction neither square nor level is used, so you can have a slight idea of one of the structures. The fire is built in the middle of the floor and smoke escapes through the cracks in the roof and walls as well as through the hole left in the centre of the roof just over the fire. The ground is levelled down and packed solid, only one portion, which is set apart for sleeping purposes, having any floor.

When we arrived there were about two hundred Indians present, and about twenty whites, who had come to witness the performance. Amongst them was the Indian agent for the district, Mr. Lomas. As we were acquainted with him he secured us seats in the most

favorable position and from time to time interpreted to us the meaning of the different dances.

They commenced the performance by giving away about fifty pairs of blankets and a few shawls and other similar articles. Just as they had finished this we heard a loud noise of yelling outside, and we knew the fun was about to commence. Presently the door opened and in came about a dozen braves dressed in costumes representing different animals. As each came inside he would spin round on one foot and make a bow towards the new chief, and then would commence racing and capering round and round the fire. They came in one by one and the last had gone round the fire a couple of times, when, at a signal, they made a rush towards the spectators. The one that came towards us was dressed as a pig, but carried a knife in one hand and a tomahawk or hatchet in the other, which he brandished round and round his head. I am only a small boy and was in the second row of seats, but I felt my blood run cold, and, if there had been any possible way of escape, I would have run for my life, but as the rest did not seem very much terrified I thought it best to remain where I was. Each of the dancers came round in turn and exhibited himself to us and looked very inquisitively into our faces. When each had fully satisfied himself about the audience they all retired and a number of girls took up the dance. Mr. Lomas explained to us that this dance was intended as a prayer for success in hunting during the next year.

I had almost forgotten to describe the music. About a dozen Indians were seated tailor-fashion beside a small log, each having a couple of sticks about a foot long and

an inch or so in diameter. They beat on the log with these sticks and all kept time while they sang. As nearly as I can remember the words were, "Hi, ya, ha, ha, ha; hi, ya, ha, ha, ha, ha," pronounced in a guttural monotone, and as loud as they could yell it.

The girls all had their hair hanging loose about their shoulders and wore bright-colored petticoats and jackets, but were barefooted. I cannot describe the step used in the dance, but it was not unlike the polka step. Each danced alone, and as she swayed back and forth she waved her hand round her head and twirled her fingers. Some of them looked very graceful. Our interpreter told us this dance was called "The Maiden's Prayer," as none but maidens were allowed to take part in it, and that each one prayed for a husband.

The next dance was what we called the feather dance, and while they were preparing for it some of the Indians passed round refreshments in the shape of pilot bread and smoked salmon. Mr. Lomas told us they would be affronted if we did not eat something so we each took a couple of biscuits and a portion of the fish. I suppose the Indian small boy is like his white brother, or at least he must have that reputation, as they insisted on my having a double portion. I tried a piece of the salmon, but as it had not been cooked I did not care for it, and put it in my pocket. They must have thought I ate it and enjoyed it immensely, for one of them came along and forced another large piece upon me, which must have weighed at least a pound. I kept this in my hand until after the dance had begun again and then put it into my pocket. Fish makes a good bait for a mouse-trap, so I was provided with bait for another month.

When the music began again a large wash-tub was brought into the middle of the ring near the fire. About a dozen Indians in full war-paint and dressed in buckskin came in, each with an ordinary eagle's feather in his hand. They began dancing round and round the tub,—suddenly each threw his feather into the air, when to our intense surprise they remained floating in mid-air, each feather keeping above the chief who had thrown it. In a few minutes the feathers went off in a kind of independent dance, sailing here and there through the room. When beckoned to, each would turn to its station above the head of the chief who threw it. Presently the chiefs stood in a ring round the tub and walked backwards, when the feathers all fell into the tub. The Indians standing round dashed buckets of water on the feathers, and thoroughly soaked them. Suddenly the feathers rose from the water and commenced sailing all round the room, shooting hither and thither. As each chief retired a feather would come sailing from the opposite end of the room and go out with him. We could not discover the means by which it was done, but we were all satisfied there was some trickery about it. The Indians appeared intensely excited about the matter, and gave forth various vocal sounds, which can only be pronounced by an Indian. There was no particular meaning to this dance, it being done to show the whites how clever they were.

Next followed the mourning for the dead, or the sob dance. All the old squaws on the ranche took part in this. They marched round the room once, with dishevelled hair and ragged clothing, before the music commenced. Then, with one accord, they began to wail

and sob, each one hugging herself and swaying back and forth. Occasionally, one would become frenzied with grief and tear her hair, giving vent to the most doleful wails possible to imagine.

By this time we had become somewhat wearied with the performance and wished to go; but the Indians would not allow us to go before the dance was over as it would bring bad luck on them, so to please them the rest decided to stay, much to my disappointment, as I was so sleepy and tired that I hardly knew what to do with myself. There were only two more dances, and I assure you I was not sleepy when once they started. The first was a regular war dance, in which an imaginary battle was fought, and ended with a hand-to-hand fight. It was frightful to witness it, even though it was only sham. They yelled with the real war-whoop, and occasionally a man would fall as though he were dead and the process of scalping was gone through. Those who fell groaned most dismally. The new chief led one side, while an old warrior led the attacking party. They both showed considerable military talent. Finally, the attacking party was repulsed with great loss. We all cheered most heartily, which pleased the Indians very much.

The last dance was a general one, in which everybody (except the whites) joined. Each seemed to vie with the other in making a noise, and the racket was terrific. As soon as we possibly could we got away, and arrived at home about two o'clock in the morning.

MERLE HALLIDAY.

Victoria, B.C.

AN ADVENTURE OF JOHN TOD.

John Tod ruled at Kamloops. He was a chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was at the head of the Thuswap District. He lived at Fort Kamloops, which was one of the oldest trading places in the Far West, and frequented by seven different tribes of Indians. They were the Atnah, the Kootenia, the Okanagan, the Similikameen, the fierce Feet, and the hospitable Kamloop. These all belonged to the Thuswap family. The surface of the county around Kamloops and Thuswap was chiefly an open plateau, covered with grass, and occasional trees. In winter it is cold and in summer hot. In the spring there are many flowers, and in autumn there is plenty of food. The scenery is bold and varied. Now John Tod ruled over all the land above and below him, and on either side as far as he chose to go, but his subjects were few. At this time there were with him at the Fort, besides his wife and three children, only half a dozen men, and a half-breed boy. John Tod was not what we might call a handsome man, nor was he learned or polished. He was a Scotchman, who, after coming to America, had fallen back into the primitive ways of mankind, and had become like a savage. He was tall and bony, with a small neck rising from sloping shoulders, and had a narrow high head, with light brown hair, matted and stiff. Above a Scotch nose were glittering gray eyes full of

perpetual fun and intelligence, and below it a large mouth. You might say when he talked that he talked all over, every inch of his body moving. Among the Indians he was very powerful, there being a superstition that they could not kill him, as he had been starved, cut, shot at, and yet never been killed, though even the bravest warriors had tackled him. They considered him a true king. There was also another man, a white-washed Thuswap savage, in this region, who was a monarch too. He was called by the Company "St. Paul," but by the Catholic priests Jean Baptiste Lolo. He was noted all over and every savage had heard of his deeds of daring. For twenty years before Tod's time he had lived near the Fort on good terms with the fur traders. His authority among his people was absolute. Being a man of mental force, dissatisfied with the Company's trade jargon, he had learned Canadian French, and spoke it fluently in old age. He loved horses, and kept many for his own use. Now in this year, 1846, those two kings were at their best, Tod domineering and reckless, Lolo not so wealthy in horses. But there was one horse of a band of three hundred belonging to the Fort that Lolo coveted; he would do anything to get it, and Tod was unwilling to give it up to him: the next best must suit the leader of the red-skins.

One of the customs of the Fort was to send a party of men to the Popayon or fountain, on the Fraser, seventy-six miles off, to prepare for the year's subsistence a supply of salmon, caught there and cured by the natives. This year it had been agreed that Lolo should lead the company for the benefit of the two parties. Two nights after the departure of the expedition, as Tod was getting

ready to go to bed, a knock was heard at the door, and Lolo appeared. The Fort gates were open as it was a time of peace, and Tod was alone with his family and unprotected.

Though much amazed and frightened lest the party was in danger, he was Indian enough not to seem surprised at anything. He continued to prepare for bed, but he was becoming anxious. Tod motioned Lolo to a seat, and offered him a pipe and tobacco.

"Your family will be glad to see you," said Tod, wondering all the time what was the matter. "The sorrel horse I spoke to you about," replied the chief; "I should like to have that horse, Mr. Tod." "The river has risen a little since yesterday," observed Tod. "For twenty years I have followed the fortunes of the Hudson's Bay Company," continued Lolo. "I have shared my store of food with them, warned them of danger, attended them in all perils, and never before have I been denied a request." "Fill your pipes," said Tod. "Alas! my wife and little ones," still sighed the savage; "though I am old and not afraid to die, they are young and helpless. What would become of them should this evil befall; where will they go?"

Tod demanded an explanation, and Lolo told him of a conspiracy for the extermination of the fur traders arranged by the chiefs of several tribes, of which a young Atnah chief had told him. They were to begin by capturing the annual party as it reached the Fraser, and he was warned that he might save himself and his family. Lolo said he had hid the horses and men behind some bushes and told them to wait while he found a better camping ground. "Once," he said, "he would not have

turned back on such a threat. But I see my fealty and faithful services are no longer valued." "Well, go to your family," said Tod, "and I will consider it." Was it true, or, was it only a trick to get the horse? Tod was puzzled, but he had his own way of treating and deciding cases quickly. He explained briefly to his wife, and then wrote a general account of the affair for headquarters, in case he never came back, and soon after midnight was galloping with the half-breed boy for the Fraser River. He reached his men by noon, who had heard nothing of any possible attack, nor did he tell them of any. Orders were to move on next morning, and arms were carefully attended to.

At sunrise they started at the usual place. Soon they reached a little plain surrounded by thick bushes and extending to the river. He told his men that he would go ahead three hundred yards, and for them to march when he did, and stop when he did. Then he went on apparently careless, but with his eyes and ears wide open. He spied on one side of the plain behind some bushes a large band of painted Indians in war array, with no women or children among them. They had seen him and were brandishing their knives and guns threateningly. What was he to do? He vowed on the spot that if he won the day Lolo should have the horse, as he was right. But what was needed to be done must be done quickly. So he told one of his men to take back the horses, and if he was killed to make haste to the Fort. The horse with which he hoped to win was a magnificent animal, strong and swift. The enemy, coming out from behind the bushes, watched the fur trader's movements closely.

The conflict would be one man against three hundred; there is no use for a gun now.

Turning his horse toward the savages, Tod spurred him and galloped straight toward the Indians. They raised their guns, but he did not flinch or stop. On he went, and then, with eyes flashing and head erect, the horse was turned to the left and right, and then made to describe a half circle directly for their midst. Any one else would have been killed instantly, but they were curious, as it was not every day they could see the chief trader before them prancing around, so they did not fire. When he was angry his smile was most terrible, and he was very angry then. He spoke fair, but they were afraid. However, they could soon kill him.

"Now, what is this you want?" said the trader.

"We want to see Lolo," they replied. "Where is Lolo?" "Oh! he is at home, poor fellow!" "What is the matter?" they asked, crowding round him. "Oh! I am very sorry for you, my friends," said Tod, "the small-pox is upon us, the terrible, horrible small-pox—an Okangan brought it from Walla Walla. Yes! the dreaded disease is here, and that is why I came,—I came to tell and save you. But do not come near Kamloops till I send you notice. I have brought you medicine so you would not die. Indeed, I could not see you die!" The Indians then began to cry, "O Mr. Tod, save us, do save us!" Not more than ten minutes had been wasted in this achievement. It was true that the trader would help them to medicine to his full extent. Between his thumb and finger Tod held the will of the multitude. Not a word about conspiracy or murder, but fear must be kept alive. It was not enough that they should

escape, but the salmon must be had. "You see yonder tree?" "Yes." "Cut it down." The women now came out, and Tod, pointing to the smoke arising from the bushes, said, "Sell salmon to the men at my camp." As soon as the horses were loaded with salmon they were started for home, and then, desiring that they should get well on their way without molestation, Tod sat down on one log with his feet on another, and said, "Fifty of your bravest chiefs strip each right arm." The foremost chiefs were selected. "Go down to the river and wash the arm," was the next order. Then, drawing from his pocket a knife and some vaccine matter, he set to work. Soon they were vaccinated, and then they were instructed how to vaccinate the others by the scab. "It was a strange sight," said Tod afterwards, "to see them walking around with their right arms in the air, and as they could not use any weapons till they were healed, we were quite safe." Lolo got his much-coveted horse, and Tod was worshipped ever after. The conspiracy was thus broken up without any loss of life by a clever artifice.

FREDERICK LYMAN BEECHER.

New Westminster, B.C.

AN ADVENTURE IN CARIBOU.

It was the autumn of the year 186—. About one hundred men were mining on the Quesnelle Lakes in a corner of Cariboo, which, in 1854, turned out tons of gold worth about four million dollars. But this was the maximum, and year after year the quantity diminished, so the miners struck farther inland into more difficult places. They had seen the surface of the bed-rock strewn with gold mixed with dirt, like the grains of wheat mixed with chaff at the tail of a fanning-mill. Now they dreamed that, farther in the hills and nearer the sources of the rivers, they would discover the harvest-fields of gold ripe for picking. But as the autumn of this year came on many of the miners got away from the camps at the head of these lakes, and it was felt that if, when all hands met in winter quarters at Yale, the reports from Bone Lake, Bonaparte, Chiscoozle, or the North Thompson rivers, told of rich strikes, that the workings on the Horsefly would never have the water baled out of them; and with this prospect in view the shopkeepers let their stock run down. Mat Simons held an auction, and sold watches as low as seventy dollars, and oilcloth suits for three ounces of gold-dust. Then he packed his needles and thread over to Skookumchuck Creek, where he explained to Black Bear, the chief, that the man who made needles was dead, and then sold the balance of his stock, twenty-seven needles, for a dollar apiece, and thread for a dollar and a half a

spool, after which he parted with his pipe, a red sash, and four buttons from his vest, for three strips of venison, and then struck the main trail for home. Mat had seen a good many camps, and the sacrifice of his stock and desertion of the Horsefly discouraged the boys. Beer and whiskey went down to a dollar a drink, or twenty drinks for an ounce of gold-dust, and Johnson, who dealt in other supplies, put out a shingle offering bacon, butter, tobacco, tea and sugar, at a dollar per pound, and flour, salt, beans and dried apples, for seventy-five cents.

It was expected that Antoine Mileto, the Italian freighter, would bring in another load of supplies, but the weather got very wet and he turned out his six mules to grass, and lived mostly on fish which he caught in the lakes.

The men were loth to quit the mines, especially as they did not know whether they would be back to the same diggings next year, so they stayed on till the rains got colder, and the snow-lines crept down the mountain-side. They all said "the fall was early, but there would be fine weather yet, and any time before Christmas was all right to get home." The 28th of November was a cold, rainy day, and trees on the mountains were covered with snow. During the night the wind blew in gusts, and the miners in their cabins had to bury their heads under the blankets for shelter from the snow, which drifted in through the roofs, and in the morning many a man went kicking around to find a shovel with which to shovel the snow from the fireplace so as to build a fire. It was bitterly cold—twenty below zero—and every man knew it was time to start. About thirty-

five, under the leadership of Donald McArthur, started that day. The rest waited till the day after. Some made huge packs of clothing and food; others took but little.

McArthur was from one of the Eastern provinces. He had come to California in 1850, and was at one time worth a great deal of money. He now led the procession, broke the track, and built the fires. In two and a-half days he was at the Forks, where an old man named Hatch lived, with every one of the thirty-five men that had started with him. Hatch was gone, his cabin left empty and desolate. Hauled up in an obscure place was a large scow, with a mast in it like a sloop, a craft which McArthur had used while freighting on the river. It was seventy miles to Quesnelle Mouth, where there was a town. But no shelter was nearer. There were rapids, dangerous for a deeply-laden boat, wide places where the scow must be rowed, and shoals where she would go aground; but, thankful that they would not have to tramp through the snow, they crowded on board.

The weather was very cold and the scow leaked, but hour after hour McArthur kept his place at the steering oar. He was first to take an oar when more headway was needed, and first to jump overboard and lift, when the scow ran hopelessly aground. At four o'clock the third day the scow ran into the landing at Quesnelle Mouth. Here they were told that all the miners were in except those at the Horsefly diggings. McArthur knew that there was no food at any place on the road, and no boat but the one he had come in. "Those men will never get in," he said; "we must send them food."

The food was freely given, but who was to take it? Six Siwashes were willing to go for large pay, but no white man volunteered to accompany them.

"I am as old a man as there is among you," said McArthur, "but a blue-nose never turned his back on a blizzard."

So next morning he with his Siwashes started off. At noon next day they found seventy men camped by the road, tired and famishing. These were given provisions enough to last them until they got home, and McArthur and his men pushed on again. In some places the road was full of water and they got soaking wet, but went on till dark. When they stopped for the night McArthur made a fire, and on taking off his shoes and stockings found that his feet were badly frozen. But he drew the frost out with snow, got bandages and salve from his pack, and, dressing them, again prepared for the night's campaign.

The temperature had fallen, it seemed to him, one hundred and sixty degrees below zero. The Indians, overcome with weariness, squatted around the fire, and would not lift a hand to get a stick of wood for the fire. McArthur worked all night chopping wood, only sitting down a few minutes to rest.

Next day they found Antoine Mileto the Italian. He was almost dead from starvation, so they gave him hot tea and biscuit, which soon brought him round. He said that he had endured it as long as he could, and was looking for a place to lie down and die when they found him. From Antoine's report they knew that the men behind were in a perilous condition, but hoped they had reached Woodchuck creek before this, and McArthur

resolved to reach that point before night. They found no one there, and had been camped but two hours when they heard the report of a rifle, and on going to the spot found a camp of thirty-five men. The shot had been fired at what they thought was a lynx, the track of one having been found that morning. When the news came that food was near the camp broke up in disorder. Four or five of the men were badly frozen, but they declined to wait till food was brought them, and ran with the rest to McArthur's camp.

By the time this large gang was fed and supplied with rations there was very little left, but McArthur would not turn back as there were five more men to send relief to yet. He went on another day, then leaving a pole across the road with a bag of half the provisions he had left hung on it, and a note requesting "those who found it to leave half, unless they knew themselves to be the last on the road," he and his Siwashes started for home.

They divided their remaining stock of food between them, one biscuit and a slice of bacon to each man.

At dusk they arrived at the Big Coolie Bridge, twelve miles from the town. McArthur was suffering terribly with his feet, and Big Philip suggested that they should strike down the river to where his father was camping. Two miles around the bluff brought them to the place, but Philip's father had not a particle of food, as the storm had swept away his nets and the river was frozen over. The women and children hailed McArthur with demonstrations of joy, thinking he would be able to supply all their wants, and accepted the biscuit he gave them as a gift from heaven. The old man held family worship, and prayed in Chinook for blessings on the

person, family and people of the King George man who had come to their relief, ending with the version of the Lord's Prayer taught them by the Episcopal missionaries. Translated it read:—

Our father who stayeth in the above,
Good in our hearts thy name,
Good than chief among all people,
Good thy will upon earth as in the above;
Give every day our food,
If we do ill (be) not very angry,
And if any one do evil towards us
Not we angry towards them
Send far away from us all evil.

McArthur and his men had a good night's rest at last, and the next day at noon they were safe in the Can-Can saloon at Quesnelle Mouth. McArthur suffered a long time with his feet, which were all he had to show for his share in the adventure.

The five remaining men came in three day's after, owning that they had owed their lives to the bag of provisions left for them on the road.

Donald McArthur lives in a town on the C.P.R. line, and if anyone is willing to fit him out with pack horses, four men and five hundred dollars' worth of grub, he will hydraulic a bench which he knows of on the Horse-fly. He thinks it carries fine gold.

ELLA LADNER.

Kamloops, B.C.

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RETRIBUTION.

A quaint old house, with small, diamond-paned windows and old-fashioned doors, standing on the border of a small, quiet lake, whose still depths reflected the time-darkened building, the frost-brightened foliage of the maples growing behind it, and the white clouds, above all, chasing each other across the deep blue October sky.

That was the Half-way House, situated midway between Annapolis and Liverpool, and owned by John Annison, who carried Her Majesty's mails between the two places.

To the right and left of it stretched away the dreary barrens, dotted here and there with grey rocks, and the monotony unrelieved, for ten miles on either side, by a single house, or tree. In front of it lay the road, long, white and dusty, stretching away like a narrow ribbon toward Liverpool, forty-five miles distant. About the old house this October morning, in the year 1850, there was no sign of life, save the thin wreath of smoke curling upwards from the large old-fashioned chimney, until a rattle of wheels broke the stillness, and around a bend in the road came a ramshackle old waggon, drawn by a gaunt sorrel horse, and in the waggon sat a stout, middle-aged man, roughly and shabbily dressed.

Just in front of the Half-way House he stopped, or, rather, the horse stopped (the only thing it ever did

willingly), and the man, having alighted, led him to the barn, and, leaving him to enjoy his feed of oats, advanced towards the house, and, lifting the latch, stepped into a long, low room, the very ideal of an old-fashioned kitchen, with its bare, spotless floor, and huge fireplace, in which a great pile of logs was blazing.

Although the hands of the old-fashioned clock pointed to the hour of noon there was no sign of dinner. As the man noted this a dark frown rose to his face, and he spoke sharply to a woman who had turned from her occupation of spinning at his entrance.

"Why is it that dinner is not ready, Mary?"

"I did not notice that it was so late," answered the woman in surprise; "and, besides, I wanted to finish spinning to-day. I will call Jennie, though, and we will get the dinner at once."

"And must myself and the mail wait because of your carelessness?" growled the aggrieved one, flinging his hat into a corner, and himself into a chair by the fire-side; "but there's always something the matter in this house."

"If this house had a good master there would be nothing whatever the matter with it," retorted the woman, sharply, as, with the assistance of her little daughter, she began to prepare the plain meal.

The face of the "master of the house" flushed a deep red at this thrust, and there were roughly spoken words in that kitchen after that. Things went on from bad to worse, and at last the quarrel reached a climax. Springing to his feet Anison confronted his wife with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"As surely as there is a Heaven above us," he vehemently declared, "I will never speak to you again!"

Without another word he turned and left the house and in another moment was driving swiftly away, while his wife went about her work, her anger turned to penitence, but trusting to time to make all right between them.

John Annison had carried Her Majesty's mails for years, ever since he had brought the young bride to the Half-way House as its mistress. Far and wide he was known as a man of unyielding pride and iron will. In all his life he had never broken his word. He made it his boast, and he did not intend to break it now. When he next saw his wife there was not the slightest gesture or look that might have been construed into penitence for his rash vow. The few remarks she ventured to address to him were not replied to.

The next time he came home he found her alone when he entered the kitchen. After warming himself before the fire he took a small slate from his pocket, and writing upon it, "Where are the children?" passed it to his wife. Not at first comprehending what this strange proceeding might mean, she took the slate and read the sentence.

Then, as it slowly dawned upon her that her husband had really been in earnest, her face blanched to a deadly white, and she raised her unbelieving eyes to his stern face.

"John," she said, "does this really mean that you will never speak to me—to your wife again?"

He took the slate from her hand and wrote upon it the single word, "Yes."

Mrs. Annison's face turned even whiter, and, rising, she glided noiselessly from the room.

Reaching her own chamber she cast herself prone upon the floor, and the grief that swelled her heart almost to bursting found vent in tears. When she had wept until she could weep no longer she arose.

"I have not deserved this treatment at my husband's hands," she said, slowly. "Since he has chosen to put a gulf between us I shall make no effort to bridge it over. Silence be it then."

After bathing her swollen eyes, and arranging her disordered hair, she descended to the kitchen. Her husband was still there, and also the three children — two sturdy boys and one daughter. Mr. Annison was talking to his children, and all four were laughing noisily. A sharp pang pierced the mother's heart like a dagger, but she made no sign, only went quietly about her work as usual; and as the days and weeks wore on, as they lengthened into months, she found it less hard to bear her husband's silence, but the old weary ache never left her heart. And so the years glided by, leaving her with the old burden and the old pain, but bringing no changes.

* * * * *

The snow had fallen heavily for a week past, and on this wild November night was falling still. The shrieking wind seized the huge white drifts, and flung them about in the air, and against the windows of the Half-way House, with savage energy. And on this terrible night, when the spirits of the air were fighting each other, the mistress of the Half-way House lay dying; in the little chamber in which she had sobbed

her heart out, more than twenty years before, lay waiting for the coming of that mysterious messenger whom men call "Death."

The wood fire, built upon the hearth, threw its fitful gleams about the plain room, brightening the time-worn furniture, and, casting its light across the pale face of the dying woman, propped high among the pillows.

She had aged terribly during those twenty years of silence, for not once had her husband spoken to her since the day of that quarrel so long, long ago. Their children had grown to manhood and womanhood, had each in turn pleaded with their father in the hope of softening his heart towards his wife, but in vain. Even when he knew that her days on earth were nearly numbered, his stubborn pride refused to yield.

He still carried Her Majesty's mails between Annapolis and Liverpool, and to-night he was somewhere, on the road, perhaps lying dead under a snow-drift.

The dying woman stirred, restlessly.

"John!" she moaned; "oh, where is John? Surely he will speak to me before I die. Jennie, come here!"

A young lady rose from her kneeling position by the fire, and advanced to the bedside.

"I am here, mother," she said, softly.

"Has he come?" whispered the mother.

"Not yet," answered Jennie, sadly.

"If he should come too late you'll tell him to come—to come—too late. I—I—"

Her voice died away in husky whispers, and she sank back among the pillows once more, while the daughter returned to her sorrowful vigil.

Silence fell over the chamber of death. The fire flickered and gleamed, and piled the corners full of dusky shadows, while outside the snow sifted against the windows, and the winds sobbed a requiem for the dying.

Then there was a sound of hasty footsteps; the latch was lifted, and John Annison stood on the threshold. He, too, had changed, but the old expression of self-will still lurked about his mouth. He stood silent for a moment, and then crossed the room to his wife's bedside.

The dying woman opened her eyes. "I knew you would come," she said, in a quick, excited whisper. "I'm dying, John! Speak to me once, just once."

The old man stood looking at his wife, and his strong face gave no sign of the storm raging within his heart. He had forgiven her long ago for the angry words she had spoken to him that day, but the thought of his vow had prevented him from telling her so. He had never broken his word. Should he break it now? "I'll never speak to you again!" The words seemed written on his brain in letters of fire. Every way he looked they confronted him. Then his eyes fell upon the pleading, upturned face on the pillow. Could he let his wife die without one word from him, her husband. He took the thin hand lying on the coverlet in his, and his lips parted to speak, but no sound came from them. Jennie sat with tear-blinded eyes fixed on her father, wondering at the hardness of his heart.

Silence for a time, and then the dying woman whispered: "Good-bye, John! Say good-bye to me."

The old man began writing something on the little

slate he carried, and then handed it to his wife, who had watched him with yearning eyes and parted lips.

With an anguished face she motioned it away, and sinking back on the pillows covered her pallid face with her hands. Silence again. There was a bitter struggle going on in the old man's heart. Jennie stole close to him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Have you no heart?" she whispered. "Will you—" There was a gurgling sound from the bed, and with a quick breath of alarm the girl hastened to raise the pallid face on which the damp of death was gathering. In vain! The messenger had come, and for the suffering woman life, with its storms and sunshine, its joys and sorrows, was nearly over. The old man saw this, and he forgot his rash vow, forgot everything except that she was his wife, and he loved her, and the name that had not passed his lips for twenty years broke the stillness.

"Mary! Forgive me!"

The pallid lips made no response. The dimmed eyes did not brighten. The old man knelt beside the bed, and as he saw death creeping over her face, he cried: "Tell me that you forgive me!"

There was a light in the dull eyes now, but it was not of earth. The snow-white head sank lower on the tender hands that supported it, and in the solemn presence of death the old man bent over her, and his cry of anguish rang through the silent room:

"Mary! Speak to me once more!"

Too late! With noiseless footsteps the messenger had departed, and the first beam of day, falling into the still chamber, glorified the sweet, dead face upon the

pillow, until it looked like a "beautiful petrified prayer." With a face of marble Annison turned, and pointed towards the door.

"Go!" he commanded hoarsely; "leave me alone with my dead."

And the sobbing girl passed from the room, leaving the old man to reap the whirlwind which he had sown.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."

* * * * *

"It is time old Annison was along," said the upper hostler, shading his eyes with one hand, and gazing up the street, through the blinding storm. "Haven't known him to be so late since the night his wife died, five years ago. He says that he'll die on the road, and blamed if I don't believe him. Not to-night though," added the man, "or here he comes now."

A horse of marvellously attenuated frame walked slowly up to the inn, and, halting, stood with drooping head and wind-tossed mane, evidently waiting for his driver to alight. But the snow-covered figure sitting in the old sled never stirred.

"Hello, old chap," called out the upper hostler, cheerily.

"Pretty tough night this, but you pulled through all right, as usual. Rather stiff, eh?"

Silence. The wind stirred the buffalo robe and blew the snow up against the motionless figure, but it never moved.

"Is he asleep, or drunk, or stupid, or what?" asked the man impatiently. "Here give me the lantern. Now, then, old fellow, what's the—oh, my God, Joe, he's dead!"

For the man raising the lantern so that its rays might fall on the motionless figure, had peered into the face of a corpse.

"Frozen to death!" was the verdict given at the inquest.

"The Judgment of God," whispered the neighbors, as they stood by the coffin, and looked down at the face which the Death angel had touched.

But the blind eyes could not see them. The deaf ears could not hear them. At last he had found rest, and the remorse gnawing at his heart was stilled. For him no vain repentance, no more sorrow, no more cold, no more hunger.

He was—dead!

E. MAUDE F. SAUNDERS.

Laurencetown, Annapolis Co., N.S.

THE NOVA SCOTIA GIANT.

Nearly every person in the Dominion of Canada, and a great many in the United States and other countries, have heard of Angus MacAskill, the Nova Scotia giant. He lived on the north side of St. Ann's Harbor in this county, and only about two miles distant from where I live. My father was well acquainted with him, they having fished while boys out of the same fishing station, Neils Harbor, and from him as well as from neighbors and a few other sources I have learned something of the character, size, strength and career of this remarkable man.

Fishing then being the principal industry, in early life he followed that occupation with his fathers and brothers at the station above named. His father was a small man but very strong for his size, while his mother was somewhat taller than the common. They were both born in Lewis Island, Scotland, where their famous son was also born. They had five sons, exclusive of the giant, and two daughters, all of the ordinary size and strength, and the most of them still living.

Previous to sixteen his growth and strength were nothing unusual, but after this a great change was noted in his size, as he grew wonderfully fast and at times showed his wonderful strength. Being of a mild disposition and somewhat inactive in his motions, it was only when his nature was aroused that he gave proof

of his strength. His height was seven feet nine inches, and this being so much higher than the common his father had to raise the loft a foot or two to enable his son to walk in without stooping.

I have seen his coat and boots and other articles which he used and are preserved by his brothers. I tried the coat on and finding it, of course, too large I called two other friends who accompanied me to come into the coat with me, which they did, and it easily buttoned over the three of us. The length of the boot was eighteen inches, and I could readily put my two feet into it. Although of this size he ate no more than an ordinary man.

It will be seen from the following incidents, which happened when he was quite young, that his strength was great even then. Being ploughing one day with a pair of young oxen who, toward evening, were getting lazy and required a great deal of driving, he got rather angry with them, and, unyoking them, took hold of the chain himself, told his father to hold the plough, and before dark had the piece of land ploughed. At another time three or four men were vainly endeavoring to haul a boat of codfish. At last the giant came along. He told half of the men to go to each side and hold the boat level while he went himself to the stem to pull; but what was the surprise of the men to see him carry off the stem, gunwales and part of the upper planks. On another occasion he was coming ashore alone in a boat on a stormy day when his boat upset in the surf near the shore. The boys ashore began to laugh, thinking that the giant had now his hands full; but you can imagine their wonder to

see him shoulder the boat and triumphantly wade till he reached the shore, and then walk up some distance till he came to a big rock where he smashed the boat to atoms and then emphatically declared that that boat would never be the means of drowning another man. After this he was another time at home hauling a birch log with an ox, which either refused or could not haul it. The giant, getting a bit aroused, shouldered the stick and carried it home. Not long afterwards a conceited Frenchman from Cheticamp, who thought himself quite a pugilist, came over to have a fight with the giant. On the eve of fighting they shook hands, but such was the shake and the squeeze the hand of the poor Frenchman got that he spent a good part of the remainder of his life in an hospital trying in vain to mend his broken bones. Another day he came over to buy some articles of a Mr. Munroe who was doing business on the place now occupied by my father, and on which I live. Mr. Munroe, who was a big, powerful man and a good wrestler, wished to try the giant's strength. After much pleading the giant consented to grant his request, and before Mr. Munroe knew where he was had grasped and pitched him about ten feet over flour barrels to the other end of the room. Mr. Munroe afterwards asserted that there were lumps on his sides from the grip the giant gave him. I could give many incidents in his earlier life illustrating his great power before he left home, but must refrain as I wish to give some account of him after going abroad.

While he was fishing, as stated above, a Mr. Dunseath, a sagacious Englishman who was trading around the coast, noting the giant's size and strength, thought

it would be a profitable investment to hire him and exhibit him in foreign places. Accordingly, after much pleading, the giant consented to go. At this time wages were low everywhere. Dunseath at first exhibited him through Nova Scotia, and afterwards through the whole of Canada, the United States, West Indies, England, etc., and made a fortune out of him.

The second year the giant engaged differently with Mr. Dunseath. They were to divide the profits equally, and this year the giant amassed quite a sum of money. On this tour he was exhibited with Tom Thumb, and it was one of the most interesting features of the show to witness the contrast between the two—the dexterity with which Tom Thumb went through some performances in conjunction with the giant. He would dance on the palm of the giant's hand and jump from one hand to the other, and then the giant would put him in his pocket without the least trouble.

The next year he engaged with a different man on much the same agreement. During this trip he was presented to the Queen, who expressed herself as being happy to see that giants were reared in new as well as old Scotland. He also visited the West Indies, where he was known as Mount Kaskell, and on the voyage hence they were pursued by pirates, and but for the giant's strength and bravery they would, in all probability, have been killed or made captives.

After this he visited New Orleans, where a bet was laid against him that he would not lift an anchor weighing a ton. He raised the anchor easily and put it on his shoulder, but when throwing it off the fluke in some way caught on his shoulder and is supposed to have

something to do with his untimely death, as that shoulder was ever afterwards lower than the other.

He visited Spain, where he saw the brutal bull fights, and there, also, he saw the desecration of the Sabbath as he had never seen it before. Although that was the most profitable to him of all countries he had traversed the utter ungodliness of its people had such an effect on him—he being a God-fearing man—that he longed for his old home where he could have quietude and live in the midst of Christian people. Accordingly, he started for home, where he arrived in not very good health. He started in the mercantile business and prosecuted on a large scale the salmon fishing, in which he was very successful. He bought farms for all his brothers and put them all in good circumstances, and in more ways than one showed his generosity, honesty, patriotism, and every other good principle.

But an attack of slow fever utterly prostrated him, from which he never recovered. He died in the prime of life at the early age of thirty-eight years, and was buried at Englishtown. The length of his coffin was thirteen feet. Only a common gravestone marks his resting-place, and in no other place would such a man fall but a monument would be erected to his memory.

DAN McLEOD.

Munroe's Point, St. Ann's, N.S.

A correspondent in a post card to the "Witness" asked if such a man as the Nova Scotia Giant, as described by Dan. McLeod in his story in the "Witness" ever lived, and hinted that there were grave doubts on

the subject. This card was forwarded to Master McLeod who, in reply, sent this letter:

Munroe's Point, St. Ann's, Oct. 29th, 1890.

Gentlemen,—Yours of the 23rd inst. to hand, and in reply beg to say that I am very much surprised at the card you received, as I thought nobody within the bounds of the Dominion had any doubts as to the existence of the "Giant" (at least those of mature years). The fact that the story was published in all the leading local papers of the island without any contradiction by the newspapers or the readers thereof shows conclusively that the authenticity of the story was undisputed. Now, in conclusion, I beg to refer you to the following uninterested parties, to whom you may write for credibility. Hoping that this will settle their unbelief,

I am, sincerely yours,

DAN McLEOD,

Victoria Co., Cape Breton, N.S.

John A. McDonald, M.P., John L. Bethune, M.D., M.P.P.; Rev. K. McKenzie, Baddeck; Donald McAulay, Customs officer; Lt.-Col. Bingham, Englishtown; John McLeod, J.P., St. Ann's; Alex. McLeod, merchant, Jane McLean, Postmistress, Englishtown; J. McLeod, Postmaster, St. Ann's; M. Munroe, Postmaster, South Gut of St. Ann's; M. McLeod, Postmaster, Eel Cove; D. McLeod, Postmaster, North River Bridge; Capt. A. Carmichael, Munroe's Point, St. Ann's. All of Victoria Co., Cape Breton, N.S.

CADIEUX'S GRAVE.

Many years ago, when the Canada of to-day was yet in her infancy, and before the axe of the settler had diminished her virgin forests, or the influence of civilization had begun to be felt among her savage inhabitants, the Ottawa region was often the scene of atrocious cruelties and bloody conflicts between the various Indian tribes. The most powerful and fiercest of them all was the Confederacy of "Five Nations," commonly called Iroquois. This warlike league, when not harassing the colonists, made incursions into the territories of the Indian tribes friendly to the French settlers, or lay in wait for the trappers descending the Ottawa with their packs of valuable furs. These incursions almost invariably proved disastrous, not only to the Hurons, allies of the French, but often to some adventurous white trader or trapper, who, as agent for one of the fur companies of those days, or attracted, perhaps, by the large profits to be made in the "Peltry Trade," would leave the settlements to hunt with the friendly tribes through the winter months. It is the fate of one of those daring men we wish to describe.

In a secluded spot on the eastern side of Calumet Island, immediately above the Grand Calumet Falls, and distant from the water's edge a hundred yards, more or less, lies a rude and lonely grave. A small heap of stones, supporting in an upright position a decayed wooden cross, roughly put together, is all

that serves to mark its site, if we except the innumerable crosses and short prayers cut in the bark of the surrounding trees. More than a century has elapsed since this little cross, standing alone in the forest, was first erected; yet it still stands a humble memorial of French courage and Indian gratitude. The story to which it bears silent witness is as follows:

In the spring of 17—, tradition has it, two French trappers, accompanied by a small party of Hurons, were descending the Ottawa river in bark canoes with the furs they had collected during the winter, and had proceeded in safety as far as the head of the Grand Calumet Falls, when scouts brought in the alarming intelligence that a large band of Iroquois was lying in ambush at the foot. At the moment of receiving this direful news the little party was busily engaged in packing all its effects in the most convenient shape for carrying around the falls, and we may be assured that the unwelcome tidings of the scouts brought an abrupt pause to the operations of the party. The presence, in force, of the dreaded Iroquois at this particular point made the position of the Hurons very perplexing. To proceed along the portage loaded with their effects would be to fall an easy prey to the waiting foe; to return the way they came was, for many reasons, not to be thought of, and to remain where they were would be utter folly. The only other alternative was to bodily embark in their canoes and run the falls. This way of escape was truly a hazardous one, and yet after debating their situation, they resolved to adopt it.

From the fact that they should have decided on such a perilous enterprise as the best or only means of escap-

ing their enemies we may infer that their position was desperate in the extreme. To run the rapids without accident was not all that they hoped to accomplish. To ensure their safety it was absolutely necessary that their enemies should not become cognizant of their design, and as the Iroquois from their place of concealment had a good view of the rapids the first duty of the Hurons must be to dislodge them, or at least distract their attention. To effect this they had recourse to stratagem. Two Hurons were to retire into the woods a few hundred yards, discharge their firearms and utter loud cries, after which they were to conceal themselves until such time as they could in safety follow their companions; or, finding this impossible, they were to await the return of the party. The remainder of the Hurons were to launch their canoes as soon as they heard the cries of the two in the forest, trusting in the probable result of which, and their skill with the paddle, to elude the foe and cope successfully with the angry waves.

It appears that there was some difficulty at first in getting volunteers to play the dangerous part of decoys, all preferring to trust themselves to the mercy of the raging waters sooner than run the risk of falling into the hands of the cruel Iroquois; but eventually one of the two French trappers took up his gun and proceeded towards the forest, upon which one of the Hurons, not to be surpassed in courage by a white man, immediately followed his example.

In the course of a few minutes the welcome sounds which were to be the signal of departure resounded through the forest, and the little fleet, without the loss

of a moment, pushed from the shore. Strange to relate (and to many this part of the story is incredible), the passage was effected without the loss of a single man; and after a most fatiguing voyage they reached their destination in safety, there to tell the dangers they had escaped, and the wonderful feat they had achieved.

In the meantime what had become of the Huron hunter, and his ally, the brave Cadieux, for by that name the devoted Frenchman is remembered? Left in the midst of fierce bloodthirsty savages, keen as bloodhounds in scenting their prey and less merciful than they in destroying it when found, were these two generous men so fortunate as to cover their tracks and to baffle the trackers? As to the fate of the Huron tradition does not tell us much; but it is generally supposed that after playing the part assigned to him he contrived to join his party lower down the river. Of poor Cadieux, however, we can speak more confidently. Less crafty than the Huron, he found it impossible to traverse the labyrinths of the forest, infested with enemies, in safety; and it is said that after performing his part he hastily climbed a large birch tree and concealed himself amongst its branches. Here he was compelled to remain several days, as the Iroquois kept continually prowling around his hiding-place.

Picture to yourself, sympathizing reader, the miserable position of this poor man. Surrounded by watchful enemies, he dared not move to ease his cramped limbs, lest the observant savages should detect the movement. A rustle of the branches, a falling twig, or the cry of a scared bird, alone might serve to betray his place of concealment to those interpreters of the

language of the forest. How slowly, how tediously the cold spring nights to this chilled and famishing man must have dragged their weary lengths along. The cold glittering stars above—were he capable in his cheerless situation of contemplating their beauty—could bring no comfort to his despairing heart; the stealthy footstep beneath, denoting the proximity of a foe, could but augment his fears. For days he patiently, wearily, clung to his branch, but human endurance has its limits; and at last, when utterly worn out and unable to retain his position longer, he ventured to descend. Happily the Indians had vacated the woods in his vicinity, but as they might be still on the air, not far off, he resolved to practise every caution. Starving, he refrained from using his gun when a well-directed shot would have procured him food; and, shivering with cold, he denied himself the luxury of a fire. He was too cautious. For a few days, certainly, it was advisable that he should pursue this course: but to continue it until the return of his party was sheer folly. We must not censure his conduct, however, for perhaps he had disadvantages to labor under of which we know nothing. His powder may have become useless through exposure to damp, or he may have expended all he had brought with him before climbing the tree; and he may have wanted the materials to make a fire. We cannot say. We only know that for some very strong reason he used not his gun, nor kindled a fire, and in consequence found it a hard matter to keep soul and body together. To appease his hunger he dug in likely spots with his hunting knife for roots and shrubs, and to shelter himself

from the dews of night he fashioned from the bark of the birch tree a large semi-cylindrical covering, shaped like an open coffin, under which he crept when the shades of evening fell.

Thus he lived for many days, roots and grubs becoming scarcer, and harder to find as time wore on. Days grew into weeks; would his friends never return? Was he doomed to die alone in the forest after suffering so much? Had he eluded the Iroquois but to die of hunger and cold? Poor Cadieux! Often he must have asked himself these questions. What an anxious life he must have led! Starting up at every sound in the forest only to fall back disappointed; hoping, waiting, watching for the succour that never came, he grew weaker and weaker, and at length came the time when he no longer had strength to look for food. Still no signs of rescue. Hope fled from his heart at last; despair entered in, and crawling to his barken shelter, he laid himself down to die. A drowsiness came over him, and when in that state between sleeping and waking, he dreamt he was saved! He could hear the call of his Indian friends echoing through the forest; and so strongly did the dream affect him that he awoke. He awoke to find his dream a reality. He was saved at last; he was not to die in the lonely woods; for here and there in the forest he could hear his own name called again and again. With what pleasure he must have listened to the sounds. How sweet must the music have been to his ears.

But what is this? What means this gradual dying away of voices? Has the great shock he experienced on hearing the voices of his friends affected his hear-

ing; or do these shouts, now becoming fainter and fainter, mean that his friends are leaving him? Have they given up the search in this direction, and is he abandoned to die? His heart stands still as these thoughts pass with lightning rapidity through his brain. A sickening feeling, a terrible dread, comes over him; for he feels that if he cannot attract attention he is lost. Raising himself with the strength of despair he essays to shout, but no sound issues from his lips. He tries again, but a husky whisper, scarcely audible to himself, is the only result. His voice is gone, and with it departs his last hope. With a despairing sigh he falls back with closed eyes into a state of lethargy.

Poor Cadieux! Thou art very unhappy, but a joyful surprise is in store for thee. Deliverance is at hand.

Just at the moment of his falling back into his barken coffin an Indian, who had penetrated deeper into the forest than his companions happened to be passing, and the slight sound made by Cadieux did not escape the acute ears of the savage. He paused in a listening attitude; the sound was not repeated; but possessed in a high degree, as all Indians are, of the quality of inquisitiveness, he stepped through the undergrowth in the direction whence the noise had proceeded, and there at his feet lay the object of his search, the dying Cadieux. His white, emaciated countenance and immobile features resembled death so closely that the joy of the Indian was somewhat damped. He clutched the shoulder of the dying man, shook him, called him by name, and at the sounds uttered in well-known gutturals the dying trapper unclosed his eyes. For an

instant he gazed feebly upwards at the dusky form bending over him; for one instant only his confused mind failed to take in the situation; and then, as memory came back and mind grew clear, there passed into his eyes the light of recognition, and with a half-articulated cry of joy he sprang upward with arms outstretched to clasp the neck of his saviour. The strength which enabled him to rise was but momentary, and departed ere he had touched the object of his gratitude. He fell feebly back, his face illuminated by happiness, and when his Indian friend bent to lift him he was dead. In his feeble state he was ill able to bear excitement, and the despaired-of joy coming so suddenly killed him.

On the very spot he died the sorrowful Indians hollowed out a shallow grave, over which, out of gratitude for the service poor Cadieux had rendered them, they erected a small wooden cross.

An Indian, it is said, never forgets a good turn, and the saying is verified in this instance, for, for more than a hundred years the story of Cadieux has descended from father to son, so that to-day it is well known to the descendants of the Huron hunters. Every year when the rafts of square timber are passing the Calumet little parties of Indians and French-Canadians may often be seen wending their way toward the forest; and should a stranger ask the question, "What are they going to do?" he would receive for his answer, "They are going to murmur a prayer, and cut a cross, by 'Cadieux's Grave.'"

MINNIE ARDILL.

Bryson P.O., Que.